

PHOTOPLAY

25¢



GINGER ROGERS
By Paul Hesse

NOT BE SOMEBODY? A Personal Challenge From LELA ROGERS, Ginger's Mother
DO YOU SPOIL YOUR MEN? A Hollywood Lesson In Love by Faith Baldwin
W IRENE DUNNE SUCCEEDED WITHOUT GLAMOUR by Adela Rogers St. Johns

SHE WAS ON THE JURY —



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Before all social engagements, use LISTERINE to sweeten your breath.



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I married a woman

I loathe...to *spite*

the one woman

I love!

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with Flora Robson • Donald Crisp • Geraldine Fitzgerald • *Released thru* United Artists • *Directed by* WILLIAM WYLER

America's Songbird Chosen *Queen* of the Screen!

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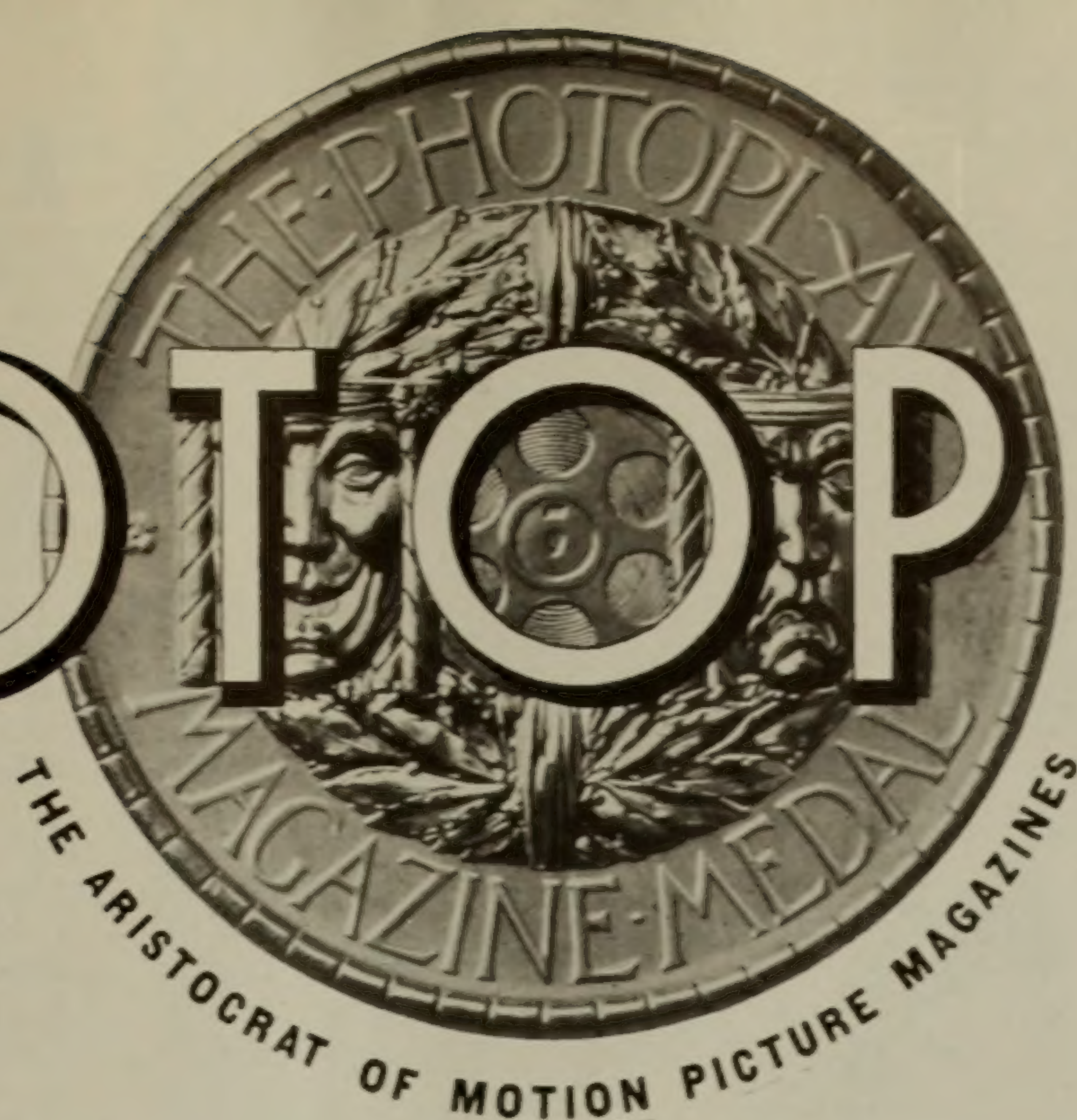


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PHOTOPLAY



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EDITOR

On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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BOOS

AND

Bouquets



PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Texan beauty—blue-eyed, brown-haired Constance Moore—who sang her way into movies, seizes the first rung of the ladder to a big career in Universal's "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

EVERY effort is made to ensure that each new heartthrob looks his very best on the screen. His evening dress is perfect; his historical costume is specially designed to show off his handsome figure. We have been shown photographs of the make-up expert giving the hero's face a final dab of powder before he goes into a scene. With all this care there is yet one feature neglected which always looks strange to English eyes. It is the fact that the hero's back hair is unvariably unbrushed.

Why is this? Is it perhaps that you in America do not feel that lank ends of hair straying idly above the collar detract greatly from a man's well-groomed appearance? Anyway, it always annoys me to see Walter Pidgeon or Melvyn Douglas, often striking sartorial figures, with a fringe at the back of the neck. It is almost as bad as that other extraordinary American habit: journalists and detectives barging into people's houses with their hats on, quite devoid of the most elementary good manners. Cannot the make-up experts be persuaded to attend to this matter?

G. LIVESEY,
London, England.

FUGITIVES FROM A BARBER SHOP

I WANT to express my views on a little trend which seems to be dominating the he-men of Movieland.

It seems to me that the male stars are quite out of style this season. Don't they know that the new "up" hair-do is the vogue? Stars like Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power, Fred MacMurray and Michael Whalen, to mention a few, seem to be trying to outdo each other in seeing whose hair will soon be long enough to roll in the back.

There's nothing I like better than to see a neat neck trim, as witness Nelson Eddy in "Sweethearts."

Maybe if they squeezed their budgets a bit they might be able to afford the price of a haircut. Anyway, here's hoping.

ELSIE C. LITTLEJOHN,
San Francisco, Calif.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

THE title may be "Idiot's Delight," but I guarantee the film will be the delight of everyone!

May I salute Norma Shearer for her audacious portrayal of the Russian countess and applaud the year's jauntiest "hooper," Clark Gable! Nor can I soon forget the poignant quality of Burgess Meredith's pacifist rôle.

Thank you, Hollywood, for taking this sparkling stage success and, in the medium of films, preserving all the original dramatic punch and, yes, in this instance, making it even better. May such splendid casts appear more often—and may they always have as shining a vehicle in which to ride before the public as "Idiot's Delight!"

MARJORIE BROUILLETTE,
Seattle, Wash.

PAY DIRT

WHY are the script writers and producers so inconsistent? Unheralded and unadvertised prematurely, they give us a wow of an interesting, wonderfully diverting picture that goes over with a bang, "Next Time I Marry," yet they spoil it with several incongruous situations not in keeping with the balance of the picture.

James Ellison is a common pick-and-shovel laborer on a WPA project, yet he is the owner of an automobile with a trailer, which, from appearance, must have cost at least \$500. Well enough and forgivable—he might have had them before going on the WPA. But, lo and behold, he is making monthly payments on a sailboat to the amount of \$44 out of his WPA salary. From the amount of the payments shown in the picture, the sailboat costs over \$500. In addition, he is keeping a large dog that must consume as much food as a human, buying gasoline for his car, has several hundred dollars saved up and is shown wearing a hat that must have cost at least \$10. How much do WPA workers receive in New Jersey, the locale of the picture? Open your gates, New Jersey, here I come.

FRANK J. MCINTYRE,
San Francisco, Calif.

MR. EDDY'S IN THE DOGHOUSE!

YES, I'm writing about Nelson Eddy's recent marriage! "Angry" and "hurt" were the words used by a columnist in describing the Eddy fans. "Disappointed" I think is a better word for it. "Disappointed" that a star in whom we have put such great faith and whom we have defended against any criticism should get married without any announcement of his engagement.

His famous co-star, Jeanette MacDonald, acted in a very gracious manner about her wedding. She let her public know of her marital plans by announcing her engagement a year before her wedding. Eddy's behavior has stunned us. Frankly, we don't like it.

For years, stories have been coming out of Hollywood, most of them issued after interviewing Eddy himself, that he was positively a con-

firmed bachelor. For years we have believed this. At least, if he had any intention of marrying, he should have announced his engagement to all the papers and set his wedding date. Then we might have become accustomed to his marrying—but, as it is, we aren't!

CHRISTINA AULISIO,
New Bedford, Mass.

MY temper is aroused these days by all this stupid talk about Nelson Eddy and his wife. It never occurred to me that when the poor man fell in love with a lady and asked her to become his wife that America would be so het up. They should be pleased, for doesn't all the world love a lover? But the first person I meet shouts angrily, "He shouldn't have gotten married, we like him single!" Now, what does this person know about Mrs. Eddy? She must be charming, for isn't Mr. Eddy charming?

He should be entitled to marry the woman he loves without all this silly excitement. Stop this arguing, America, and raise your glasses for a toast: "Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy!"

PAMELA WALKER,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE "AYES" HAVE IT!

IT seems to me that we spectacle wearers, who comprise a large percentage of the movie-going public, are taking an awful beating. According to the movies, all one has to do to be completely unattractive is to put on a pair of glasses. Now I ask you, is that fair? Surely with all the wonderful things that can be done with make-up, it isn't necessary to use glasses to portray the nth degree of unattractiveness.

In no less than four recent pictures, there have been references to us long-suffering spectacle wearers. I refer especially to "Four Daughters" in which Priscilla Lane, as one of the daughters, consoles Claude Rains, as the father, for having such frivolous daughters by asking him how he would like to have daughters who wore spectacles, in much the same manner as she would have asked how he would like to have half-witted daughters.

I, for one, am getting pretty much fed up on such thoughtless and uncalled for scenes and have already boycotted one picture because I saw a preview showing a scene similar to the one mentioned above. I refer to "Brother Rat."

This attitude on the part of the movie-makers is doing real harm, as there are enough young girls—and boys, too—especially of high-school age, who won't wear glasses, even though they may need them badly, because they feel it will detract from their appearance. Perhaps you think I am taking this matter too seriously, or that I am hypersensitive, but I am willing to bet there are plenty of other people who will agree with me.

KATHERINE ROSE,
Wheeling, W. Va.

LISTEN, MR. ZANUCK

MISS WATERBURY'S idea of doing

away with most of the singing and dancing in Shirley Temple's pictures suits me perfectly.

Not that I haven't liked it—but one can get too much of anything and it is about time Shirley has a real good story.

How about Elsie Dinsmore? Wait, now, don't scoff. I realize that the story would have to undergo a major operation but that could be done easily. It could even be divided into a series, as long as they are so popular now.

But the main idea could be retained; a poor little rich girl, with no mother, living among relatives who dislike her, only to have her life made more unhappy by the return of her stern papa. Shirley could be a more mischievous edition of the original Elsie and perhaps sneak in a little dance or two, when Papa's and Miss Waterbury's backs were turned!

RUTH KING,
Cranford, N. J.

SORRY, WE DON'T AGREE

I HAVE long been a subscriber and avid reader of PHOTOPLAY. I have always found the features interesting, the gossip, as much as there is, without evil intent, the photographs extraordinarily good and the magazine as a whole superior. However, this is not a letter of compliments, but rather of criticism. Criticism of the first picture and article that my eye fell upon in a recent issue, entitled "Lovers Courageous."

I admire Don Ameche, for there are few enough motion-picture stars that are religiously inclined. The thing I object to is the exploitation of his problems and particularly his religion.

Such a feature might be very apropos in a different publication, but it is inappropriate for a movie magazine.

JEAN SULLIVAN,
San Bernardino, Calif.

POWER-FUL TALK

WHAT'S all this commotion about "people staying home to listen to Tyrone Power instead of going to see his pictures"? And what's the idea of his removal from radio just because some narrow-minded theater owners have made the above statement? In the first place their theaters are filled up on Sunday nights. But just to give them the benefit of the doubt, suppose they aren't. It isn't because people stay home to hear Tyrone Power on the radio.

More likely it is because the admission has been raised on that night and if the public can see the same picture on Monday night for the regular admission, they are certainly going to do so, rather than pay more on Sunday night.

Tyrone Power, if you ask me, is the innocent target for a lot of grouchemers who are jealous of his popularity and are trying to escape the public's demand for cheaper admission by putting the blame on him. Well, it won't work. We want Tyrone back on the radio!

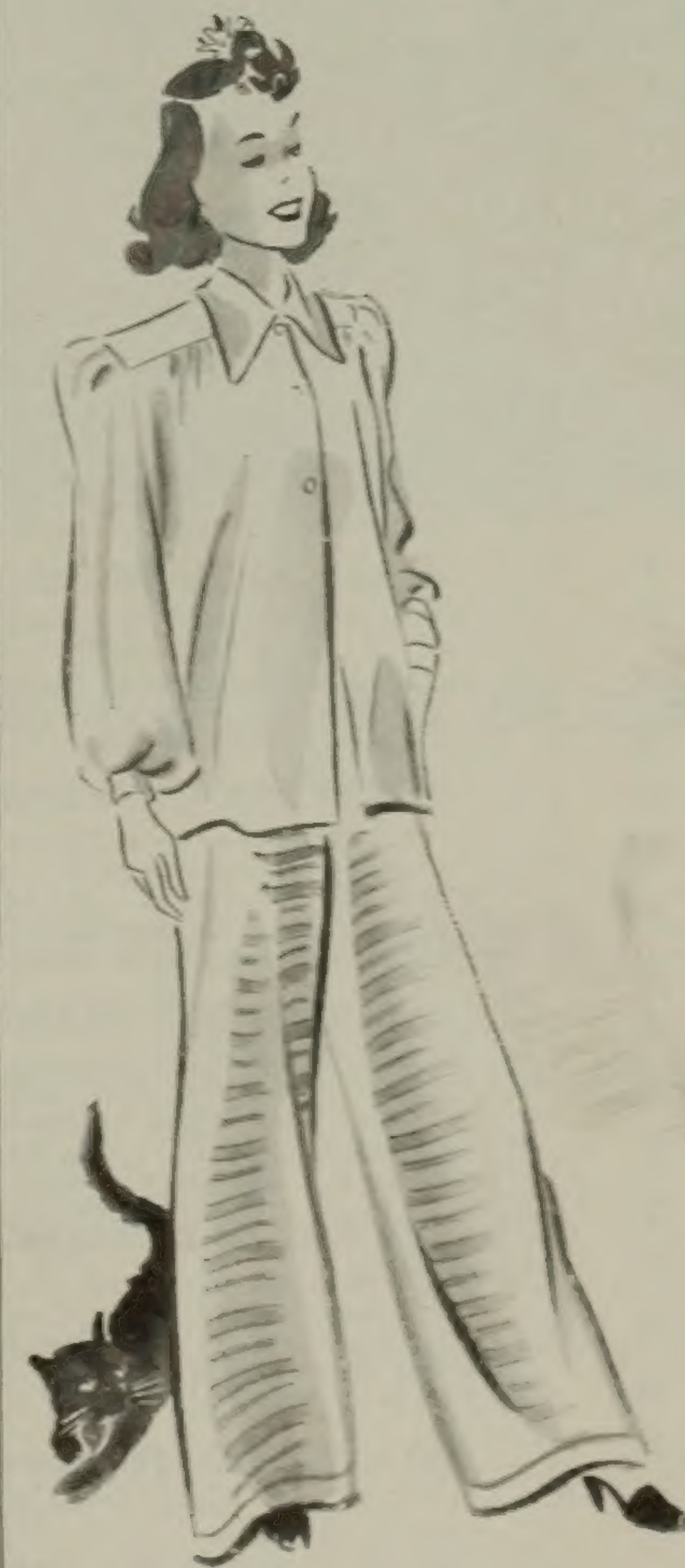
FLORENCE WITTICH,
St. Louis, Missouri.



Carter's rayon tricots are so soft and sleek you never know you have them on. In fact, they make you feel downright siren-ish, for nary a ripple gives them away. (And with figger-hugging fashions—that's important!) Heaven-sent to gals who lead a busy work-or-play life . . . a whisk and they're washed . . . no ironing . . . and you can pack dozens and still travel light. Inexpensive? You can buy plenty before you'll use up your underwear allowance. Particularly glamorous this season are the chic new styles illustrated—they're only four of the many trimly styled, smartly tailored new Cartergowns, pajamas, slips, pettiskirts and panties.

Remember it's "Carter's for Sleek Loveliness."

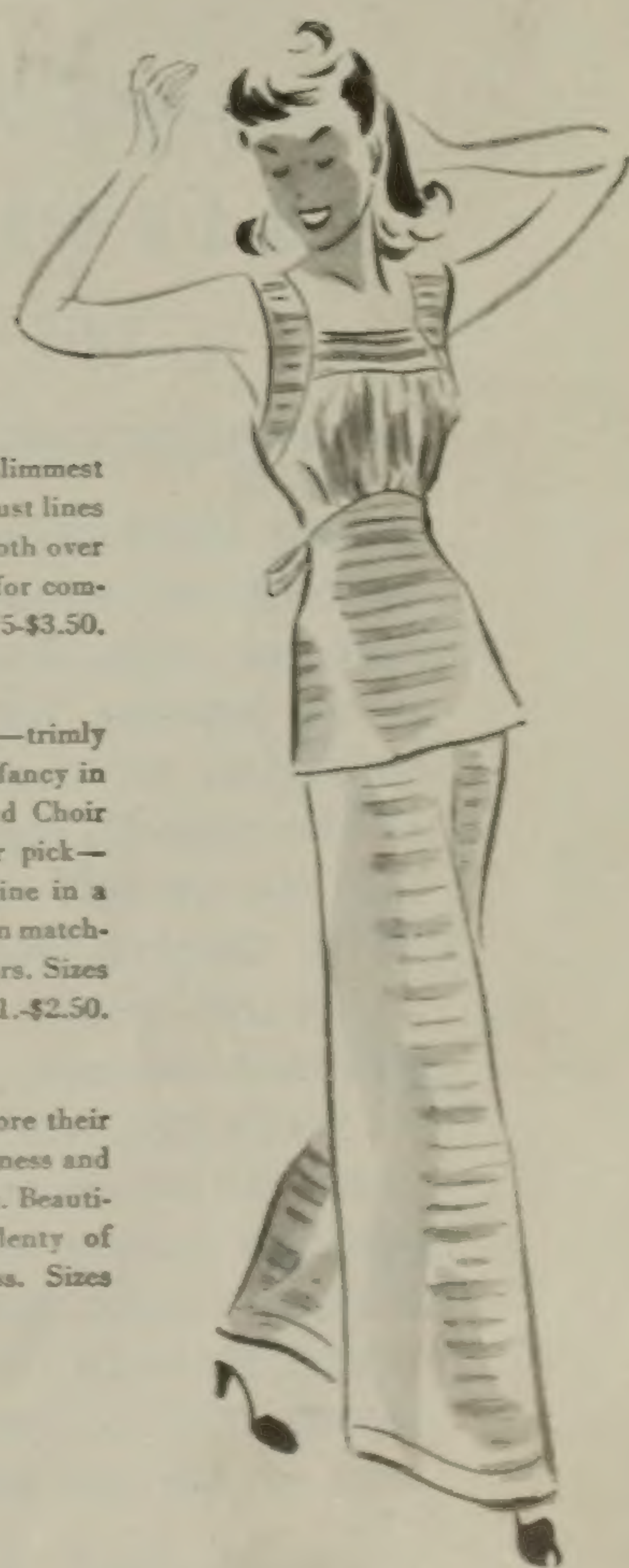
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GOWNS—like your slimmest party dress. Moulded bust lines—low backs. Very smooth over your hips, yet full cut for comfort. Sizes 32-46. \$1.75-\$3.50.

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PAJAMAS—you'll adore their contour-fitting smoothness and soft, luxurious texture. Beautifully tailored with plenty of comfort-giving fullness. Sizes 32-40. \$2.50-\$3.00.



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Prize fighter marries blueblood—that's drama aplenty for Fred MacMurray and Irene Dunne in Paramount's "Invitation to a Happy Man." The story opens in 1927, which accounts for Irene's wind-blown bob. Remember it?

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

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★ AMBUSH—Paramount

More blood and thunder and shooting with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain behind a gang of bank robbers who, in pursuing their devilry, are forced to abduct Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. The surprise is Miss Swarthout who doesn't sing a note but manages to give an impressive performance. (April)

★ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Mayflower-Paramount

Somerset Maugham's tale of the regeneration of an English wastrel in the isles of the Pacific by a fanatical female missionary has lost none of its brilliance and laughter in the screening, nor has Charles Laughton lost any of his lustre. Add to this fine production Elsa Lanchester's acting and you have a movie masterpiece. (March)

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

Nothing gives here. You are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic salesman-lover jilts her for a woman with ten millions. The outcome is of little importance (except to the income tax department). Lucille Ball, Frieda Inescort, Patric Knowles and Donald Woods work against hope. (April)

★ BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-hitting reporter who exposes venal prison conditions. Rosemary Lane is the policeman's sister who loves him, Victor Jory, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell are in the cast. Packs plenty of punch. (Feb.)

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

If you're an inveterate reformer, you'll probably love this. With cold anger it chooses the Deep South as locale and paints a brutal picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist. Anne Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do exceptional work in morbid characterizations. (April)

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

Papa and Mama Fitch (Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles) adopt two boys, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee, and meet the inevitable troubles of everyday living with unfailing humor. Pile the whole family in the car—they'll like this. (April)

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

First of another new series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as the country boy who likes to race cars, and uses the midget-motor racing field as locale. Cecilia Parker is the car manufacturer's

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

daughter. Love shines, there is conflict with a crooked race track doctor, and Life goes on. (March)

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

A hectic comedy about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter to spite a columnist. The players, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Claude Gillingwater et al, have lots of vitality and there are few dull moments. (April)

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

The witty Oriental detective's newest adventures deserve special mention as there is a new Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler. He does not copy the late Warner Oland, but the result is startlingly good. There are some pretty tough passengers on his Honolulu boat, so you'd better bring your smelling salts. (March)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

Beautifully produced in the sentimental spirit in which it was written by Dickens. Reginald Owen plays Scrooge, the miser who thinks Xmas is a humbug until three ghosts come to show him his mistake. Terry Kilburn is delightful as Tiny Tim, the cripple, and the Lockharts (Gene and Kathleen) are Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit. (March)

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

The Little Tough Guys come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and there's plenty of moral pointed about crime not paying. (April)

★ COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists

Rich girl, poor boy again, but as gay as your new hat and done in the usual Sam Goldwyn style—which glitters. Merle Oberon is a kind of cultured British Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper is in his element as the shy cowhand who marries her. Patsy Kelly is there for laughs and it all amounts to a charming interlude in your workaday life. (Feb.)

★ DAWN PATROL, THE—Warners

A stirring drama of war in the air without a female in sight, this is continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and logical, if tragic. Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and a host of others build up a gallant picture of friendship and heroism that will leave you thoughtful—and thankful that Warners remade this picture. (Feb.)

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-done piece of education. Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard are the budding Bernhards; Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin and other troupers lend able support. Laughter and perhaps a tear—and watch Goddard! (Feb.)

DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-United Artists

Gosh, do the cadets hate Louis Hayward, fresh out of Cambridge (England)—accent, physique and all. There is the usual to-do about a widowed mother, the big game, and The Girl (Joan Fontaine). Richard Carlson does some great work. (Feb.)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

The Jones ménage has a new member in this rollicking episode. A quack doctor proceeds to bring up the baby scientifically and the net results of this hygiene are that the new grandchild succeeds in getting the family in a heck of a mess. The cast is the same as usual and good, too. (Feb.)

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

Less saccharine than its predecessors, this allows Bobby Breen (yes, he's an orphan) to live with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta and fuss around with fish and a fishy Italian accent. He sings a few songs in the usual manner. (April)

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

Here Joe E. Brown is the leader of a troupe of actors who tangle with Leo Carrillo's South American banditti on a trailer trip to New York. Leo has his eyes on Steffi Duna, a dancer. Joe's attempts at suicide (to get insurance) will have you in a gale of laughter. (Feb.)

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

This has a message—a message to the medicos to stop trying to make so much dough and start worrying about the health of the patient. Florence Rice is cute as the hard-boiled nurse out for a rich husband; Alan Marshal does well as the idealistic surgeon. Una Merkel, Mary Howard and Ann Rutherford are the three other gals. (April)

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—M-G-M

The acting is what counts in this, people, not the story. That's about a man (Franchot Tone) who dates a little Swiss scullery maid (Franciska Gaal) in order to see the rich beauty Franciska works for. What a Gaal comes through with flying colors, as cute as a kitten. (March)

GOING PLACES—Warners

Dick Powell is cast as the innocuous young hero who sings, watches the races and falls in love with Anita Louise. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story, just go to hear her—and Louis Armstrong's trumpet. (March)

★ GREAT MAN VOTES, THE—RKO-Radio

A political satire on the prohibition and "boss" era, this has an original story, understanding direction and the superb portrayal of John Barrymore who outacts even himself. Playing a widowed historian addicted to the bottle, he rehabilitates himself with the help of Virginia Weidler and little Peter Holden (in "On Borrowed Time"). You could ask little more of a picture. (March)

★ GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

Adapted from Kipling's barrack-room ballad glorifying the brave water carrier, this exciting drama shows the British in India up to their old tricks of policing the natives. Cary Grant (boy, is he good), Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen are the swash-buckling heroes; Sam Jaffe, the courageous Gunga Din. Two hours packed with spectacular thrills. (April)

(Continued on page 99)

THE PORTRAIT OF A FREE SOUL



NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen's most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman's love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!



"My garden is my pride and joy. I cherish it, show it off, and usually send our guests home laden with its flowers. After Anne's last weekend visit, along came her thank-you gift."



"Said the card: 'Now it's a city-dweller's turn to send you a bouquet. Here's something with the prettiest bloom in town... the loveliest colors, too. You'll like the way it lasts!' Inside the box was a nosegay of Berkshire Stockings."



"They were exquisite—sheer as a whisper, glowing with color, perfectly matched to my ensembles. Best of all, they really wore! For Anne's introduction to Berkshire Stockings, six of my very best 'New Dawn' roses. For me, Berkshires for life!"



for evening wear,
with
dancing slippers



for afternoon,
with
pumps or sandals



for street and
business, with
daytime shoes

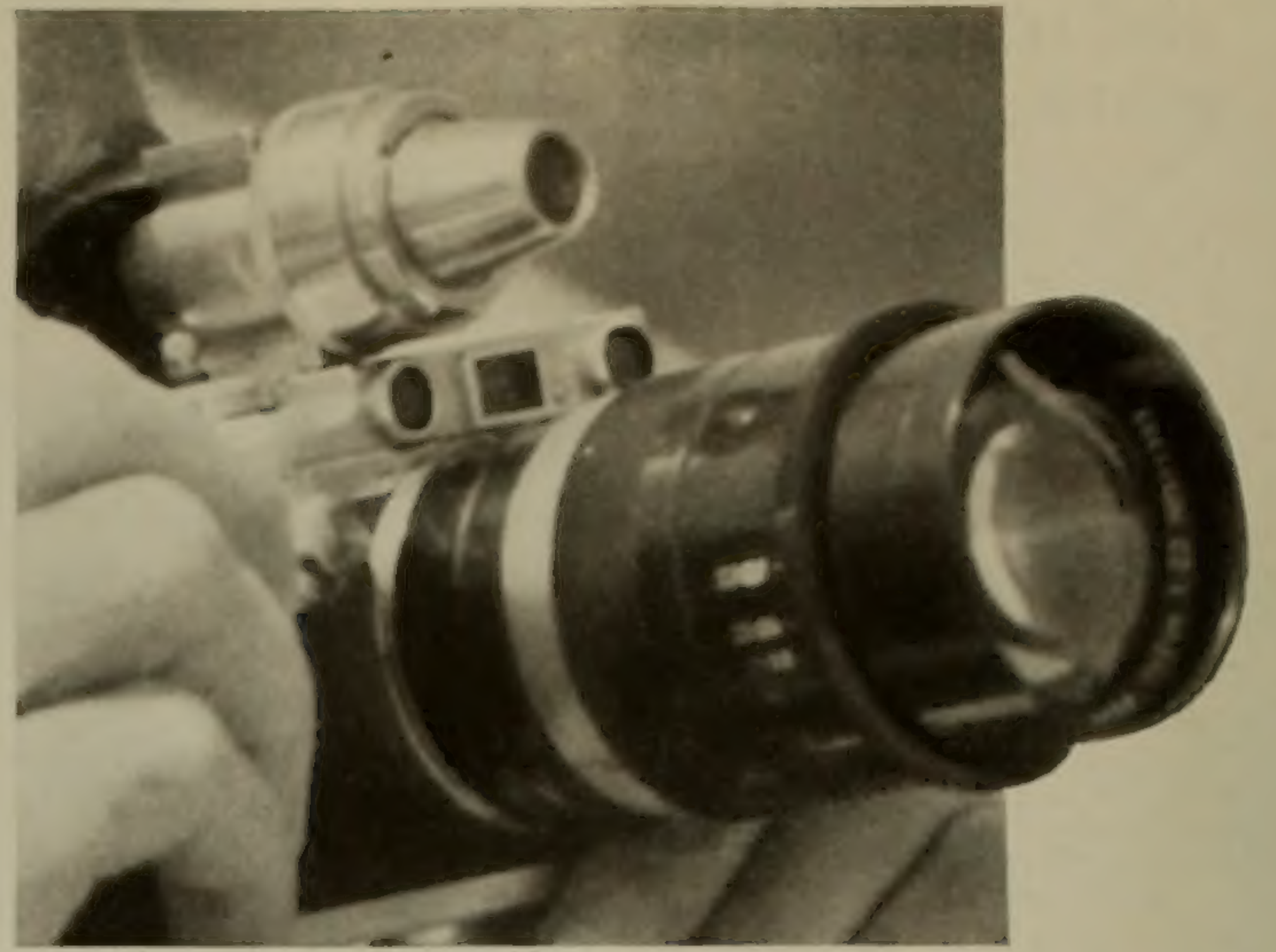
Look for one of these seals on each pair of Berkshire Stockings, identifying them as 2, 3, or 4-thread.

BERKSHIRE STOCKINGS

Ask for BERKTWIST, Berkshire's sheerer crepes



MOVIES in your home



A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

WHEN Hollywood's professional cameramen get stuck on a knotty problem, they go to Jackson Young, Chief of Twentieth Century-Fox's elaborate Camera Department. Young is an expert on "trick" effects and a boon to the pro cameraman looking for an unusual way to shoot an ordinary scene. He is also a 16 mm enthusiast and the movies he takes as a hobby are the talk of film land. This month we've asked Jackson Young to give us some advice in the way of "trick" shocks. If you follow these sample tips he's given us, you're sure to get a gasp and maybe a round of applause from your rival 16 mm cameramen.

The most spectacular and yet the easiest "trick effect" for the amateur is the reverse shot, according to Young. Although few 16 mm cameras are designed for shooting in reverse, the effect can be attained by holding the camera upside down while taking the scene and then cutting and splicing the developed sequence so that the strip of film is turned over on its back and reversed end for end. With this device, humorous effects can be given to a picture—divers can be made to fly out of the water feet first, smokers inhale vast clouds of smoke out of the air, and so on. This effect is also useful in solving many photographic and directing problems. For example, if your script calls for a knife to be thrown into a wall close to an actor's head, a dangerous situation can be avoided by driving a knife into the wall by hand, attaching a thin wire to it and then jerking the knife out of camera range while shooting the scene upside down.

Another useful adaptation of the reverse shot is titling. A title can be written by placing small pebbles on a sheet. Then, with the camera shooting upside down, the sheet can be shaken so that all the pebbles roll into a central pile. When reversed, this shot gives the effect of a pile of pebbles which suddenly begin to roll into place to spell out the letters of the title.

A more elaborate "trick" is the much used "process" shot. This is a scene which is shot against a background which is itself another moving picture projected on a screen. To do this, you synchronize the camera with the projec-

tor of the moving-picture backdrop so that the shutters of both the camera and the projector are open at the same time. This can be done by running a flexible cable drive from the motor of the projection machine to the shaft of the camera and making the same motor operate both instruments. This is the most widely used single trick of the Hollywood cameraman and has long been kept a secret from the amateur. With this "trick" you can produce hundreds of effects which are impossible to obtain with "straight" shooting.

GARRISON Films seem to be stepping forth with the best pictures this month for home showing. They've just released a film for 16 mm projection called "Carnival In Flanders." This picture won many awards as the best foreign film of the past year and it is worth seeing for the magnificent sets and the exquisite photography alone. Another thrilling Garrison release is "Fight To The Last," the latest film to come out of China. This picture was made in China by Chinese cameramen and directors. It shows actual troops in battle and takes great shots of the valiant struggle of the Chinese in the effort to drive the Japs from their land. Still another war film now available on 16 mm is the new Spanish documentary film, "Will Of The People," a splendid exciting film which supports the side of the Loyalists.

In a lighter vein, Castle Films have just released their latest one-reelers on the San Francisco and New York World's Fairs. Many shots of the Fair grounds have been taken from the air and they are breath-taking. It also gives you a good idea of what to pick to see if you are planning to take in either of these spectacles.

Now that winter is behind us, you can also enjoy Castle's newly edited film, "Snow Thrills."

Pathegram is specializing in one-reel comedies this month, Charlie Chaplin, Hal Roach, Charlie Chase and Snub Pollard. They are at very reduced rates, and swell for the kids. In Black and White and Colortone.

NEW EQUIPMENT: A boon for Bell and Howell projector owners is a new attachment which makes it possible to run an 800 foot length of sound or silent film without stopping... a new tripod top which permits two way panning is now obtainable from the Minosa American Corp. of New York... Universal Camera Corp. announces an automatic titling machine which sets three line titles by merely turning a few wheels... Bell and Howell has issued a sixty-four page list of over 2800 16 mm sound-on-film reels now available for the home movie fan... finis.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Isa Miranda in Paramount's melodrama, "Hotel Imperial"

GRABE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get forty-five or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is sixty, you're doing quite well, and if you have a score of seventy-five, you know as much as PHOToplay. Check up on page 73.

1. During the last year, this actor had the distinction of appearing in more expensive and elaborate productions than any other:

Nelson Eddy Robert Taylor
Tyrone Power Errol Flynn

2. This comedienne is the star of a picture which has her name in the title:

Martha Raye Gracie Allen
Patsy Kelly Joan Davis

3. He's the latest actor to be given a he-man build-up and, in his next picture, he will engage in several fights to show that he's really pretty tough:

Bobby Breen Leslie Howard
James Stewart Roland Young

4. This actor's craze for flying has netted him 5000 hours in the air and he's a lieutenant-commander in the navy reserve:

Sidney Blackmer Henry Fonda
Wallace Beery Walter Brennan

5. Her studio has bought up her radio contract and she will no longer be heard on regular broadcasts:

Alice Faye Shirley Ross
Bette Davis Marlene Dietrich

6. The famous "Five Little Peppers" series of children's books will be brought to the screen with this actress starring in three of them a year:

Sybil Jason Shirley Temple
Edith Fellows Virginia Weidler

7. This star's wife is the owner of a modest fortune:

Paul Muni Jack Oakie
Wayne Morris John Wayne

8. He won an Academy award for best actor this year:

Charles Boyer Spencer Tracy
Frank Capra Robert Donat

9. One of these stars is married to a producer:

Genevieve Tobin Maureen O'Sullivan
Myrna Loy Louise Campbell

10. Columbia University seniors in their annual vote, chose her as their ideal desert island companion:

Ann Sheridan Isa Miranda
Madeleine Carroll Hedy Lamarr

11. She is Hollywood's only woman director:

Dorothy Arzner Edith Head
Gwen Wakeling Jeannie MacPherson

12. He made his first stage appearance as a female impersonator:

Fredric March Clark Gable
James Cagney Basil Rathbone

13. Only one of these pictures scheduled for 1939 release is new; the others are remakes of old hits:

Penthouse Dodge City
Bill of Divorcement Within the Law

14. The hard-boiled, but not too chunky, actor was once a race track jockey:

Edward Arnold Andy Devine
Eugene Pallette Oliver Hardy

15. This actress, who gave up the screen for marriage, is now preparing to stage a comeback:

Arline Judge June Knight
Eleanore Whitney June Collyer

PEGGY, IS DON NEGLECTING YOU?

OH DAD—HE'S JUST AWFULLY BUSY THESE DAYS—I GUESS

THEN A HINT ABOUT LUX AND DAINTINESS SAVED PEG'S MARRIAGE

RITA—WHEN PEG WAS HERE THIS EVENING, SHE SEEMED UNHAPPY

SHE AND DON AREN'T AS HAPPY AS THEY USED TO BE—BUT I CAN HELP, I THINK

PEG DEAR—JUST A HINT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS KILLS CHARM. DO USE LUX EACH DAY

NEXT-DAY AT PEG'S HOUSE

AND SOON —

*Mother Lacking—
You're an angel for jacking
me up about Lux. Everything's
perfect—Don's more in love
than ever! Come over for
dinner next week and
I'll see.*

LUX

Avoid undie odor the easy Lux way

Undies absorb perspiration odor, and others notice this before you do yourself. Don't take chances with daintiness—Lux undies after every wearing.

Lux keeps undies new looking longer, has no harmful alkali to fade delicate colors. So don't rub with cake soap or use soaps with harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the BIG box.

A little goes so far—

Lux is Thrifty

**"THANKS A MILLION"
SAID THE MILLIONAIRE**



There sat Jones
—my husband's richest customer—bored stiff.
"Have some Beeman's?" said I,
after the coffee—and the miracle happened! "My favorite flavor!" said Jones, suddenly very cheerful.
"No meal's complete without Beeman's!" he declared. "That refreshing tang adds the touch of perfection! It's tonic to your taste! Delicious is the word! Thanks a million, dear hostess—for a perfect dinner—and a perfect after-dinner treat!"

**BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION**



PHOTOPLAY'S

own
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Jeanette MacDonald's beauty is more than just a pretty face. It has that certain something every woman may share. And here she tells the secret of her beauty—the secret of true loveliness

QUEEN OF THE MOVIES—Were you one of the voters who chose Jeanette MacDonald as Queen of the Movies for 1938? If so, I am sure that you voted for her not only because of her great talent and beauty, but also because of the warmth and charm of her personality that make you like her as a person as well as an artist. You recognized the fact that perfect features are not enough. It's the spirit and animation and graciousness behind one's features that lend beauty to a face!

It's spring again and the beginning of a new season makes us dissatisfied with ourselves—with our clothes and the way we look. We want to dash right out and buy a new dress and hat and try the new colors in cosmetics and give our morale that lift that comes only with a new shade of powder and lipstick and a brand-new eye shadow. But it's important to remember that cosmetics alone don't make beauty—although they're a great help. Beauty is a reflection of what you are inside. Care of the skin and eyes and teeth are vital, of course; but, to give vividness and charm to a lovely face, you must have more.

Jeanette, whose pleasure at receiving that award gives her a new glow, says, "There is no secret to beauty—no secret in beauty that cannot be shared by every woman. Beauty is grace, poise, the keen mind, the vitality, the bright eyes and glowing skin which result from proper rest, and relaxation and exercise—and the correct mental attitude, too—as much as it is the careful application of cosmetics and fastidious grooming of hair."

Jeanette has a quality of giving of herself to people, of kindness and interest in others. Her face is animated. She radiates character and charm. She's open and friendly. That's the real secret of her beauty—the real secret of anyone's beauty, for that matter.

You must all know girls with sculptured faces, with lovely features who yet leave you cold, so that you look at them and wonder, "Why isn't she beau-

tiful? Her face is perfect, yet she lacks beauty." It's that she lacks the spirit that gives beauty. And there are other girls with small eyes or a crooked nose who are enormously popular and of whom you say with a sudden shock of surprise, "She isn't really beautiful at all. Her face is all wrong." But it isn't important because the vividness of her face and the warm spirit shining through lend her more beauty than the former girl has.

True loveliness is the reflection of the spirit within. Sincerely like other people and they will like you. Forget about yourself and become interested in others and they will be interested in you. Do not let your face be a mask because of lack of interest; an animated face is more charming than one always in repose.

"No one likes a 'lazy' face, that type of unresponsive face that never reflects the mood behind it," says Jeanette earnestly. "It's a fact that it takes twice as many facial muscles to look unpleasant as it does to effect a pleasing happy expression. Making faces at yourself in the mirror is a good way to bring into play all or most of the facial muscles."

Which, incidentally, is an easy rule to follow!

I asked Jeanette how she managed to keep herself so radiant and vivid in spite of the terrific amount of work she does. Her answer was—relaxation.

"Late social hours on top of a long working day will make any woman look to her physical and beauty laurels. A career woman must have regularity and system in her work. She must recognize its demands and meet them with a healthful and sane logic and with the proper energy.

"Relaxation, I've found, is the best way of restoring your energy. I don't mean the kind of relaxation that makes further demands on your vitality. Playing the pipe organ, or the piano, provides ideal relaxation for me because I enjoy it; it takes my mind away from the day's tension; and I can indulge it without expending any more energy."

A second rule to look into, my pretties!

"Hands, too, are so important to beauty," went on Jeanette. "And the possession of lovely hands is more dependent on their grace than on their shapeliness.

"We all know girls whose hands are not perfect, but they are so vitally expressive that they are lovely to watch." Every woman can learn to use her hands cleverly, for emphasis on speech or dramatic stress, so that they become an interesting and characteristic feature of her personality instead of an awkward detriment.

"Hand exercises before your mirror are excellent to develop grace. Moving the hands in Hawaiian hula fashion is the best exercise I know. And I think it's so important to learn to hold a tea cup or a cigarette with grace. Never permit your hands to fall listlessly at your side or awkwardly on a table because that detracts from your whole appearance."

A third rule for greater loveliness that we copycats can follow.

A PROPER exercise regime is as necessary a part of your health and beauty program as proper sleeping and eating and Jeanette has worked out her own solution to this problem.

"Since I've worked most of my life under trying schedules which couldn't provide regular time for exercise, I have decided upon walking as the best exercise for me—and I might say with due modesty," she laughed, "that I am an unparalleled walker.

"An hour after dinner each evening is set aside for my jaunt. I walk briskly, covering a two-mile course. I believe there is no exercise more valuable for bringing every muscle of the body into play. And by paying particular attention to breathing—inhalation through the nose and exhaling from the mouth—this ritual can become even more beneficial."

Jeanette's idea of a walk is not a slow stroll, remember, but a good brisk jaunt.



That quality that gives zip to Jeanette's "High Flying" number in M-G-M's "Broadway Serenade" is yours, too, for the trying

With the vogue for strapless evening gowns and now strapless bathing suits, too, it's important to keep your neck and arms and shoulders lovely and firm. Jeanette comes forth with some excellent suggestions for neck beauty.

"First," she says, "diet must be regulated. Pastries and sweets are out; potatoes and bread should be limited to one meal a day. After bathing, wrap a towel dipped in very cold water about your neck.

"Then, with finger tips dipped in cold cream, pat from the chin down to the base of the neck firmly and rapidly, using the back of your hand.

"Do this exercise twice a week: stand upright, roll your head slowly around in a wide circle, first in one direction, then in the other. Make a complete circle, dropping the head as far back and as far forward as possible. Do this gently, being sure not to raise the shoulders or stiffen them.

"The entire body should be relaxed during the procedure.

"Try the patting and creaming at night and the exercise in the morning. Make it a habit to carry your head well at all times and when you're seated don't let your chin relax into a comfortable roll of excess flesh in your neck. Hold it high.

"Give your neck and chin line a smooth, sculptured appearance.

"I'll never forget the words of instruction spoken by a famous artist in New York to a group of girls who had been selected as mannequins for a stage play. 'Pull your hips out of your shoes. Pull your shoulders out of your hips. Pull your heads out of your shoulders. And look as beautiful as you are.'

And, while you're remembering that artist's wise summary of beauty, remember, too, that beauty comes not only from figure and proud carriage, but also from the spirit within.

So let that spirit of friendliness and graciousness shine through to illuminate your new spring clothes and you'll have true beauty.

AND NOW WE INTRODUCE

Vassarette BANDEAUX



• All the joy, the comfort, the glorious figure-making

you know in Vassarette Foundations is now yours in Vassarette Bandeaux . . . miracles of close-clinging uplift. Their Countour Cups . . . full-fashioned like the finest stockings . . . fit your bosom as sleekly as a stocking fits your leg. Not a wrinkle mars the beauty of your firmed, young silhouette! Uplift is perfect and permanent . . . anchored by an elasticized band that outlines each cup. Pictured . . . Number 22 at \$1.50, Number 62 at \$2.50. Others \$2 and \$2.50. Write for booklet and name of nearest store. Vassar Company, 2559 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

UNDERNEATH IT ALL

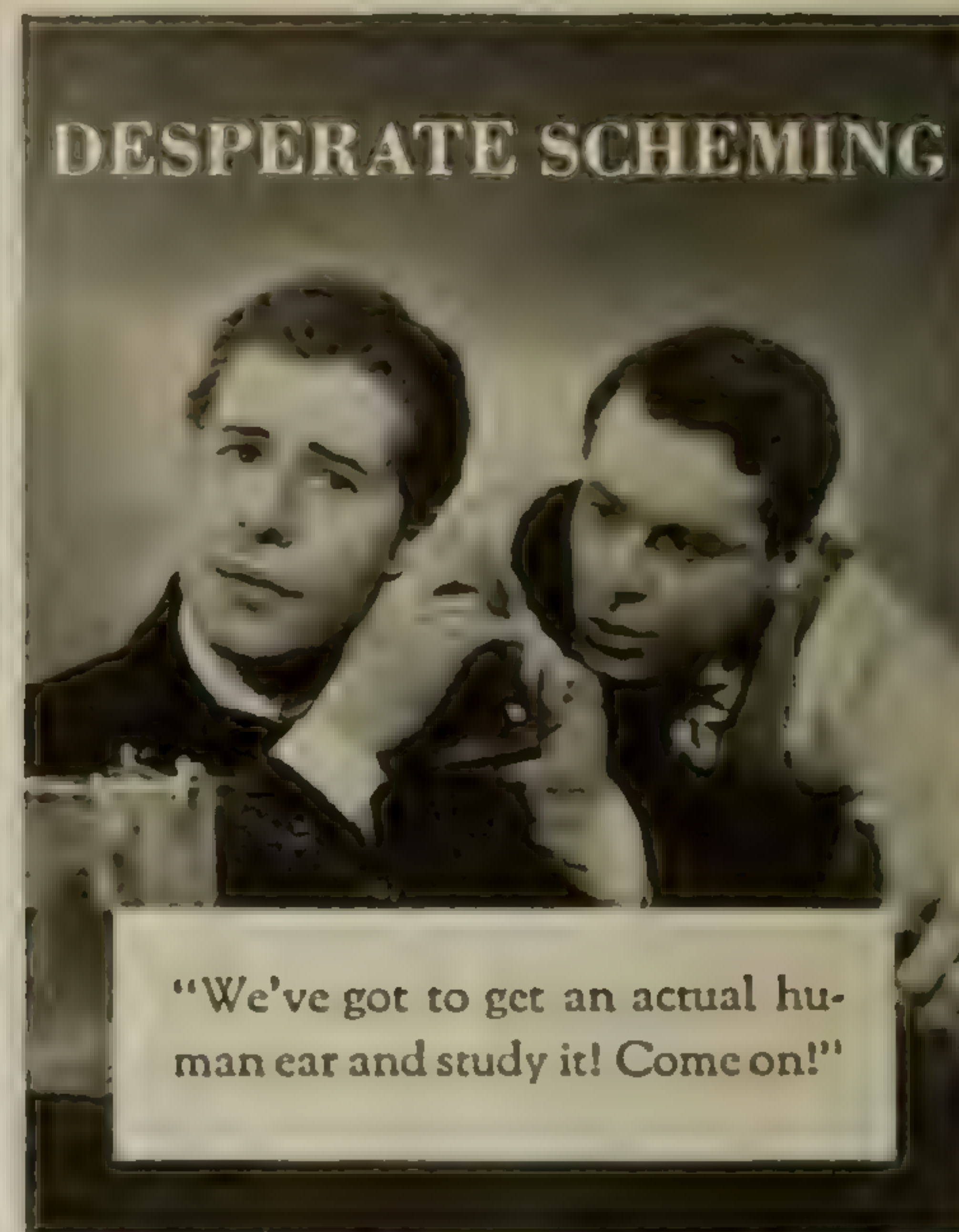
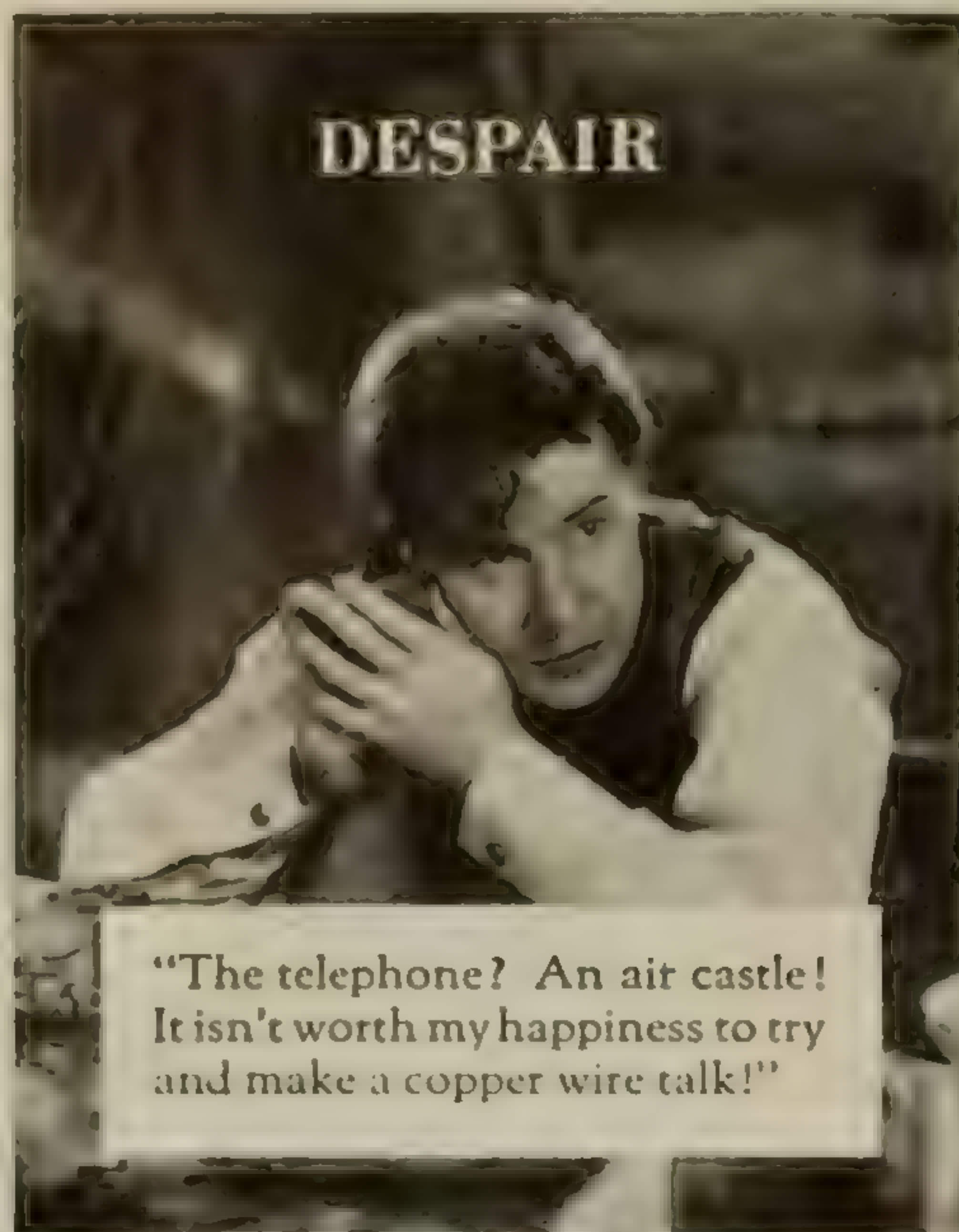
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AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING STORY!

The man who dreamed of spanning continents with the human voice . . . and the girl who believed in his genius! Out of the greatness of their love came an American miracle of achievement!



Twentieth Century-Fox Presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production of

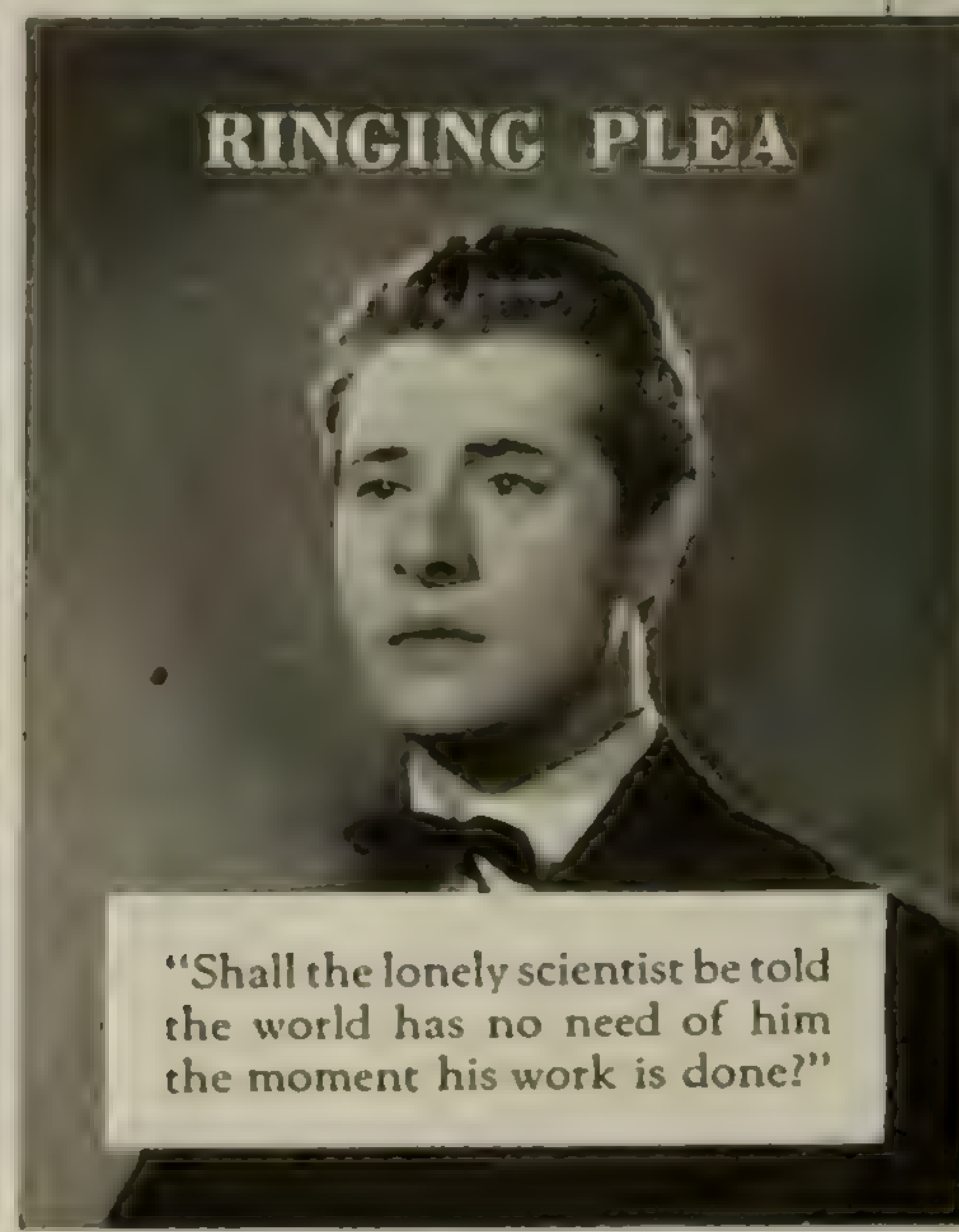
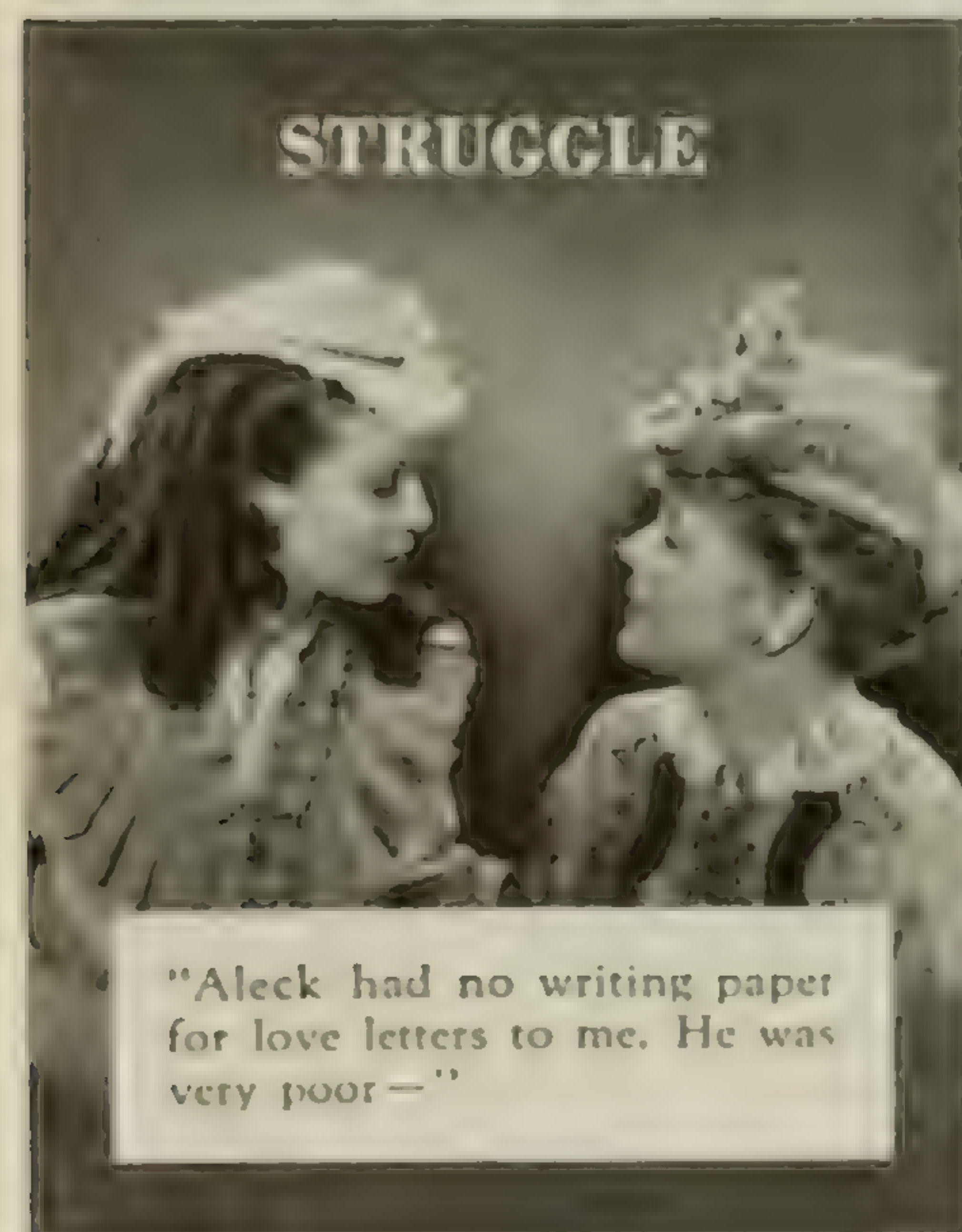
**THE STORY OF
ALEXANDER
GRAHAM BELL**

with
DON LORETTA HENRY
AMECHE • YOUNG • FONDA

Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart • Spring Byington
Sally Blane • Polly Ann Young • Georgiana Young

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by Irving Cummings. Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti. Original story by Ray Harris.



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Tch, tch—a cocktail date that ends at sunup! Ruth Waterbury and George Brent (left, at El Morocco) do the town and GB proves "handsome is that handsome does"



shadows, always noisy and terribly poor . . . and well, I know that there are more stylish words for drinking places than the word saloon . . . you can be tony as all get-out and call them "bistros" thereby pretending you have trailed about Paris all your life and just can't think of those funny American names for things any more . . . or you can be very Broadwayish and call them "sin parlors" or just regular and call them bars . . . but this place can be called nothing but saloon, for it was one of those spots with greasy oil cloth on the floor and a big, bare bar running the length of it and bartenders more Irish than County Cork standing in back of it . . . a more unlikely spot in which to find a movie star cannot be imagined . . . but inside were George and his pretty sister, Peggy, the Ralph Bellamys and a couple of lads from the local Warner office. . . .

It was George who had discovered the place and the reason for that was his learning that the saloon was run by an ex-pal of his . . . a chap who, like George, had been a dispatch runner for the Irish Republicans in those stormy and bloody days when Ireland was fighting most bitterly for her freedom from England . . . George and that saloonkeeper had risked their lives almost daily in that cause . . . or, to be more exact, almost nightly. (You remember the background of "The Informer," don't you? That was the kind of thing George and his friend lived through.) . . . and after you have gone through such drama with a man you do not forget him . . . George had hunted Tim up . . . it turned out to be the right Tim and Tim turned out to have the smoothest Irish whiskey you have ever tasted and the brogues flying around the place when we entered were so thick you could have cut them into a statue

of Eamon de Valera if you'd had a knife and skill enough. . . .

WELL, I had that one drink I was going to have . . . and then I had another . . . and presently we were all in a restaurant uptown having food . . . and it was there that the test began. . . .

We were all sitting there, not even talking, we were all so busy with eating, when a big burly guy came along and recognized Mr. Brent and began shouting forth what he thought of Hollywood . . . what he thought mostly was that he didn't like it . . . he said what he thought of Gable and Lombard . . . just like that. Gable and Lombard. . . .

"Mr. Gable and Miss Lombard, please," said Mr. Brent, his voice steely, and he rose swiftly out of his chair with his very broad shoulders silhouetted against the light . . . the loudmouth saw them too and he suddenly had to go away somewhere else but the scene he had tried to create brought every eye in the place on us . . . "Let's get out of here," George said and we paid the check and tried to escape into a taxicab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable cluster of little kids with their autograph books, their leaky pens and their pencils that so often don't have points. . . .

No one can understand better than I, who have felt the charm of glamorous people all my life, how those little kids naturally do tag celebrities about . . . I don't blame them in the least . . . but I can not blame stars either at inwardly groaning when they must stand in

(Continued on page 81)

is about to do, about unemployment . . . about misery and worry, in other words . . . and my, did I feel intelligent . . . and boy, oh, boy was I in a state to welcome a little lowdown on Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn and whether or not Twentieth Century-Fox was going to sign Marion Davies along with the rest of the Cosmopolitan picture contract and what the budget was on that last Byrnie Foy "B"

We set the place for the Ritz Tower, where George was staying, and I planned to get my hair done and a manicure and all that feminine lure stuff, but it poured rain all afternoon and I got stuck with a mess of work so that I couldn't leave my desk for so much as a half hour . . . I planned to have just one drink and then get home and go straight to bed for some real sleep . . . I made the Ritz Tower smack on the nose of five o'clock only to find Mr. Brent wasn't in. . . .

"Hollywood," I muttered between my angry teeth . . . me seeing its stars as more than life-size indeed! . . . life-size nothing . . . Hollywood people were pigmies . . . worms . . . they had no sense of time or place . . . I turned away, burning. . . .

A young man from Warners came hurrying in . . . "There's a number George Brent wants us to call," he explained . . . "That's where we are to join him"

So we called the number and it turned out to be a saloon on Third Avenue. . . .

NOW, in case you don't know your New York, I'll tell you that Third Avenue is one of those incredibly dreary streets over which an "el" runs, making the street always dirty and full of

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"YOU see everyone in Hollywood as bigger than life-size," said my friend, who is much smarter than I am . . . we were talking together in New York. . . .

"Well, maybe they are," I said . . . and rather weakly, I must admit. . . .

"Oh, nonsense," said my friend . . . "you know they are just ordinary people who happen to be a little handsomer than average." . . .

So I went away from there . . . as soon as my friend had paid the bill . . . feeling pretty crushed and I was very glad when George Brent, who had just arrived in New York, too, called up and suggested cocktails at five o'clock the next afternoon . . . George was in New York, just as I was, trying to get away from Hollywood for a little while . . . I don't know whether he was being as elegant in his mind about it all as I was . . . I had been taking a straight dose of those marvelous New York papers for a week, getting myself loaded up on the Spanish War, the Chinese War, the labor war, what Hitler is about to do, what Mexico

"IMAGINE ME...IN LOVE WITH A TAXI DRIVER..."



Dear Irish,

Has your little friend Eve got herself a headache! Remember I wrote you how I was in the money and everything and heading for Monte Carlo? I headed all right. The biggest header a girl ever took. When I hit la belle Paree again I had one pawn ticket and a badly rained out evening dress.

But you know me, never say die. I used the old Park Avenue technique and am batting in high society in a half hour. An old gaffer is having wife trouble and is willing to put your little friend on the payroll to get the Mrs. back in line. Seems she is that way about a smoothie young Mr. Millions and all I have to do is make Mr. Millions forget the old gaffer's wife.

Nice work if you can get it? You said it, honey. So why the headache? Listen, with all the taxi drivers in New York I have to go and fall for a Paris taxi driver with ideas. What ideas? Love... romance...all the old gags. Believe it or not, this hard little heart cracks like Broadway asphalt in a heat wave. It's love and little cupids chasing each other all over the Champs Elysee (the local main stem). I got it bad. Imagine me falling for a taxi driver.

We're gonna put a pair of water wings on his old bus and drive her back to Broadway. And none of your fancy tricks either. Hands off.

Your favorite girl friend

Eve



Paramount Presents

Claudette Colbert
Don Ameche

in

"MIDNIGHT"

with

John Barrymore • Francis Lederer
Mary Astor • Elaine Barrie

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • Based on a story by Edwin Justus Mayer and Franz Schulz

DIRECTED BY MITCHELL LEISEN

DEBUT OF RANCH BRED

MINK



With the FEDERAL *name*

stamped on the leather side
identifying the finest, dark
natural ranch-bred skin

IT PAYS to know the quality of your mink. FEDERAL MINK keeps its appearance stands remodeling, gives long service. It is incredibly warm, yet magnificently light in weight. In spite of the luxuriously dense lustrous fur, it is as supple as a soft fabric. Long, silky guard hairs add to its elegance. FEDERAL MINK skins are extremely, *naturally* dark, without the slightest trace of yellow or red... lovely, subtle... the tone in a pleasing contrast, not only flattering to all types of women, but with an affinity too, for all costume colors. Only mink scientifically bred over a period of many years obtains this blue-blood loveliness. Make memorandum to ask for FEDERAL MINK. This name on the back of the skins insure utmost in mink beauty... maximum of long, fashionable wear. Smart stores everywhere now feature Federal Ranch-Bred Mink.

FEDERAL Ranch Bred
mink

HAMBURG, WIS.

WHY

Not

BE

SOMEBODY?

Drab mediocrity vs. a Somebody—
are you the envious or the envied?
Do you have what it takes to win?

you believe that you are handi-

pped by circumstances? Here's a

re that will set you thinking.

n you take it, Young America?

Y LELA ROGERS

(Ginger's mother)

O you want to be somebody?

It would be surprising indeed if you did not, for all down the ages every girl and boy has found the urge within themselves to struggle upward, to make something of themselves and improve their lot in life. Where they live or how they live makes little difference. Normal human beings are interested in their own advancement. And they should be.

There are things happening in the world today that would make one believe advancement is a thing of the past, that there is some sort of diabolical scheme of retrogression afoot. But there isn't. Progress is one of the first laws of the universe . . . inherent in man. It is the first law of Heaven. So what is there to hinder it?

If I ask you what it is you particularly want, you might answer, "I want a million dollars," yet some of the dullest, most uninteresting

and least progressive young people I know have a million dollars. Money doesn't make you somebody. It doesn't even help.

If you tell me you want to be "tops" in your profession, or that you are in the very disquieting throes of selecting a life work . . . a place to begin . . . that you are anxious to have something to offer when the time comes to launch yourself into the world of grownups, then I shall know that imagination, common sense and courage will vitalize your study of your problem and that I can help you.

So, let us take it for granted right from the start that you are so serious about this business of being somebody that you are willing to give both time and thought to it. It will take both, especially thought. The decision to be somebody comes from within—from thought and, since this somebody-we-would-be is an idea held in thought, a

(Continued on page 82)

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

DO HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

When is spoiling not spoiling? When is surrender wise?

This famous novelist gives you a Hollywood lesson in love

BY FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN the editor of PHOTOPLAY asked me whether or not I would be interested in writing an article under this heading, I screamed, I hollered, I hit the ceiling. And I grabbed my trusty typewriter and wrote a letter to PHOTOPLAY in which I demanded to know what in the world was meant by "spoiling"? You see, spoiling is a pretty general term and what might mean spoiling to you might not mean spoiling to me.

I suppose it's spoiling when you encourage selfishness and certainly selfishness is encouraged by too much pampering, too much sheltering from realities . . . that goes for men, women

and children; for, to be ideal, any human relationship should approximate a fifty-fifty, give-and-take basis.

Many wives are afraid they will spoil their men if they yield to them on various points. But sometimes surrender is wise. And some men spoil a lot easier than others. The rule here seems to be, how much can you spoil your man and not spoil your marriage?

HOLLYWOOD is full of the world's most alluring women; it is an enormous factory, working day and night, to create allure. It has to . . . because every week eighty million people pay

money at the box offices to view that allure and to enjoy it vicariously.

To be born beautiful is very nice indeed. To be born attractive and made beautiful is something else again. Charm, beauty, allure—these will all interest and attract a man, but they can't hold him. Girls who look in the mirror and pray that they may become beautiful overnight should realize that. I've seen very plain women hold men much longer than beautiful women, and in greater happiness. Not even in legendary Hollywood do beautiful women always hold their men. Look at the divorce records. Nor, for that matter, do handsome men hold their women.

In looking over the recent examples of how Hollywood women may "spoil" their men, I come upon several which seem to me just common sense, not spoiling. For instance, I read somewhere that Joan Blondell threw away a new hat because her husband, Dick Powell, said he didn't like it. Spoiling? I don't think so. After all, he had to look at the hat. If Mama comes home in a lovely crazy creation which has cost her a pretty penny and Papa takes one look at it and either weeps or laughs or groans . . . well, out goes the hat. And a very sensible gesture, too. Nothing seems to irritate a man more than a hat which affronts him—on his wife. It irritates the wife, of course, when said husband doesn't mind the same hat on another woman. But *she* isn't his wife, so that's that.

My mother used to romp in with the latest thing in hats and my father used to order them off her red head, pronto. He would say, "You look like a drum major." He would say, "You look like Bertha, the Brewer's Bride." He would say, "You look like the waste basket, plus contents."

His contention was that a hat should frame a face; that the face should be the main object of the eyes and not the hat; that a hat should be merely a becoming adjunct. If he were alive



The Carole Lombard of today (left) is a far cry from the one on the right, who lived for night clubs and crazy entertaining. Clark Gable caused this transformation—but was she spoiling him? We ask you!



Spoil Their Men



To dye or not to dye—Miss Goddard went blonde, Mr. Chaplin went critical. Today she's a brunette. Was she wise?

today he would probably go into a straight jacket after viewing the hats which now appear upon the public streets.

Young girls and very pretty girls, smart women who are so plain that nothing is becoming but sheer crazy chic, can get away with the mad, mad hats. Since Mrs. Powell is both young and pretty, she can get away with them, too—except at home. But if Mr. Powell doesn't like one of her hats, she isn't spoiling him by throwing it away. She's being sensible.

So, if your boy friend doesn't like your hat, do something about it. The gesture will flatter him; it won't spoil him and, incidentally, it may improve your own appearance.

Adrian, famous Hollywood costume designer and fiancé of Janet Gaynor, has designed an entire new wardrobe and dress personality for her, or so I hear tell. I don't think she is spoiling him by conforming. I think she is being wise. In the first place, Janet Gaynor is lovely enough to have a new personality if she wants one.

Anyway, she's probably tired of being wistful and little-girlish. Hurrah for her, and for Adrian, and for their romance!

Suppose you're a brunette and you decide to become a blonde. Suppose you become a blonde and all your best friends (including the cats) tell you you are too, too ravishing. Suppose your husband or your fiancé takes one look and advises you that he fell in love with a brunette, that you looked much better to him as nature had intended. What would you do? Go on being a blonde because you didn't want to spoil him by surrender?

Paulette Goddard had that happen to her. She went blonde and Mr. Charles Chaplin went critical. She returned to her natural coloring. And I agree with Chaplin.

I like her better that way.

WELL, perhaps hats and hair-dos and make-up and blonde vs. brunette aren't very important problems, but here's a more serious one.



Who pampers whom? The wistful, girly-girly Janet Gaynor is no more—in her place is a chic, well-dressed woman. Was she right in conforming to Adrian's fancy?

Take that most discussed little blonde number. Carole Lombard. Carole free-lances: she draws approximately one hundred thousand dollars per picture, plus profit percentage. Last year her income totalled nearly half a million and, in addition, Hollywood's most box-office screen lover is also number one man in her life. Marriage is around the corner and these two have been keeping company, as we say up here in New England, for some time.

How does she hold Mr. Gable's affection? By her beauty? Nonsense! There are women lovelier or as lovely right under his eyes. By her acting ability? When did that ever hold a man—off stage? By her earning capacity? Thumbs down on that—his own is stupendous.

Back in 1934, this little blonde star was celebrating a recent success at a party. She loved parties—the bigger, the better and the more fun. And there she met the gentleman aforesaid—not for the first time. They had co-starred in a picture, but that was business. This was social and pleasure.

He just happened to be there. He doesn't go much for parties. He likes other things better.

But there she was, independent, witty, most
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An established star now—Fred MacMurray of "Cafe Society"

Sketched by a master, a warmly human portrait of Fred MacMurray, the guy who couldn't shoot wild doves because his doctor was a vegetarian

"LONG

BY CLAUDE BINYON

From the agile pen of this author, famous Hollywood dialogue writer, has come such hits as "I Met Him in Paris" and "Sing, You Sinners"

HE was standing by himself, out of the glare of the lights, and he was afraid for all he had dreamed of. The cameraman had shouted that his beard showed black and the assistant director had asked him why in hell he hadn't shaved; but he *had* shaved and there was nothing more he could do.

The director had talked to him that morning about his hands. They were large, like young hams, and he had a habit of holding them before him, with the thumbs projecting upward. It looked lousy and he must break himself of the habit.

The sound man had said he talked too fast, but when he thought of his speech and tried to control it, his memory played tricks with the lines.

The writer had sat watching him rehearse, the writer who had written the part for Gable and then found out Gable wasn't available, and there had seemed to be a resentful hostility in his eyes.

And so he was standing on the set by himself, out of the glare of the lights, and his hands were wet and there was a weakness inside him. He watched Claudette Colbert working before the camera. She was beautiful to see, calm and cool, wise to all the tricks. He had been yanked from obscurity to be her leading man and she had been kind to him, but hadn't he seen something in her eyes? Hadn't he seen it in everyone's eyes?

A man approached him casually and stopped beside him. One of those fellows related to somebody. He didn't seem to do anything but he was on the set every day and so it was best to smile at him. The man smiled back and shook his head slowly.

"Too bad, Fred," he said.

MacMurray swallowed. "Too bad about what?"

The man put his arm on Fred's shoulder. "They're going to replace you."

Fred stood straight and still. This was it. This was what he had seen in their eyes. He was no good and they didn't want him. The man patted his shoulder and walked away slowly. Fred didn't move.

He remained in the shadows the rest of the day and nobody called him for scenes. When the company was dismissed he went home and talked to his mother of everything but the picture.

In the privacy of his bedroom he waited for the tears and they didn't come. Only the weakness inside him and the blank realization that for him everything had ended.

In the morning he stood on the set and waited for the word. There were several minutes of agony and then the assistant director gestured toward him. "Ready for rehearsal," he called.

Fred stared. Ready for rehearsal? Why rehearse when you're through? Dazedly he joined Claudette and the director.

SHOT"MACMURRAY

"How you feeling?" asked the director. "Fine," said Fred thickly.

"Good," said the director. "This is your toughest scene in the picture and if you lick it you're in the bag."

Fred nodded numbly. He rehearsed with Claudette, not hearing his own voice. He was telling Claudette good-by. Because she didn't need him any more and she loved another man. And then from nowhere the cameraman called that he was ready and people moved about busily and there he was standing with Claudette under the lights.

"Let's go," said the director.

"Roll 'em!" called the assistant. The sound man recorded the scene number. "Speed!" called the cameraman.

Fred faced Claudette, clenching his hands and biting his lower lip. Jerkily he spoke the lines, his voice rising and fading, but doggedly he went on. Don't quit in the middle of a scene! No matter how lousy you are, don't quit in the middle!

He finished and turned away, resting his hands on a table because all strength was gone from him. There was a moment of painful silence.

"Print it," said the director.

Fred turned, staring. "Please," he said. "I was terrible!"

"You were just the way I want you to be," said the director.

"But my voice. It was shaking and nervous. I was all mixed up."

"How else should you be?" asked the director. "You love the girl and you're telling her good-by because you think she doesn't want you."

Fred sank weakly into a chair. After a while he looked up. The man who had told him he was through was watching him. The man turned away after a moment, whistling casually.

THIS is the story Fred has told me, rounded out with what I know and it is as cockeyed an interlude as any man can have in his life.

Sensitive beyond the average man, Fred imagined many things, but there is the fact that the man who had nothing to do with anything told him he was through and Fred believed him. As late as two months ago, Fred still believed

that there had been a definite though momentary decision to replace him in that first big part of his in "The Gilded Lily." I know differently, because I was the writer who watched him rehearse the part I had written for Gable, and the look he interpreted as resentful and hostile was a hammy attempt to convey encouragement without words. The director was Wesley Ruggles and when he has picked an actor that actor remains picked. The man who told Fred he was through has not been inside the studio since—although what he said to Fred will be news to Ruggles.

There are four years between then and now and they have given me much time to know the guy who stood in the shadows. He has married a girl named Lillian, whose German maiden

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Fred wasn't the type to forget "the girl back home"—he married her when fame touched him



① Story conference: Producer Henry Blanke confers with scripters Huston, McKenzie and Reinhardt

② Director William Dieterle (center) consults with his location manager and art director

JUAREZ

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A MOVIE

Editor's note—This article is for those readers who have been demanding a chance to trace a film from the time a story is bought right up to the day their theater shows it. Here it is, the story of "Juarez"—chosen by PHOTOPLAY because of its historical significance; because it will have taken two years to complete at a cost of \$1,500,000; because it boasts five Academy Award winners among its cast and crew.

TO watch any movie being made is interesting—to watch an unusual movie being made is exciting. "Juarez" is an unusual movie from every angle. It has an important story; it presents an authentic picture of a little touched period of history; it has a cast which boasts five Academy Award winners; it has been prepared with painstaking care.

Ordinarily, advance preparation for a movie takes about three months. This means all the planning before the picture goes before the camera, developing of the script, story conferences, research, designing of the sets and costumes, casting, planning the shooting schedule. It took a year and a half to write "Juarez." It was written with the care of a novel. A year's work went into research to make every detail authentic. Then followed six months of conferences before a single scene was shot.

Out at the Warner Brothers' Burbank studio where "Juarez" is being made, I've been fortunate in being able to witness every step in this great picture's production. I've talked to scores of interesting people and, in so doing, have discovered how a picture is made. But let me take you there so that you can see for yourself.

THE historical background of "Juarez" goes back to the year 1863. Benito Pablo Juarez, a full-blooded Zapotec Indian, is President of Mexico. Doing everything he can to free the Mexican people from six hundred years of military dictatorship, he has declared a moratorium on all debts to foreign powers. In France, Napoleon the Third, egged on by his scheming wife, the Empress Eugenie, has decided to put a puppet emperor on the throne of Mexico to secure a new source of gold for France. They choose Maximilian von Hapsburg, a liberal and an idealist, brother of Franz Joseph of Austria. Maximilian has been living blissfully with his beautiful consort, Carlotta, at the Palace of Miramar in Trieste. To convince him that the Mexican people really want him to rule over them, Napoleon's Mexican generals hold a fake plebiscite; thus Carlotta and Maximilian go to Mexico, innocent of Napoleon's plot.

Word comes to Napoleon that the North is about to win the Civil War in the United States. The French troops must be withdrawn immediately or the United States will enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Napoleon withdraws his troops, leaving Maximilian without support in an alien land. Maximilian's aides force him to sign the Black Decree, making the bearing of arms by the Mexicans punishable by death. Carlotta makes a futile trip to Paris to get aid from Napoleon. Oppressed by her failure, she loses her mind. Maximilian and his aides are captured

by Juarez and executed. So much for the story behind "Juarez."

Hal Wallis is Jack Warner's executive associate in charge of production. It is he who lays out the programs for the entire year. He is responsible for the fifty-two pictures the studio makes each year.

To get to his office one passes through innumerable doors that open only when a button is pressed by remote control. You pass through long corridors and up winding stairs to be ushered, at last, into his inner office.

Hal Wallis is totally unlike one's idea of a movie producer. He is tall and athletic-looking; he is charming and very unassuming; he talks little about himself; he gives you a feeling of leisure.

"When you take hold of any story," he told me, "you naturally see it for certain people—the result is, the important casting is really done before the script is finished. At once we saw Paul Muni as Juarez, the Mexican Lincoln, and Bette Davis as the lovely Carlotta. We tested several people for Maximilian and chose Brian Aherne, who could be his twin brother. Then there were forty or fifty good speaking parts to fill. We made hundreds of tests and from them, I think, were gleaned some of the best character actors in Hollywood—John Garfield as Diaz, leader of the Mexican army, Claude Rains as Napoleon the Third, Gale Sondergaard as the

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To Mexico went Paul Muni for authentic lore. Here he inspects a bust of the famous Juarez.



Wardrobe test: Producer Blanke and Cameraman Ernest Haller look on while one of the fourteen costumes worn by Bette Davis in the rôle of Empress Carlotta is tested. Designer Orry-Kelly's original sketch is shown on the left



Art Director Anton Grot inspects a small scale reproduction of a Mexican city to be built on location

HOW IRENE DUNNE SUCCEEDED

Without Glamour

*Here is one of the most remarkable
success stories ever told—about the
girl nobody thought would survive*

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE is a tale accepted in Hollywood's inner circles concerning a major story conference where the problem was to find a title for the celluloid masterpiece just completed.

After a couple of hours of debate the producer had an inspiration. "Hey, look, are there any bugles in this picture?" he said.

"No, sir," said the author, looking pained. "Certainly not. No bugles of any kind."

"Then," said the producer triumphantly, "we'll call it 'Without Bugles.'"

Based upon this bit of Hollywood folklore I propose to call this portrait of Irene Dunne "Without Glamour." Because there is no glamour in it and that makes it one of the most remarkable success sagas ever told.

Somewhere back in the early '30s, Irene Dunne was working for RKO. So, as it happened, was I. We had at that time two women stars on the lot and we were concerned chiefly

with their futures and their box office and getting stories for them. They were the glamour girl de luxe, Miss Constance Bennett, and the famous beauty, Miss Ann Harding.

On other lots Mae West was knocking over exhibitors and audiences, Marlene Dietrich was spreading glamour thicker than honey and Garbo, who invented glamour but couldn't patent it, was Queen. Jean Harlow, God bless her, was the platinum blonde dynamo and—well, everybody had glamour. All Hollywood's gals had glamour.

All but Irene Dunne.

Even after her enormous success in "Cimarron," you could still get about a thousand to one on Irene Dunne in the winter book. The picture, the part, the direction—sure, it had given her an outstanding performance.

"But," said practically everybody, "she'll never last. Never really get anywhere. Nice girl—fine girl. Beautiful. Sings, too. Fine lit-

tle actress. Good reputation. But you know yourself—she hasn't got what it takes. Might as well face facts. No glamour. There you are. No sex appeal. Too bad. She'll never get anywhere—you can't survive in this business without glamour."

With all due respect to the glittering glamour girls of that day, time has told a far different story. For if you take a good look at the screen and at the box office of 1939 you will discover that Irene Dunne has survived. Not only has she survived but she has distanced most of her competition. Her position is at the absolute top and its security grows with every picture. And her real and deep hold upon the affection and admiration of American audiences is unequalled.

To write a story about Irene Dunne is supposed to be a hazard. The spectacular qualities so dear to the writer's heart are, frankly, missing. So you will forgive me if, in trying to get over to you via the typewriter the truly amazing and spectacular facts about Irene Dunne and what she means to the public, I wander about a bit. Because to me she is one of the loveliest and

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LADY Clown

*A rollicking story of Joan Davis,
"Happy Hooligan" by nature;
actress at will; housewife at heart*

BY SARA HAMILTON

WHEN the New York theatrical critics handed their loving cup award to Joan Davis for being, to their notion, the best comedienne of last year, the gratified lady accepted the cup with many thanks and a muttered aside to her husband:

"But why? I haven't been comic yet!"

To her close friends, Joan's remark seemed both right and wrong. On the screen, they claim, Joan hasn't touched the great well of comedy that lies within. "She punches her lines too hard and defeats her natural comic ability with too much acrobatic cavorting," they claim. "But Joan, off screen . . ." and they

begin laughing before they can finish.

So, to the off-screen Joan, the one Hollywood doesn't know well enough to recapture for the screen, we present our own award—a verbal salute to a grand comedienne, a woman whose life is a testimony to the joy that can be had from just living. Plain, simple, everyday living.

Joan is different from the usual Hollywood actress. Funny, but different. Why, just to think of Joan is to have march before your eyes a jitterbug parade—antics so priceless that one can treasure them as dearly as a star his new front teeth.

My favorite is the vision of Joan that smacked me squarely in the face as I stepped off a hospital elevator to visit her during her convalescence from an accident on one of the sets.

In a wheel chair, hands crossed in utter relaxation, sat a stiffly starched nurse, with Joan, in nightie and bathrobe, feebly pushing her up and down the hall.

Before we could utter a word at this strange sight, a patient, in bathrobe and slippers, emerged from Room 12, on his way to the sun porch. Nodding, the patient passed on; and then the incongruity of the ludicrous sight hit him full force. Whirling about, he came back, peering wildly, first into the wheel chair and then into Joan's face.

Clutching his forehead he let out a yelp, "Doc, it's no use," he cried. "I've had a relapse. I'm seeing wrong end to."

"Everybody gets a free ride but me," Joan replied, in answer to our hysterical questioning. "I have to push my own nurse to get my back muscles in place. Can you beat it?" And she tottered on with her wheel chair pushing.

The overabundance of life that is Joan's failed to be downed, even remotely, by this sojourn in a hospital.

She lay there, her masses of dark red hair haloed about her comely face, her eyes bright with the interesting tidbits of conversation tossed about by the constant group of visitors, her mind ever on the alert for the lively and comical, her admiration for a tricky piece of finery keener than ever.

An acquaintance, who had accompanied one of Joan's close friends to the hospital, had stepped out of the room while Joan said good-bye to the friend.

"Anything I can get you, Joan?" the friend

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You laugh at Joan on the screen, but it's in a powder-blue mosque in Beverly Hills that her best shows go on

PLAY

Truth and Consequences

WITH

FRED

ASTAIRE

Whoopee! And a couple of wow-wows! We said we'd make some of these shy, retiring stars talk—but here was the hardest nut to crack. For five years Fred Astaire has been in the Hollywood limelight, yet you probably know less about him than any other star. But no longer. Not even he could resist the fascination of playing the old game of Truth and Consequences, in which he had to tell the truth or pay a penalty. He came through with flying colors—and just five punishments—those you see pictured on these pages

1. (Q) What is the real reason why you so seldom dance for your personal pleasure when you are at a night club?

(A) I'm glad you said "seldom" because just the other night I had a grand time doing the Lambeth Walk with a group of friends at the Clover Club. But by and large I don't dance because dancing is my career, my work, and if I have danced all day I'm glad to get away from it for an evening. But when it happens that the orchestra plays an inspiring tune which just must be danced to, then I'm out on the floor as quickly as anyone.

2. (Q) Do you own a race horse, or do you hope to own one?

(A) No, and again no.

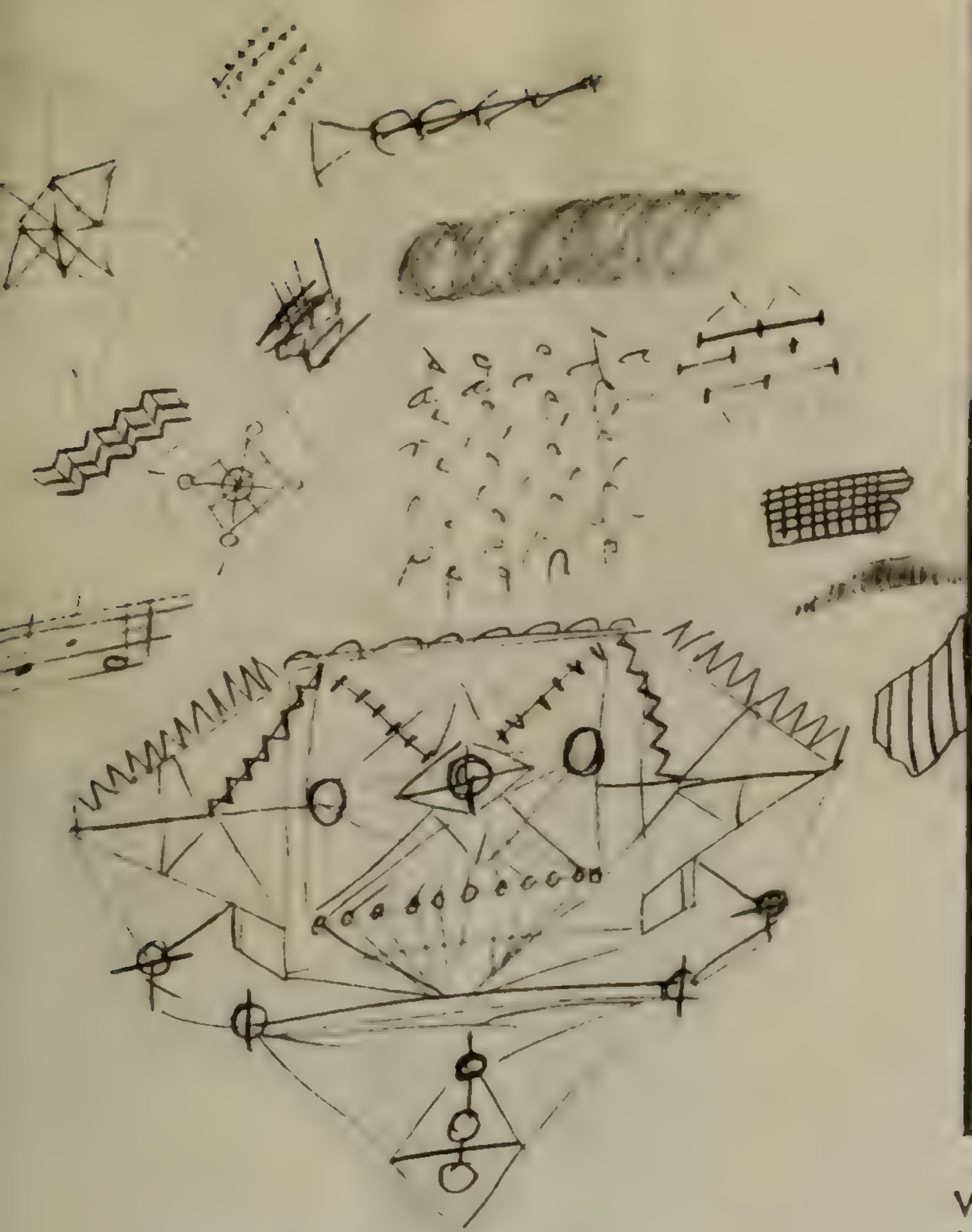
3. (Q) Do you hope that your son follows in your dance-steps?

(A) I have no set hopes on that score. If he shows extraordinary dancing ability and wants to become a dancer, I'll help him all I can, but first I want to warn him of the difficulties of a theatrical career. I have always enjoyed my work, but, believe me, it is not always fun.

4. (Q) Do you believe that a dancing career shortens a person's life?

In "The Castles," Fred Astaire portrays his great childhood idol

For refusing to tell us what he thinks about women who gush over him (Question 10), this is his punishment—Show us yourself as you were when you first started to dancing school. Cute, wasn't he?



Was it modesty that stopped Fred on Question 16? We'll never know—but here's an example of his fancy doodling, over which he has no inferiority complex



We'd say that question 23 was impossible to answer. Anyhow, Fred wouldn't give on that, so we told him, "Since you have a phobia about posing with Mrs. Astaire, and also without your hat, do it for us"

(A) No. I have heard that theory, but I don't believe it. I feel better right now than I have ever felt in my life and I've been dancing since I was seven.

5. (Q) Do you gamble?

(A) I like to bet. I occasionally bet on a sport event.

6. (Q) What makes you most nervous?

(A) Having someone watch me when I'm trying to originate a step or make up a dance. It's like having someone look over your shoulder when you're writing a letter.

7. (Q) Are you inclined to sulk, and over what little thing did you sulk the longest?

(A) The only time I have ever sulked was when I thought that I had won a golf tournament, only to find that I had been disqualified because I unwittingly drove two balls off the first tee. I am still sulking.

8. (Q) When did you ever grow a mustache and was it successful?

(A) Once in a musical comedy skit I was required to wear a false mustache for a characterization. That one experience was enough; since then I have never even been tempted to raise one!

9. (Q) What kind of a soldier do you think you'd make?

(A) I think I'd be all right.

10. (Q) How do you react when a female fan gushes over you?

(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Show us yourself as you were when you first started to dancing school.)

11. (Q) What song-writing have you done recently?

(A) I haven't done any. I've been too busy. Anyway, I don't think I'll write

any for a while. I'm going to leave that to Mickey Rooney.

12. (Q) About what things are you sentimental?

(A) I have a dressing gown which I prize very highly. I have had it since 1912 and wouldn't part with it—even though I'm told that it looks like a horse blanket.

13. (Q) If you had not become a successful dancer, what other career would you have liked to follow?

(A) I would have liked to become a professional golfer.

14. (Q) Whom do you ever envy?

(A) I envy all the good sports commentators and also the sports radio announcers. Next to professional golfing, I believe their work must be the most interesting.

15. (Q) What is your keenest personal ambition?

(A) Just to win a golf tournament. I'm not asking for a silver cup—if I could only win one little penknife, or something, with my name engraved on it! I've come close, but I've never won a tournament.

16. (Q) If a hundred per cent were perfect, how would you rate yourself as the Life of the Party?

(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Let us have examples of your doodling.)

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Question 32 was an embarrassing one for anybody—and we don't blame Fred for taking the penalty on it. But we made him prove that tall fish story he told recently and, as you see, he wasn't just bragging



Fred gets as big a laugh out of this picture of himself as you will—it's the penalty on question 38, for refusing to tell us what his reaction was when the nurse said, "It's a boy!"

THE GREAT Autograph Conspiracy

BY LILLIAN DAY

HAVE been so busy with Life, itself, that haven't had time to keep up this chronicle. Vacation is over! Most exciting! But now things have settled down to a sort of chaos. I get older and wiser each week and have learned a great deal about people, especially men and women. In the last month or so have been in love twice and disillusioned three times. Note: mustn't judge by appearances. Many a man who does the Dartmouth Dip to perfection isn't even a high school graduate.

Met Ina Claire and we became firm friends—at least I did. She asked me if I intended going on the stage and I said no. She said that was the first intelligent answer she ever had from a fan. Pops thought it was an insult, but I took it as a compliment.

Yesterday Barbara and I drank *Bruderschaft* in frosted chocolate, so nothing can come between us. We have often said that if we both fall in love with the same man we will each sacrifice him to the other.

Have been helping Barb stalk her ex-grand pash, Basil Rathbone. Got two signatures each because we changed our hats and he didn't recognize us. The doorman at the Warwick knows our faces by heart.

The new hats this season are colossal. Barb has a Tower of Pisa while I have an off-la-face, as I had my Glamour Bump permanented. We both want black dresses. She'll get hers, but I'll probably have to compromise on pink. Barb always gets what she wants because her parents believe in child psychology.

DECIDED to have an h. to h. talk with Pops who is intelligent at times. I told him about how I had sold my precious album full of the very best autographs to Vera Bailey for \$25 when hiring an Escort Guide had been a matter of life and death. He said I had no complaint as that was about what the Indians got for Manhattan Island (I think he was trying to be facetious). But I told him what kind of girl Vera was and that it was like selling one's dog or child to a cruel person and that if I didn't get the album back I would become a frustrated woman, which is considered unhealthy.

Pops asked how much it would take to buy it back and I said I thought he ought to take \$30 which would give her \$5 profit, besides having had possession of the valuable tome for

several months. He hemmed, but I must say he didn't haw and I said he would only have to give me twenty as I could always borrow five from Barbara, whose parents weren't small about money matters. That got his back up, which I had intended, and he gave me a check which I cashed at once. Triple wham!!!

Ben Hecht got ten grand for taking the war out of "Idiot's Delight." Wonder what he'll get

Here's Jane Lyons again—in a "battle of the century" that was hopelessly lost until a dark screen villain became a hero for the day

to lower "Wuthering Heights." Landed Luise Rainer, Gary Cooper and Doug, Jr. this week. The new book is filling up. Had to cut Eng. and Math. but then isn't all life a compromise? Like the time the Board of Education had the nerve to open school the day the *Normandie* arrived with Lunt & Fontanne, Sonja Henie, Peggy H. Joyce, Robt. Donat and Burgess Meredith! It put thousands of fans in a spot between Phyllis and Charybdis. We thought of getting up a petition to ask the Steamship Lines and the Board of Education to cooperate. My new Eng. teacher is a grade A Fife-star Gestunk.

Barb has a cold and is ecstatic about it because she caught it from Brian Aherne at the boat. He's in a sanitarium and she sent him carnations (75c doz.) and a note saying that both of them being infected with the same germs constituted a bond between them. He didn't answer. Come to think of it that isn't scientifically accurate and I must call it to her

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GALBRAITH



I told Pops that if I didn't get the album back I would become a frustrated woman



"Mr. Rathbone," I said in my lowest register, "we have both proven to you our devotion and loyalty . . . we have stood for hours in the rain outside hotels and theaters. The time has come when you can show your appreciation."

attention. They couldn't both have the same germs, only relatives, because two things (even germs) cannot occupy different places at the same time. We learned that in Physics 2.

YESTERDAY aft. my *attachée*, Barbara Drew, and I attempted a *rapprochement* with La Bailey. We offered her a cigarette which she accepted. I started talking about generalities, like Eric Blore and Eugene Lockhart. Then Barb explained that an album didn't really have any social significance unless one collected the signatures one's own self. No register. Then I remarked that I couldn't understand how anyone with a shred of self-respect, which I was sure she had, could take credit for autographs someone else had collected. It was like having a Ghost Writer, than which there is nothing more ignominious. No sale. Rather no re-sale.

Then I asked her point blankly how much she would take for the album and she said she wasn't at all anxious to sell. Barbara reminded her that she had promised she would and she denied it equally point blankly. They put it up to me and I had to decide between telling the strict truth and defending my chum to whom I had sworn fealty unto death, which I naturally did. That made Bailey furious and she called us both liars in so many words (one). So one word led to a lot of others and I offered

her \$30 plus a new album, but she still refused. I raised it an introduction to Raymond Massey. (Don't know him myself yet but expect to see "Abe Lincoln" next week.) The more I argued the adamanter she became. I raised to \$35, though I didn't have it. We argued to and fro and Barb was about to offer 40 when I hinted to her to shut up.

"Silenzium!" I said, which is our secret code.

Then I rose and said, "Very well, Miss Bailey. You can't say I didn't give you a fair chance. From hence forth and on we shall sever all undiplomatic relations. My attorney will communicate with you."

And with that I stalked out with dignity, dragging Barb. I think she took the cigarette under false pretenses.

GOT Pops to bring home legal cap and blue backs and wrote document (copy appended).
STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK { ss

WHEREAS, Jane Lyons, party of the first part, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

That on or about several months ago she gave, sold, vended, bequeathed and disposed of her own personal Autograph Album, by her personally collected and accrued at much expense and risk of life and limbs (dodging taxis) and full of original holographs and signatures

of numerous and sundry well known celebrities, to one Vera Bailey, party of the second part, in exchange for the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) in hands paid.

AND WHEREAS, this transfer of property, personal and very real was conducted by minors and without the consent of any of the parents thereof.

AND WHEREAS said party of the first part, who shall be known hereafter as the plaintiff, wishes the return of her rightful property and is willing to give the party of the second part, to be known hereafter as the defendant, Thirty dollars (\$30.00) as payment, recompense, emolument and compensation for same,

THEREFORE, if said defendant does not comply and come across by Monday next at 6 P.M., said plaintiff will not only institute legal proceedings, but see that her attorneys TAKE STEPS for the recovery of the aforementioned Album.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THEIR PRESENTS

Jane Lyons L.S.
(Plaintiff)

Barbara Drew L.S.
(Witness)

(Continued on page 86)

WHY AMERICAN MEN

DON'T WANT TO MARRY HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

BY GRETTA PALMER

Take cheer, all you who envy glamorous girls, for here are facts to prove that beauty, wealth and fame aren't always what they seem

SO you'd like to change places with a moving-picture star, would you? You'd like her beauty, her celebrity, her marble swimming pool and—most of all—her ability to use these things to attract shoals of fascinating, eligible men?

We women inevitably think of success in terms of increased sex appeal. Unless a girl is something of a freak, fame, beauty and money are chiefly important to her as aids in bringing her a long queue of eligible suitors: out of this waiting line she dreams of finally selecting a marquis or a famous playwright or the handsomest man in America. For women, on the whole, want success as a stepping-stone to their single-minded ambition of marrying the best and most glamorous man in the world after having, incidentally, broken the hearts of half a hundred second bests.

Now, recent researches I have conducted through the country, by train and plane and trailer, suggest that women who envy the moving-picture stars their attractiveness to men have been barking up a very wrong tree. We

have, most of us, assumed that a successful Hollywood actress can take her pick of the most desirable suitors in the world.

Well, it looks as if that were the one thing she can never do!

I set out to investigate this myth that all men dream of marrying a \$5,000 a week professional beauty out of the West. And I found, quite simply, that it isn't true. I asked handsome men and charming men, rich men and famous men, and even a titled foreigner or two how they felt about capturing the heart and hand of one of our princesses of the screen. Almost without exception, they rejected the idea with a kind of horror. No wife of theirs, they earnestly assured me, would ever be allowed to live the life of a successful screen star. Not while a drop of red blood flowed through their manly veins!

THE money was a serious obstacle to half a dozen of them. Let us take, as the spokesman of this group, a very handsome, very clever man of twenty-six—a man who is well on the way to the top in a Midwest advertising agency.

"I'm plenty busy trying to be a success on my own hook," he said, "without the nuisance of having to worry about a wife's career. It takes

all the energy and thought I can afford to figure out ways of handling my own job, and when I get home in the evening, I'm going to want a nice, clear-headed, sympathetic little woman to take my problems seriously and beg me not to work so hard.

"I want my wife to have a stake in my success. I want her to be terribly proud of me when my salary reaches the stage where we can afford our first trip to Europe together and I want her to look forward to the day when I can move her into a penthouse.

"But if *she* were the one whose salary check determined the scale on which we lived—if *she*

Margaret Lindsay

Jane Bryan

Rosemary Lane



Is it possible that American men wouldn't jump at the chance of marrying girls like these—talented, attractive, acclaimed? It's hard to believe, but the author of this article, after interviewing rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, puts forth some astounding reasons for her conviction that this is the case



Rosalind Russell



Eleanor Powell

"I wouldn't care how much money a week a Hollywood wife brought in," he said. "Lord, no! My own wife has more money than I can ever conceivably hope to make, so I don't try very hard. The money isn't the barrier—but I wouldn't want to be married to a professionally beautiful girl. Why not? Well, beautiful women are, almost inevitably, spoiled. They've been flattered and coddled since the days when they heard their mothers' friends gush, 'She's like a little angel.' They've had young men sit and look starry-eyed at them since they were old enough to use their eyes—and a really lovely girl knows everything about how to flirt when she is ten years old.

"Beautiful women have had things their own way for too long to be able to adjust to the give-and-take of marriage. I've seen a lot of them and they expect their husbands to woo them for life and to act as if they were still trying to win them away from a crowd of suitors.

"Beautiful women are usually bores—they have never had to stir themselves and learn how to be entertaining, because people gathered around them just for the sake of staring. They are usually selfish and inconsiderate. And the funny thing about them is this: that when you've been around one for a month or so, you take her beauty for granted and you don't get much fun out of it, anyway.

"Give me a good, homely woman who has learned how to dress effectively and who knows how to compensate for her lack of looks by wit and charm and understanding.

"Fannie Brice might make a fine wife. Or Helen Westley. Even Jane Withers might work out okay. But heaven protect me from marrying one of these Hollywood glamour girls. They're the worst wives in the world!"

Well, so there's another set of delectable men left over for the rest of us to scrap about: the men who don't approve of beauty in a wife.

And that's a consolation, on more counts than one!

Not many of the men who were cross-examined were worried by the beauty of the Hollywood stars. But several dozen of them shuddered away from the inevitable publicity a star meets up with. You would be surprised to find how camera-shy the average bachelor in America is today.

There was a serious, well-heeled young man, with a string of polo ponies and a series of mansions scattered over the more habitable sections of the United States—a man who is working hard at his chosen business and has had to evade the press photographers since he was a child in knee pants.

There was the less celebrated lawyer in his early thirties, who winced away from the prospect of being photographed, although he had never had a disagreeable experience with the press.

There were bank clerks and bank presidents' sons, young men who worked in chain stores and steel mills and skyscrapers, and a foreign nobleman. Their dislike of having a cameraman concealed behind the bushes while they proposed amounted, it sometimes seemed, to a mania.

"Who wants to court a girl while half the world is listening in?" said a tall, dark youngster of the type known as "Black Irish," who makes a good living in a brokerage house. "It would be embarrassing in itself and a warning to any man of worse to come.

"Imagine having a wedding with the press pursuing you and radio commentators announcing your honeymoon plans! Imagine coming home to find that the porter at the station had told Winchell you had an argument with your wife about who had the railroad tickets last! Imagine having every spat magnified, by eavesdropping servants, into a national scandal! The tension would be bound to get on your nerves so that finally you'd have a real scurrier of a quarrel, right out in the open in the Brown Derby restaurant, where everyone could see.

"I think that the 'fish bowl' existence famous Hollywood couples lead is disastrous to any normal, happy married life. And I think the statistics on Hollywood divorces bear me out. Even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks couldn't stand the pace.

"I will never marry any girl who's mobbed by autograph hunters wherever she goes. The woman who becomes my wife may be light or
(Continued on page 85)

beat me to it in renting the penthouse or taking us to Europe, my dish would lose its flavor.

"I can think of nothing more discouraging to an ambitious man than having the family budget set at a higher figure than any money he can hope to earn for twenty years. Drat it all, I want my success to make a difference in the way we live! I don't want a wife who has outstripped my earning power."

So we may eliminate from the eager queue of suitors whom a lovely moving picture star can claim that considerable body of attractive men who are independent, ambitious and determined to get to the top on their own.

That leaves a lot of very fine future husbands for the rest of us, the non-star girls, to marry.

BUT money isn't the only thing that prevents some exceedingly desirable men from wanting to court ladies out of Hollywood. There is also—seriously, now—the question of too much beauty.

Take a man with whom I talked at a very gay and expensive winter resort—a fine, bronzed figure of a man with a pleasant, playboy's smile, a charming way with him and a wife whose own estate amounts to some fifteen million dollars.

He has a good memory for faces but forgets names quickly... he's always punctual but only moderately orderly... he's a good business man and an easy touch

*A brilliant interpretation of
Spencer Tracy—the polo-playing
Irishman who admits to no superstition, and rarely discusses politics*

He has no musical instruments, and doesn't like going out dancing in night clubs. He swims and is at ease in the company of

any too well.
He has lunch every day.
He has his father's old hunting-horn which he carries with him always.
He wears suspenders, dislikes writing, and questions the genuineness of the interest in the off-screen personalities of picture stars.

He wears a size forty-two coat.
He bites and snaps his conversation.
He does not like stuffed squab or crêpes, and has a high regard for the draftsmanship of Frank Lloyd Wright.

He thinks Panama City the most interesting place he has ever been, and he recently sold a forty-foot ketch which he sailed himself.

He owns a dozen polo ponies, two of them retired to a life of clover.

He has a habit of leaning his head slightly forward and looking up with his eyes. He is a frequent patron of drive-in eating places, and his home is of Mexican farmhouse style.

He is only moderately orderly.
He has no superstitions.

SPENCER TRACY does not think the world has improved much in the last hundred years. He wears soft, white shirts nearly all the time.

He smokes cigarettes and occasionally a pipe. He has never had a sandwich named after him, and he hates wearing hats.

He hates to go shopping with his wife. He considers "Captains Courageous" his best picture.

He is a very good businessman and takes good care of his money. He has no collecting hobbies of any kind.

He has never worn spats or carried a walking stick, and he thinks mechanical progress has not increased the general level of happiness.

He has a son and a daughter. He enjoys taking long walks alone. He has never worn glasses.

He thinks most people are sincere. He never rides hunches and has never had a premonition.

He has a violent aversion to women who dye their hair even though it makes them more attractive.

He dislikes meeting strange people. He is right-handed and does not like walking in the rain.

He does not have an ear for music. He does not like Chinese food, and he can recall no individual who might have been his childhood's idol. He is very tolerant of his fellow man.

His favorite off-stage costume is riding boots, breeches and a sweat shirt.

He was with Ethel Barrymore's "Royal Fandango" company when a New York critic wrote that "Tracy looked like he had been picked up by the property man." His eyes are blue.

Spencer Tracy does not think it possible for a person to start out in life with a definite plan and carry it through to its conclusion.

"Too many things can happen beyond a man's
(Continued on page 89)

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WHO HAS WHAT HE WANTS

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE is extremely self-conscious. He cannot eat onions. He has a bulldog tenacity and never admits defeat. He does not believe in fortune tellers or astrology. His full name is Spencer Bernard Tracy. He drinks a lot of coffee, and does not like radio commentators. He declines all invitations to be guest of honor at large functions, and he has never played golf. He does not get seasick, and as a boy he was not popular with girls. He plays fair tennis. He was born to comfortable surroundings in

an apartment house in Milwaukee. He is a crack polo player. His rôle as Killer Mears in "The Last Mile" resulted in his picture debut. He weighs 170 pounds. His father was Irish. He gets a massage every night. He enjoys reading the editorial pages of daily newspapers. He is not a fatalist, and he has never read Spengler's "The Downfall of Western Civilization." He does not like skeet shooting. He wants to spend the rest of his life in Southern California. He has a good memory for faces but forgets names quickly.



Two sides of the picture! Top, with Gable in "No Man of Her Own," which started the whole romance off, then at the height of her determined sexy career. Left, a generous view of appealing curves. Right, Carole Comes Marching Home Again . . . the real Carole Lombard of 1939. A tomboy, bespectacled, canvas jacket and corduroy skirt. Not a far cry from the Fort Wayne capers. And her public loves it!



A small-town girl with freckles, a sense of humor and the knack of being herself—Myrna Loy, who is now busy charming Bob Taylor in "Lucky Night"



The little heller Don Ameche who grew up to be a great radio baritone and the money-drawing film magnet of "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell"



WUTHERING HEIGHTS

For the filming of the Brontë classic, "Wuthering Heights," Goldwyn, with the greatest of ease and expense, imported heather and the song of English larks (in cans); lavishly rebuilt the Linton manor house (top); and chose a cast that has Hollywood talking—but plenty. David Niven and Merle Oberon (left), who a year ago were a top-line romance, now lead a happy married life before the cameras as Edgar and Cathy, chat casually between scenes, with all eyes (including those of Korda, Merle's reported fiancé) at attention. Laurence Olivier (opposite page, top right portrait), who left Hollywood in a huff years ago, comes gleefully back as Heathcliff because (the columnists say) of Vivien Leigh, English Scarlett, who can be found most any day, on this set. The show is certainly on!



Far right: at the window, Heathcliff, as played by Laurence Olivier; at the table, G. Carroll and Flora Robson. Bottom, right: Miles Mander as Lockwood



David Niven, as Edgar; Geraldine Fitzgerald (you're talking about her now because of "Dark Victory") as Isabella; Donald Crisp as kindly Dr. Kenneth. Below: Director William Wyler looks at \$100,000 worth of Goldwyn atmosphere





Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as he looks on Sunset Boulevard—grinning guy in Bond St. clothes. Insert: he puts on his camera lure at the studio



Tyrone Power: the chap that Annabella likes to dance with at the Troc; and, insert, the dark look that makes female audiences shiver

WE LOVE 'EM

Natural

Richard Greene: two-way charm. Careless charm; (It certainly takes a pipe!) dimpled charm before the cameras



Nelson Eddy, as his bride sees him across the breakfast table—and as Jeanette MacDonald sees him through a bit of make-up





Gary Cooper: right out in the open at the races, having hearty fun—and Gary Cooper, the shy, silent—and groomed—hero of celluloid



Clark Gable demonstrates how to be a he-man both ways: off screen, with pipe, bangs and a few "laugh" wrinkles. On screen, with pipe

—with their film war paint off and their hair down. But we give you here the male "umphers" of the screen both ways—as nature shaped them up and as the make-up men turn them out. Decisions, please!

Don Ameche: Daddy playing ball and having fun with Ronnie and Donnie; and a screen cavalier courting (and losing) the screen glamour girls



Wayne Morris when he forgets his screen manners and loses his dimple and Wayne when he wears a wave



HEADWORK: JEFFREY LYNN, WHO CASHES IN ON ROMANCE IN "FAMILY REUNION"





HEARTWORK: DOROTHY LAMOUR, WHO SWINGS A SONG OF LOVE IN "MAN ABOUT TOWN"



Exemplary episode in the saga of the success of Hyman Fink: a hen party is given, with instructions that no men are to be admitted; Hymie, with a curl here or there, foils the doorman, crashes the gate and kow-tows with Sophie Tucker to the tune of a scoop picture



HOW A *Candid Camera Expert* WORKS

Fink

—the signature that marks some of the best Hollywood pictures. Above: action shot of Ronald Colman, David Niven, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Raymond Massey

Featuring a double exposure: Hyman Fink, Photoplay's cameraman—and the amazing tricks of his trade

BACK in the days of good King Baggot, F. X. Bushman and the Biograph Girl, Hymie Fink was up to his armpits in clover. The world had not become movie-insane, there was not a single correspondent stationed in Hollywood and Hymie was the only free-lance citizen of Southern California willing to sacrifice his life snapping tintypes of movie stars.

"Nowadays," says Hymie sadly, "they give the infants cameras instead of teething rings."

The result is a plague of picture snappers which frightens the casual visitor and makes a Hollywood first night something resembling the battle of Verdun. There are bulbs bursting in

air, the flashlights' white glare and all through the night the stars are still there—pushing their mugs up close so there will be no mistake.

But Hymie is still top man in Hollywood, knowing more stars, past and present, than anybody alive and retaining their confidence because he has never double-crossed them.

"You can have the candid camera," says Mr. Fink. "What you get with it mostly is somebody with his mouth open. I don't do tricks like that to people. I've probably suppressed as many punk pictures as I've sent out good ones and I never send out a picture without letting the subject see it."

Which is why in the royal days of Pickfair when the nobility of the world fought to get entrance to the domain of Mary and Doug, Hymie was the only photographer allowed on the grounds.

"Those were the times," sighs Hymie. "Mary did things in style. The best party Hollywood ever had was when Pickfair entertained the Olympic Committee. There were 450 guests, the solid gold service was used and a tent was set up on the lawn, a tent which might have been used by a middling sized circus. I had my

camera in a room upstairs. I'd just go around among the guests, ask them if they wouldn't come up and pose and that was all there was to it. Nobody but the people involved knew I was there. That's the way Miss Pickford always did it."

Mr. Fink is firmly of the opinion that Hollywood doesn't have parties now which compare with the old days.

"It was a smaller place, there wasn't much to do and everybody ganged up for a good time. The Talmadge sisters set the pace. There were Norma, Constance and Natalie (Mrs. Buster Keaton) and when either of them entertained the rest helped out. Natalie would lend her cook, Constance would supply the butler and Norma would look after the food. Bebe Daniels was a member of that bunch, too, and they always had fun."

But Hymie has his present favorites, which happen to be Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich. The Crawford friendship is of long standing, reaching its height one night at a show in a downtown Los Angeles theater when Miss Crawford noticed the sad state of a news-

(Continued on page 46)



"You can trust Hymie," says Hollywood of the man who knows more stars than anyone alive. Top: with Norma Shearer.



Miriam Hopkins—who has a bad time with all photographers—except Fink. She poses for him because he "protects" her

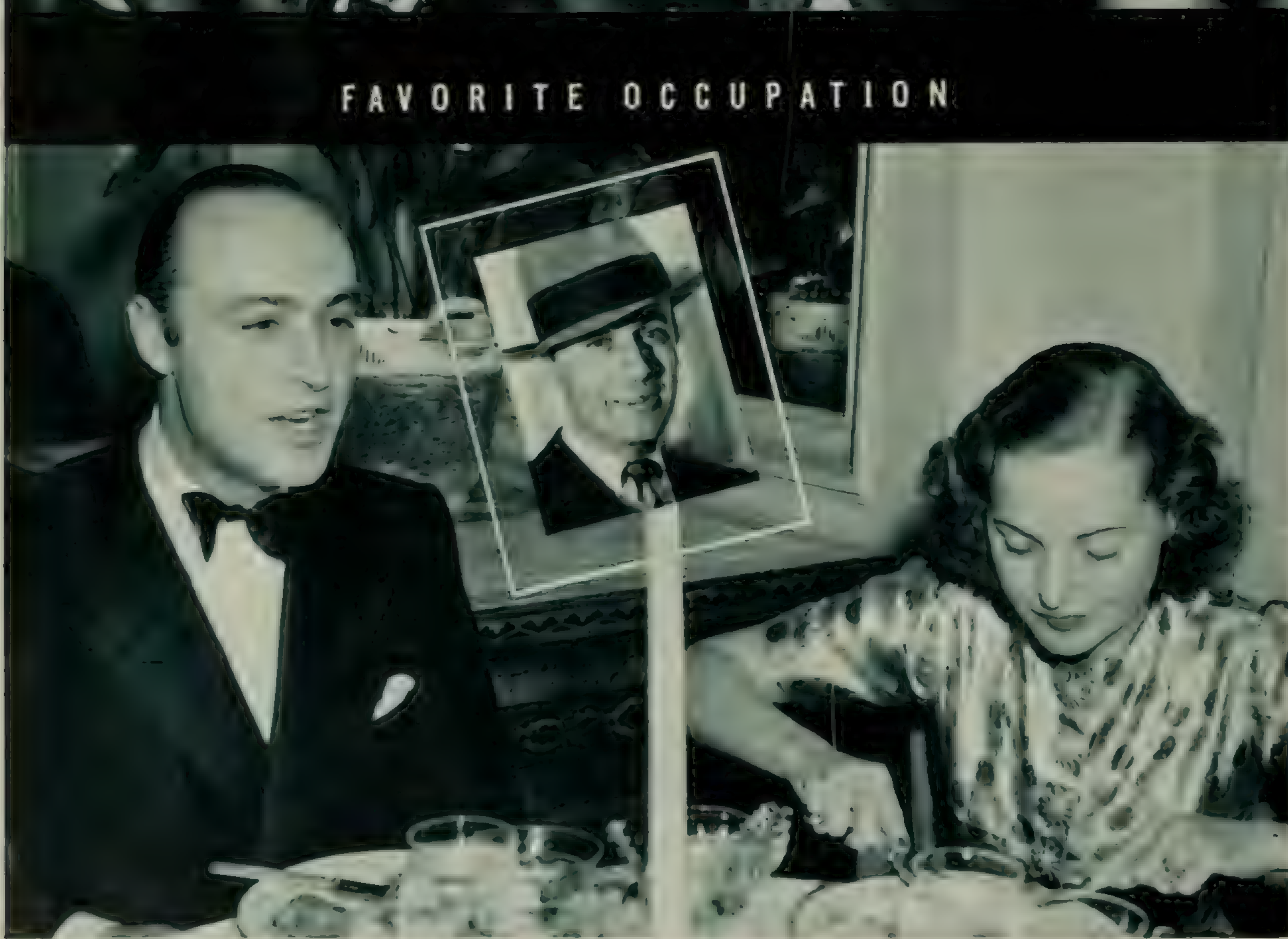
at: Mrs. Dick Bar-
ness, the Countess
Basso, Rhea Gable
Mrs. Clive Brook
di Frasso party—
ended, of course,
Hymie, who knows
sees all—and
ts everything



The Fink friendship with Joan Crawford is of long standing, dating since the time when...



GLAMOUR GIRLS PULL A POP-EYE ACT



FAVORITE OCCUPATION

The Charles Boyers dine out and Boyer poses hatless: a shot which hurt Hyman's candid soul—and Boyer's

paper cameraman, friend of Hymie's, learned his wife was seriously ill in the hospital and offered to take care of the doctor and hospital bill.

"Called me two days later and bawled me out because I hadn't been reporting promptly about the case," says Hymie, a sentimental sort of guy who appreciates such things.

AT THE present writing, Hymie has entry into every home in Hollywood except Greta Garbo's. Some of his great battles have been fought over getting personality shots of that lady. Dur-

ing the masculine period of Garbo's life—the epoch when she was wearing trousers—the excitement became so intense and the yowling from editors became so frantic that Hymie finally gave his life over to the chase.

After months of vigilance he discovered that Miss Garbo and Miss de Acosta would appear at the Trocadero on a certain winter evening. The management of the restaurant conferred with the camera guys, pointing out very sensibly that it would only frighten Miss Garbo away if any monkey business took place as

Where there's excitement, there's Hymie in the flash-light's white glare with bulbs bursting in air. Above one of the best of Hyman Fink's candid action pictures

soon as she reached the establishment. What they should do was wait until she was leaving. They agreed and the vigil began. The Garbo party arrived about eleven, with drawn veils, hands over the face, and sheltering associates. Hymie, who had once before rested uncomfortably on the running board of a car for two hours to get a Garbo shot, now repaired to the rear of the Trocadero and took up a position behind a rain barrel. This foresight arose out of a tip from the management that Garbo, upon departure, would use the back door.

After three hours of resting alternately behind the rain barrel and a pile of lumber, Hymie was rewarded. The back door opened and Garbo came out. She came out, but she came out running.

"Running," says Hymie, disgustedly, "and with her hands over her face. What I got was a shot at the side of her face and a good view of the pants. I had to make that do."

MR. FINK arrived in Los Angeles in 1904 from Chicago, his old home town. The hangout for movie people in that period was the Rosslyn Hotel in Los Angeles, where Charlie Chaplin made his headquarters. As soon as that became cluttered up with tourists, the movie gang moved. The next spot was the Russian Eagle and after that came the Montmartre, which was a terrific rage for several years. That was followed by Eddie Brandstatter's Embassy Club, where you had to join and present a card. Eddie

FIRST LOVE



One of the best candid ever to be taken of Marlene Dietrich is this shot by Fink, who considers her the most beautiful woman in Hollywood—for reasons purely photographic!

took advantage of the opportunity, however, by opening a larger club next door for the visiting firemen. On great days he opened the doors between the clubs and gave the hoi polloi a treat. The next triumph was the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, where a series of Tuesday nights was started which still gets a full list of movie stars every week. No other Hollywood spot has hung on with such persistence. The different restaurants are mentioned because they were and are the happy hunting grounds for Hymie Fink. The Brown Derby was started by H. K. Somborn, ex-husband of Gloria Swanson; Henry's became the hot spot for a time; the Vendome came along to make a small fortune out of food and drink alone and now the Trocadero is the best known. Hymie starts out in his soup and fish suit every night, shoots the big names at the various hangouts and then goes home to develop his negatives in his own \$5,000 laboratory.

"I use a case of film a month on an average," says Mr. Fink. "That's thirty dozen films."

Mr. Fink is now staff photographer for PHOTOPLAY, but in the beginning he sold his wares to any possible market. The price was three to five dollars a print, with ten dollars from the larger magazines. The Spanish market—Central and South America—paid fifty cents a print. It doesn't sound like much, but when the price of the print originally was around a cent, one could do all right with quantity.

THE great parties of Hollywood, in addition to those given at Pickfair, were thrown by Countess di Frasso. The Countess came along and overturned the works. For one binge she imported a whole prizefight card, preliminaries and final bout. At another she provided paper costumes to wear over the regular white tie and tails. Hymie was in on all those, but when Fredric

(Continued on page 48)



Fearless Fink shoots and speaks candidly of Hedy Lamarr who, when posed, is perfect. Unposed, he considers her "flash sexless"

Margaret sneak up theater. how she is looking

Right: Mrs. G smile and the usual picture, approved by no Fink is the subject makes for

Caught in the act by Marjorie Weaver & Mack Gray who get the crowds by going It's pictures like these make Fink top can



Food means more than photo—even to a star. So Fink haunts the commissaries. Here he spots he-men Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy deep in lemonade and conversation

March hurled his celebrated old German beer about, Paramount handled the affair and barred all photogs. The Countess di Frasso fixed the boys up, upon approach by Hymie.

"You come up to Pickfair first," she said. "I'll fix it with Mary. She's having the outfit there for cocktails and you can get them before the beer rout begins."

Hymie and the boys get dolled up exactly like the guests those days and were very much injured by a decision of the Mayfair Party group several years ago to bar cameramen. Hymie showed up in his party clothes, but the committee was adamant.

"You can't get in," they said. "If you want to get anybody, you'll have to catch them on the way in or the way out."

The boys conferred about it and came to a decision, which was reported to the authorities.

"Either we get in or no pictures at all," and the photogs then pulled what Hymie thinks is the first sit-down strike in America. The boys simply sat in the entrance way on their camera cases and refused to snap a picture. Along with midnight the committee collapsed under

pressure from their eager membership and invited the lens-shooters within. Since everything has been okay.

One afternoon at the Santa Anita race track Oliver Hardy, of the Laurel and Hardy team, perpetrated the abysmal error of getting acquainted with a cameraman. He nearly suffered the pangs of oblivion for the better part of a year. A shutter snapped at the approach of his handsome face and it was only when he made an appearance at the Photographers' Ball that the ban was lifted. You can't slight the men who limn the mugs of the Hollywood great.

The matter of still photographs is so important to a film star that they have a different make-up for public appearances.

"Heavy rouge photographs black," says Fink, "so they avoid that, the wise ones. Omitting lipstick has equally bad results. If you aren't careful, they're apt to look like wall-to-wall errors. I protect them, but some of the one-fellows don't bother."

Miriam Hopkins has a bad time with photographers for several reasons. For one thing she gets sick in crowds and a bit hysterical. She has to suppress a desire to scream and run. Another thing she is a blonde, with blue eyes, light eyelashes and a light lip make-up. The result is bad in a still camera shot. Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Charles Boyer have high foreheads and have learned to keep their hats on when being photographed.

"If you shoot a picture of those fellows from the side, it makes them look bald," says Hymie.

A CAMERAMAN with an evil nature can make a lot of trouble. In the crowds of an open house he can take a shot of a Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones which makes them look as if they are in each other's arms and which will bring Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones into the divorce court with blazing eyes. For that reason,

(Continued on page 10)



A favorite Fink trick is to sneak up on stars at the West Side Tennis Club. Notables concentrate on tennis. Hymie concentrates on the notables. Result—a splendid unposed shot such as this of Fredric March

PHOTOPLAY
Fashions
GWENN WALTERS

Beige jersey, classically draped and casually tied, distinguishes Rosalind Russell's street frock selected from her personal wardrobe. Her black felt profile hat has a crown of crocheted silk braid—her unusual tubular stole of black fox is her own design. The over arrow earrings, clip and bracelet of diamonds and rubies give accent to her costume. Rosalind is currently appearing in M.G.-M's "Fast and Loose"

—Elizabeth Arden Salon, L. A.
Jewels—Brock, Los Angeles



Alice Faye's white leda cloth and ermine evening coat has real fashion news in the fur panel outlined by scallops and the shaped inset at the waist with flattering fullness above. Royer, who designed this coat, prefers this line to the more severe princess silhouette. The wrap is part of the beautiful wardrobe Alice will wear in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Rose of Washington Square." The sketch insert shows Royer's suggestion for adapting the styling of the coat into an alternate fabric combination—a carefully selected printed fabric for the coat with panels and waist inset of taffeta in the dominant coloring of the print





FASHION MOOD

Rosemary Lane chooses a polka dot frock of luggage tan and white tie silk that is likewise foil for accessory changes. As pictured, it represents the perfect occasional frock. However, when Rosemary dons the luggage tan straw cartwheel sailor, the matching gabardine bag with white handle and white gloves (shown in the sketch below), it assumes a dressy mood. When she assembles it with white shoes and the white piqué hat banded with luggage tan, white piqué bag and white gloves (shown in the sketch below, right), it becomes a chic spectator sport costume. Rosemary's newest film for Warner Brothers is "Family Reunion"





THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT



Photoplay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Little dresses with important "tops"! Ellen Drew, who appears in Paramount's "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," suggests the bolero model (left) that features vertical stripe treatment, crisp piqué trim and contrast leather belt for warm weather street or travel wear—or the striped redingote with velvet collar over a sheer acetate rayon frock with short sleeves and white accent (above, center). Both of these frocks are the new Lac-er-sheen in "Four Corners" fabric. Ellen picks the little sheer frock (above, left) for a luncheon-through-dinner-date day. The pleated skirt matches the separate pleated jacket and the leather posies repeat the contrast coloring of the belt. This frock may be selected in navy, green or blue. The tricky jacket of Ellen's dress (above, right) is of pink (you may choose it in citron if you prefer)—the generously gored skirt of navy. Ellen's frocks shown on this page are Jeanne Barrie models and may be found at your favorite shops

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart, attractive Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These lists and comments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Joan Davison, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 172 East 42nd St., New York,
New York

Hollywood tops spring formals with mink chubbies. Patricia Morison, a talented young actress appearing in Paramount's "The Magnificent Fraud," chooses one with neatly squared shoulders, wide sleeves that stop just below the elbow, a collarless neckline and slit pockets. Beneath it, Pat wears her favorite spring formal—a three-in-one gown created for her by Edith Head. The pencil-slim slit skirt of heavy white crepe is seen in the photograph. One of the trio of interchangeable blouses is pictured below in Miss Head's sketch—a red and white silk jersey blouse, surplice and kimono cut, with wide girdle that loops and flows. Other alternatives, not pictured, are a gaily printed crepe blouse or a sweater top of chartrreuse cashmere monogrammed in lacquer red. Willard George of Los Angeles designed Pat's mink chubby

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WALLING





HOODS, HOLLAND AND HISTORY

INFLUENCE NEWEST PLAY CLOTHES

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD will have nothing on you when the time comes to "go out to swim" in your newest play clothes. For said play clothes, this summer, come complete with hood. And you'll wear 'em—or else.

But you won't mind. A wise girl, you know that bonnets and hoods—with soft contrasting linings, clever shapes and fastenings—are as flattering as they are smart and new.

Designers divide the credit for this new "influence" on your wardrobe. To demonstrate, we submit these photographs of the star of RKO'S "Sorority House," Anne Shirley, in three play costumes.

Anne goes Dutch girl (above, left) in a lime-green cotton ensemble—a matlatex one-piece swim suit printed in lime green, leaf green and brown. Over it, she wears a fitted, pouf-sleeved blouse of matching print matlatex and a lime-green skirt shirred to a high waistline in peasant basque style. Her hood bonnet and bag are of natural raffia, hand-painted in a tropical California pattern. Note the wooden shoes.

The slack suit Anne wears (above, right) goes back to the days of the medieval huntsman of the Austrian forests for its "jager" hood, which is attached to the Coronado Rouge (a new shade resembling cyclamen) Amigo cloth (Crown Tested Rayon) blouse that tucks into matching corseleted slacks. The hood is lined—a crafty touch—with contrast white. Both blouse and hood are stitched with white braid in a typical medieval pattern. And observe those wood and leather shoes called "puddle jumpers," and the bracelet of sea shells.

Speaking of the medieval, Anne's terry cloth full-length beach coat (left) is an accurate copy of a monk's hooded robe—though somewhat more gaily colored, as bold stripes of red, orange, green and plum band the sleeves and the hemline of the skirt.

To conclude—with a word of warning! Not only will you wear hoods out to play; you'll wear them out to dance. Watch for the new hooded evening coats made of old-fashioned glazed chintz. These coats are elaborately quilted and the giddier the patterns, the smarter.

Anne's play clothes were selected from The Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood.



PHOTO—HARRY—SACHS



Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Some say romance and a new hair-do are synonyms. Anyhow, Lew Ayres and Norma Shearer, so chicly coiffed, have Hollywood guessing



A Fink scoop—Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman leaving the Marcel Lamaze Cafe

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Embarrassment Corner:

HOWARD HUGHES, who is really a shy young man, had admired Olivia de Havilland for ages but just never had the courage to ask the beautiful little star for a date.

But one evening chance threw them together at a party. Howard asked Olivia to go stepping, at Ocean Park of all places. So Olivia and the veteran of a round-the-world flying trip decided to fly around on the merry-go-round. Howard chose his horse carefully, his heart beating high at being with the lady of his dreams. And then something horrible happened to our flying hero right before his lady fair.

Hughes grew so dizzy on the merry-go-round he had to hold on to the horse's ears until Olivia helped him off. Why, Mr. Hughes!

Flash

A SCOOP for you girls with red-gold hair like Jeanette MacDonald's. Why not copy the style set by the star when choosing her gowns for her concert tour?

Jeanette had all the materials for her concert gowns dyed to match her hair. The effect under the evening lights is beyond description. Why not bowl over your friends with the same idea, you golden red-haired girls?

Swing It, George Brent:

THE first day George Brent emerged from his house and noticed a tousle-headed neighbor boy standing by the door leading to the garage, he thought nothing of it.

"Hello," George said and moved on.

The second day, when he found the boy in the same spot, it seemed more than just a happening to Brent, who stopped for a chat.

"Did you want something, sonny?" George asked.

"Yeah," grinned the boy. "I wanted to ask if it wuz you making them noises on the piano?"

"Why yes, it was," said George. "You see I

was practising my scales. I—I'm taking up music," he added.

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Oh, because I always wanted to."

"You call those funny noises music?" the boy asked, not at all impolitely, but just curiously.

"Well, not yet," George admitted, "but it will be some day."

Next day the boy was back. Waiting. "Look, Mr. Brent," he said, "I don't think you're going to ever make music the way you're going, so look—I brought you this."

And in his grubby hand he held out a badly used, slightly rusted mouth organ. Mr. Brent accepted with thanks.



Designer Howard Greer, Eric Moller, hat stylist and protégé of Joan Crawford, Billie Burke, Charles Martin and his best girl, Joan, admire one of Irene's chic models



Among the fascinated spectators who attended Irene's showing at Bullock's-Wilshire were: above, Paulette Goddard and her mother; opposite page, Ty's heart-throb, Annabella, and Claudette Colbert; and, far right, that trio of style-conscious gals who oh-ed and ah-ed in delight—Virginia Bruce, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Dolores Del Rio

EXCLUSIVE! FASHION SHOW

actor in his own production, "The Californian," while Doug, Jr. insists on being made a producer.

For his side of the argument, Doug, Jr. has told his father:

"Once you thought I was too young to be an actor and I became one. Now, you say I'm too young to be a producer. We'll see about that."

It isn't a quarrel between father and son, for the two Fairbanks are more than father and son—they are close chums.

"We're having the matter out in exactly the same manner as any producer would argue with any star. I want Doug on my star list. He wants to be there, but with the producer concession, and there you have a strictly professional tussle," said the proud papa.

While Hollywood is watching this battle between father and son it has even money on Doug, Jr. to win, for didn't he have his own way before and isn't his dad glad of it?

Gray Days for Lombard:

AND the bride wore gray.

When Carole Lombard and Clark Gable announced their intentions to wed, the question of what the bride (a divorcée) should wear became important not only to Carole but to thousands of other women who were about to marry for the second time. Carole never faltered in her choice for a moment.

"A gray suit," was her decision. But the problem wasn't solved that easily. There are grays and grays, some flattering, some hard and cold in tone, some unkind to blondes, as every woman knows. So, in order to secure exactly the proper shade for her, Carole devoted "a gray week" to the selection of the color. Irene, who was to create the suit, began by sending to Carole sample after sample of gray materials ranging in tone from rose-gray to blue-gray.

Between his "Gone with the Wind" scenes, Mr. Gable would aid Miss Lombard in the elimination of tones, until, finally, the exact "Lombard gray" was chosen.

So, when you gaze at pictures of the newly-weds, remember this little story behind the wedding suit and, with a smile of universal understanding among women the world over, wish the bride a long and happy marriage with no "gray" ending.

Who Shoots Yon Gray Head

WE lay ourselves open to instant mayhem by revealing Hollywood's hottest rumor of the month. In fact, the whole town is asking, "Is Hedy Lamarr a flash in the pan?"

Long before M-G-M decided to shelve the fortune tied up in "I Take This Woman," the whispers grew that Hedy wasn't living up to her tremendous and too sudden acclaim in "Algiers." Conferences were hastily called. They resulted in script changes. The problem was in no way solved, so more lines of dialogue were injected here and there. Matters were immediately made worse. When beauteous Hedy talked and talked and talked, all her sultry charm disappeared. She was no longer a mystery, but only another screen beauty, chatting away for dear life.

Heads and hearts around the studio ached in unison. In their possession was a billion dollars worth of something and no proper setting to display it. There wasn't an "Algiers" or a Charles Boyer in sight. And, while the love scenes between Walter Pidgeon and Hedy were convincing, those between Hedy and hero Spencer Tracy lagged. It was all pretty awful.

With the world crying for Hedy, it became a major crisis of sorts, putting M-G-M, who wasn't prepared, on a great big spot.

Suddenly and with deadly finality the whole completed picture was shelved—maybe to see life again through surgery of some sort, or

maybe to lie forever in state, a bitter reminder to a studio who wasn't prepared for so rare a happening as Hedy.

The question of Hedy's acting ability has been discussed and rediscussed, with the town pretty well convinced that Hedy, after all, did little high-powered emoting in her first American picture. But then she didn't need to.

Now the town wonders if the mysterious foreign allure of the picture, "Algiers," plus the dark and handsome charm of Charles Boyer may have provided a background for Hedy that can never be equaled.

In short, the whispers of "Is Hedy a gorgeous flash in the pan?" still grow. And can only be answered by her next picture.

Family Argument

THE hatchet, buried so long between Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has been dug up again and the two are having some more or less friendly arguments with plenty of gestures to emphasize the points. A few years ago Doug, Sr. protested his son's early entrance into pictures.

"You're too young to be an actor. I want you to get an education first. Go to Harvard, go to Yale, go to Princeton, or somewhere, and we'll see about it later," he said.

The present bone of contention is caused by Doug, Senior's efforts to secure his son as an



RINGS OUT HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GLAMOROUS STARS

A Doggie Story

MANY and great have been the sacrifices for a motion-picture career, but none on a par with that of Spook, who has exchanged not only his good, he-dog name but his very manhood for his rôle of *Daisy* in Columbia's new "Blondie" series, inspired by the "Dagwood and Blondie" comic strip.

Still, Spooks—pardon us, it is to be Daisy from now on, throughout the series and ad infinitum—doesn't seem to care. We saw him—pardon us, *her*—at the studio just the other day and *she* seems to be bearing up bravely.

Daisy has no illustrious ancestors of blue-ribbon standing. She is just a mut with ears suggesting the cocker influence and a hide reminiscent of Irish terrier. But she really doesn't need background. She is drawing her \$150 a week in the movies because she has something still better—brains.

For instance, the day we met Daisy at Columbia, we also got acquainted with little Larry Sims, "Baby Dumpling" of the "Blondie" pictures. He is a cute kid, Larry, and we were delighted with him. We talked to him. We asked

(Continued on page 96)



Gala dinner party: quips flew when Joan Bennett and David Niven met at this celebration at Marcel Lamaze's

Farewell party: Ray Bolger, Cary Grant, Marlene Dietrich and Michael Brooke see Noel Coward (next to Marlene) off





SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

IN this picture, Jackie Cooper plays the son of a war hero. The boy is picked up from the bread lines by the American Legion and given a scholarship to Culver Military Academy. He goes for the bread and butter, but holds no brief for the school's patriotic theory that "there are some things worth dying for." It is the task of his roommate, Freddie Bartholomew, to bring the dissenter to his senses so he will want to rush out to the next war. Henry Hull, playing young Cooper's father, gives a convincing performance. As for the moral: war-hating Americans may be inclined to agree with Jackie when he says, "I would rather exchange this Congressional Medal for my father." There is little plot.



BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

THE irresistible *Bumsteeds*—Blondie, Dagwood, Baby Dumpling and Daisy, the pup—return and this time offer better entertainment than before. Skinnay Ennis and his band contribute with their emphasized swing.

Arthur Lake, as Dagwood, has a fight with his boss (Jonathan Hale) and is fired; Blondie, still played by Penny Singleton, takes over his job and he stays at home to cook and wash dishes. Meanwhile, Baby Dumpling, Larry Simms, and Daisy get into the same troubles which make you laugh at them in the comics. There is a well-done jitterbug sequence in which the entire idea of acrobatic dancing to improvised jive is satirized. No great budget has been expended on this effort but it will please you.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ **THE LITTLE PRINCESS—20th Century-Fox**

CERTAIN observers have noted in Shirley Temple's recent pictures that she was not living up to the standards she had set herself. Her studio, implied these critics, had better do something—quick. The studio has. This is it. "The Little Princess" is not only the best of the Temple films but it is also one of the most charming melodramas Hollywood has produced in months. The inveterate readers among you undoubtedly remember the story—that of a soldier's daughter who is placed in a swank English school while he goes off to war; he is rich and the child is treated like a princess, until word comes of her father's death and of her impoverished condition. Then the hardhearted schoolmistress cracks down, moves the grief-stricken little girl to the attic and makes her work in the kitchen. But the moppet will not believe her father is really dead and searches the hospitals every day, hoping to find him.

Walt Disney has said this picture is "Snow White in the flesh" and there can be no better comment. Shirley will remind you of the Disney heroine and Mary Pickford the old Witch to perfection. There is a ballet staged (while Shirley dreams) which has such a quality of pathological unreality you will want your breakfast coffee immediately afterward; Ian Hunter plays a sympathetic father, Richard Greene and Anita Louise provide a nice touch of romance. Sybil Jason is magnificent as Becky, vying with Miss Temple for best performance, and the production—all in Technicolor—is superb throughout. Arthur Treacher and Cesar Romero do well.



THE FLYING IRISHMAN—RKO-Radio

THE main trouble with this would be that no one is any longer sitting up nights over the fact that Doug Corrigan flew to Ireland without a permit. Still, you'll find a nice hour of entertainment here. It's in good taste, this film. It doesn't try to be anything it couldn't be and neither does the Corrigan. He just wears his leather jacket and takes direction. He has three expressions—low, which signifies dejection at the many tough breaks life brings to him; medium, which is when he is flying; and high, when he smiles. That smile does something to your heart when you see it.

Of course, there is not much story since it is the tale of Doug's life and that is primarily one of dogged hard work and an eventual climax when foolhardy desperation takes the place of relaxed ambition. It all starts with the quarrel and separation of the child Corrigan's parents, played without the least conviction by J. M. Kerrigan and Dorothy Peterson. Then comes years and years during which Doug slaves away in airplane factories for a pittance, still managing to put his brother, Eddie Quillan, through college, although saving a few dollars a week toward a plane. Successive disappointments do not dismay the fighting Irishman, not even when the plane he buys with what is left of his Dad's estate is ruined by a crackpot ex-war ace.

Anyway, the flight to Ireland happens and you will learn that he really did intend to fly there—surprise, surprise—and that his brother helped him. Doug is happy about the whole thing, no doubt.



★ **DARK VICTORY—Warners**

BE warned to rest up several days in advance with watching of the diet and plenty of sleep before seeing this. It is nerve-shattering—exhausting your emotions and so heartbreaking your evening will be ruined. We do not imply it is too melodramatic. It takes a great picture to do that to an audience. And "Dark Victory" is a great picture. Its story is deeply moving and powerful to a degree. The performances of each member of its superlative cast leave nothing for criticism. From a production standpoint, it is superb. But, it is not a pleasant film any more than the Russian classics are pleasant. It is the story of a woman, young, rich, desirable, vital, who begins to lose her grip on life. Bette Davis has this rôle and when she loses her grip before the cameras, any audience needs must turn its eyes away. Eventually her best friend and secretary, Geraldine Fitzgerald, persuades her to see a doctor. This is George Brent, a brain specialist. He discovers her case is hopeless and that she must die within ten months. The two have fallen in love with each other and everything depends on the fact of secrecy so that Bette may not discover her doom. But she does.

Thereafter, the picture concerns her solution of her great problem. Brent has never looked so well and he has the intelligence to underplay Davis—well there are no words. Bette's characterization of illness and recuperation, her control are matchless. Humphrey Bogart plays the trainer she employs for her stables and gives a virile, appealing performance.



MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic



★ NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount



SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

IN this episode in the lives of the Higgins family, Joe Higgins suffers one calamity after another. He loses his job, sets up a candy business for himself and is unable to continue the payments on his wife's ring. His family suffers through all this since Mary Hart, his daughter, is engaged to the son of his ex-boss. The Higgins family consists of the Gleasons, James, Lucille and Russell; also Grandpa, Harry Davenport, whom it is always a pleasure to see, and young Tommy Ryan. It's a homey little group, all of whom have a pretty tough time of it, what with a designing widow trying to marry Grandpa and almost succeeding. Distinctly not recommended for sophisticated audiences, but you're likely to get a few laughs.

WHILE Bette Davis completes her eight months of remaining life, Bob Hope, on another screen, is told he has only a month to live because he is hyper-acid and is going to digest himself. It's all a mistake, of course, but Bob doesn't think so. Neither does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold in wedlock to a Prince. At this point, Andy Devine, Martha's home-town sweetie, appears in the Swiss town where this all happens and you are treated to the highly comical situation of a couple on a honeymoon with fiancé in attendance. Naturally, it's confused, but out of the chaos Bob manages to pull a succession of funny gags so that you simply relax and laugh. Martha is less boisterous than usual.

IT'S pretty hard to be a good policeman and a good father too, but Wally Beery, as *Sergeant Madden*, is equal to the occasion. He tries desperately to divide his love between his job as a New York cop and his family of four—wife, Fay Holden, son Alan Curtis, adopted son of a police pal, Tom Brown, and doorstep daughter, Laraine Day.

Everything might have been all right, if Alan had used his natural fighting spirit beating down crime instead of adding to it, first by being a rotten fighter, later by turning out to be a disgruntled rookie cop. He leaves in a huff, taking Miss Day with him as his wife. Lots of other things happen, but they all add up to a great deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Dark Victory The Ice Follies of 1939

The Little Princess Midnight

Never Say Die Wife, Husband and Friend

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bette Davis in "Dark Victory"
George Brent in "Dark Victory"

Joan Crawford in "The Ice Follies of 1939"
James Stewart in "The Ice Follies of 1939"

Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess"
Sybil Jason in "The Little Princess"

Claudette Colbert in "Midnight"

Bob Hope in "Never Say Die"

Loretta Young in "Wife, Husband and Friend"
Warner Baxter in "Wife, Husband and Friend"

W. C. Fields in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

Henry Fonda in "Let Us Live"



★ MIDNIGHT—Paramount



★ THE ICE FOLLIES OF 1939—M-G-M

FROM "Zaza" to "Midnight" is a longer and harder step than it sounds, but Claudette makes it with the insouciance which typifies her. This is a confused story with many slightly reminiscent counterplots, but it is gay and the cast are well-dressed pleasant people and the action keeps right on going along.

La Colbert plays an American chorus girl stranded in Paris, with nothing but the dress she's wearing and a pawn ticket for her suitcases. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, picks her up, buys her dinner. They quarrel and while Claudette is running away from him she sees an enormous house where a party is being held. She goes in, handing over her pawn ticket in lieu of an invitation. Is that clear so far? Well, so she gets into a bridge game with John Barrymore, Mary Astor (who is Barrymore's wife) and Mary's lover, Francis Lederer. Claudette says she is the *Baroness Czerny*—which is Ameche's name. Barrymore conceives the idea of using her to lure Lederer away from Mary. John, therefore, sets her up in the Ritz and, as things turn out, Claudette must seek legal divorce from a man to whom she has never been married.

Through much of this chaotic affair Ameche barges youthfully, using his engaging smile to cover the faint disbelief of the whole idea. Claudette gives the performance you have come to expect from her. Looks more beautiful than ever and exudes unlimited charm. Miss Astor is lovely; Lederer, eager; Barrymore, ineffably himself.

SONJA HENIE and her studio have had a monopoly on big-time movie ice spectacles until now. But Metro has entered the field with this Gargantuan frozen follies and it must be admitted that they have something here. The company that successfully followed the Henie troupe around America has been used for the show and the routines are done with perfect technique and finish. In addition, there's a love story to amuse you between Joan Crawford and Jimmie Stewart, just a wee drop of sadness and quite a good portion of pleasant comedy.

The skating numbers and the finale in Technicolor are presented in the musical comedy manner, going on for reels while the story waits, and they offer some new twists. But, after all the build-up, Joan does not set foot on the ice once and her touted three song numbers have been cut out. You are allowed just a bar or two in her remarkable voice to make you wonder why. As for the story—Jimmie has been a skating star, but he has hired Joan, who can sing but can't skate very well, and she has ruined his act. They marry and Jimmie's partner, Lew Ayres, goes off on his own with the remark that Joan may be a burden to her husband. Whereupon she marches to a studio, gets producer Lewis Stone to sign her and becomes a star. Jimmie has no alternative but to make a success of the ice follies idea. Miss Crawford is not called upon to emote and is sensible enough to take the part for what it is worth—but it is not worthy of her.

(Continued on page 22)

"Gone with the Wind" is under way with Clark Gable, just as we pictured him months ago, as Rhett and Vivien Leigh, over whom "Scarlett" fever still rages

WE COVER THE STUDIOS



WE said we didn't believe it. "Tell us," we said, "that Greta Garbo is hunting autographs; that Shirley Temple has been sent to reform school; that Jimmy Cagney is baking a cake. Tell us anything. But don't tell us 'Gone with the Wind' is actually shooting!"

"Come over and see for yourself," said the Selznick-International man.

How could we resist making "The Wind," as Hollywood knows it, our first stop on the monthly set circuit? After these months of waiting and waiting—false hopes, phony *Scarletts*, reluctant *Rhetts* and so forth—a mere peep at the champion never-never movie in actual production is like a preview of the millennium.

We won't go into the strung-out saga of what double-trouble Selznick has had getting "The Wind" blowing. Or the countless hopefuls who have paraded past the test camera, or the ballyhooed search for *Scarlett* which ended quite unspectacularly one day when a green-eyed English girl named Vivien Leigh on a vacation to Hollywood visited the Selznick studio and heard a big man clap his curly head, point to her and say, "Good Heavens—there's Scarlett!"

That's all history—and so, of course, is "Gone with the Wind," which is a polite way of say-

A lesson in manners is what the scenarist got when Shirley Temple turned writer on her new 20th Century-Fox picture, "Susannah of the Mounties"



Hollywood makes another convert—England's lovely Margaret Lockwood of "The Lady Vanishes," plays in "Susannah of the Mounties"

"The Life of Alexander Graham Bell," starring Henry Fonda and Don Ameche, is history—authentic, except for one thing—no spinach!

At Universal where Bing Crosby's making "East Side of Heaven," he's up against real competition—young Sandy Henville has him on the run

The dye is cast! The Rubicon is crossed! Here's the first set news of GWTW and other exciting adventures in Hollywood this month

BY JACK WADE

ing that you ought to know all there is to know about this Civil War classic by now.

What we are surprised to learn, as we go marching through Georgia at Selznick's, is that for months and months they've been shooting parts of this picture, without, of course, the stars. For instance, the spectacular burning of Atlanta, fiery and realistic in Technicolor, is all salted away in film.

The scene we take in today, however, is a Confederate ball and bazaar; the one, you'll remember, where *Scarlett* shocks all of Atlanta by jitterbugging in her widow's weeds with that handsome Charleston scamp, *Rhett* Gable.

First of all, a report on Vivien Leigh. Hollywood already has agreed that she's the happiest choice any one could have made. Even swamp angels from deepest Dixie put their okay on her accent.

Vivien is petite, with dark ringleted hair and genuine, 18-karat green eyes. We have looked right in 'em and we know. She has a mischievous, slightly petulant mouth and every movement of her trim body says sexily, "Watch out." Yessir, we are on Vivien's side—definitely.

Gable looks like a real Big-Man-From-the-South. In a black frock coat, starched bosom and ruffles, he makes a menacing, impressive *Rhett*, and he's a little pleased about it, too, we think. He practices a waltz in one corner.

"If I had known," says Gable, after a few turns, "I'd have to dance the first thing in this picture, I would have seen my lawyer. After 'Idiot's Delight' I see where I'm going to be typed."

We have a feeling that everybody is trying too hard to make "Gone with the Wind" a super-colossal epic. One scene we watch takes *twenty-seven* times until Olivia De Havilland, who has been doing most of the blowing up, is in tears.

SELZNICK-INTERNATIONAL has no corner on the embryo studio epics. "Rose of Washington Square," which we see next at Twentieth Century-Fox, is almost as masterly an epic, even though it needed no world-wide search to find its talent.

Darryl Zanuck talked Al (Mammy) Jolson into running through his old repertoire helped out by Alice Faye and Tyrone Power.

They're all one happy family, on the big night club set we visit, with Alice, perched on a piano à la Helen Morgan, pretending to sing "I'll See You In My Dreams."

It's just one of twenty-seven old time tunes, like "Ja-da," "April Showers," "Mammy," and such, that brighten this reminiscent screen play for the customers who remember when. Even Ty Power gives out with "The Curse of an Aching Heart," we're told.

Like "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Rose of Washington Square" loud pedals the music and soft pedals the plot. Alice plays a night-club singer who marries a shady sharper, Tyrone Power, to reform him, thus gathering to herself a mess of headaches. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if the career of Fannie Brice inspired the story.

Outside, we run into Al Jolson, pacing nervously up and down. It's his first day on his first picture in about three years. He's as nervous as a witch "—and scared too!" Al tells us. "I'd give ten thousand dollars not to go through with this—but I said I would, so—gee—I wish Ruby was here!" The poor guy is still groaning when we leave—can you beat it? After all these years and still scared of a camera!

WE'RE going to picket Twentieth if they don't get shorter titles. After "Rose of Washington Square" what should we run into but "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell" or "Alexander's Ragtime Bell" as the boys at TC-F are calling it. Frankly, we suggest "Four Daughters," because, besides the ubiquitous Don Ameche and Henry Fonda, it's a sister act. Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane (Young) and Georgianna Belzer (Young), Loretta's thirteen year old half-sister—or did you know she had one?

The four sisters are using the same dressing room and you can imagine the feminine fuss and chatter that shakes its frail walls. Loretta and the sisterhood play the Hubbard sisters who actually existed. The drama of Bell, the chap to thank for your telephone today, is wound up with them. In fact, everything in this picture, dates and actual happenings, is right out of history. All, that is, except Don Ameche's smooth cheeks. Alexander Graham fancied sideburns of the broccoli type but Don said he'd rather be less authentic and more beautiful!

The big drama of this movie centers around the telegraph company's attempt to rob A.G.B. of his telephone invention; that and the court battle in which Loretta goes into court with a blessed event halo around her head—a thing unheard of in those prudish days—to show Bell's early telephone plans on the back of a love letter.

The day we arrive, however, Don Ameche and Henry Fonda have the spotlight in the scene where the telephone first works. It really happened just as we see it now. Don is in one room of a boardinghouse set. Henry Fonda is in the other. The primitive phone, borrowed from the Smithsonian Institute, is rigged up between. But it won't work.

Then Don, rising in disgust, knocks over a bottle of sulphuric acid and it starts to eat up his pants. "Mr. Watson," (that's Hank Fonda) he yells. "Come here—I want you!"

And those were the first words ever heard over a telephone wire.

Next door, we find Shirley Temple. This time she's "Susannah of the Mounties," a waif, winning the hearts of bluff Randy Scott and J

(Continued on page 88)

SECOND



BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

The story thus far:

WHEN Marie La Tour, star of silent pictures, discovered that she was almost penniless, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphan granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. This career hit its first snag when Marie discovered that it was Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, who was now in charge of Goldmont Studio, the home of her past successes. Betty, however, on her own, met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, and he cast her for a minor rôle in the picture, "Bringing Up Mother."

On the first day of shooting, Chris, who had been aware of Marie's identity all along, asked her to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman, Marie's enemy, was out of town, she agreed to do so. Chris asked Marie to run through Betty's scenes for her. He shot them "just for a gag"—or so he told Marie.

At the studio preview of the picture, the audience reaction was lukewarm to Betty's performance, but when Beall's second version, with Marie in Betty's part, was run off, her performance rolled 'em in the aisles.

Betty accused her grandmother of double-crossing her and ran away from home.

At about this time, old Jelliff, ex-hooper and a close friend of Marie's, arrived in California from New York. Marie told him about Betty and also about her dire financial state. Even the success of Marie's part in "Bringing Up Mother" amounted to nothing when Rossman returned, had the picture run off, and saw Marie in the part. He not only refused to let out this version of the picture, but also fired the young director, Chris Beall, telling him he could take the cans of film. He never wanted

to see him—or them—again.

Meanwhile, Marie discovered that Betty was staying at Lydia Watts' home. Lydia was an ex-star of burlesque and another enemy of Marie's. Marie went to Lydia's to beg Betty to return. It was on that same day that Jelliff, job hunting, was run down by an automobile. When the news reached Marie at Lydia's, Betty, in swift sympathy for her grandmother, said: "This is no time for us to nurse our fight, Gram. Let's forget it and get on home to Jelliff."

Now continue this story:

NOT since the days when a swing rendezvous meant a date in a hammock have I hurried home with my heart in my mouth like I did after Jelliff's accident. We went in Betty's little car, she driving through the rain and several traffic lights in silence.

But though Goodness knows Betty drove fast enough, my mind was racing way ahead of that automobile. Every mean thing I had ever said or done to Jelliff seemed to rise right up out of the road and hit me like mud splashes.

Sometimes, in the last few years, I had kind of thought Jelliff was in the way. But now that there was a chance of his being removed, I knew I couldn't any more get along without him than I could get along without exercise or my make-up, or saying my prayers at night. Jelliff had come to be a part of my routine and I couldn't go into it without him. And what was even more upsetting, I at last admitted to myself that everybody has to be fond of someone, and while I was, of course, deeply fond of Betty, she didn't wear pants. After all, the poet says, "As pants the weary heart, etc." and there is nothing like a strong man's love or a weak

*Trouble with a masquerade is that
it must end and there was Marie
about to set the world to rights
just when the clock struck twelve*

man's love, for that matter, to make a woman's life worth living even if it, at the same time, makes her perfectly miserable.

Well anyways, all this went through my head before I and Betty finally got back to our nine hundred block in Beverly Hills. Amandabell met us at the door, her usually black face about the color of a shoe that needs shining badly.

"M's Marie," she says, "what's a Judas-horned-betailment? Mr. Jack, he claim Ah'm it!"

Relief flooded me like I was a Federal agency or something. If Jelliff was cussing he wasn't dead yet! But he was bad enough off at that. Two cracked ribs and his knee thrown out. The doctor said he'd be laid up for weeks.

"The old Charley hoss ain't what it used to be," Jelliff managed to smile at me when the medico had gone. "I guess Paramount's suffered the loss of a fine character man, but. . ."

"Jelliff," I says, kneeling beside the bed and putting my hands over his. "Dear Jelliff, if you'd been killed I'd have done it! I'll never forgive myself, letting you go out to look for a job. . ."

"It was a good idea," he says, trying to make light of it even though his eyes showed his pain. "When the insurance money comes in, it'll be more than I'd have got for a few days' extra work!" Then he caught sight of Betty, peering anxiously over my shoulder. I was kind of afraid of what he might say to her, but for once he did just exactly right.

"It's a good thing you're here," he says. "We need you Betty. Marie can open cans as fine as anybody, but. . ."

"Oh, Uncle Jack," says Betty. "Thanks for not saying what's coming to me. I'm so dreadfully sorry you're hurt! I—I—well, I guess I'd better say it with chicken soup!" And with that she kissed him and ran for the kitchen like she always did when her emotions got the better of her.

It was some hours later, with Jelliff asleep and Betty locked in her room, before I got a chance to sit down and check up on where I stood and on what. We had to have money. The only way to get it that I could think of was somebody going to work. And without any primary or ballot-stuffing, it seemed I was elected.

"I like doing this just like I love poison ivy," I told myself, "but as the poet says, 'Only the brave can earn the fare!'" Then I went to the phone and called up Chris.

At first all he could talk about was Betty and the fact that he hadn't been able to see her. But finally when he run out of words, I got one in, edgewise.

"Chris," I says, "do you still think your Mr. Reis, whom you told me about at Liberty

THE STORY OF A GREAT STAR'S COMEBACK

C H A N C E



"I hate you," says Betty, "and as for the pie, well . . ." And before anybody but herself knew it, she had picked up the lemon meringue pie and flung it full into Chris' face

ILLUSTRATION BY
McCLELLAND BARCLAY

everybody doesn't know what goes on."

"Well," I says, "I suppose a motion-picture executive's right hand doesn't always know what his other hands are doing!" Chris laughed.

"That's right," he agrees. "And now, how about our talking things over before he actually meets you?"

"Okay by me," I says meekly, "but you'd better say something to Betty to prepare her. Frankly, I haven't the courage!"

"Betty may as well find out I don't intend to have my wife in pictures," says Chris, "and tomorrow is as good a time as any. I'll see Reis tonight if I have to trail him all the way from the Troc to Wethiemers. Meanwhile just pick yourself four nice stars out of this glorious sky, Marie, because you'll be hanging 'em on your next picture!"

It's nice to have somebody feel that way about you, especially when you are looking at the world through a permanent pair of anti-sunglasses.

It kind of pulled me together, what Chris had said, so I went upstairs and says my prayers, asking God to please not have Betty too sore at me for getting a contract in case I got it, but to, for Heaven's sake, get me the contract in any event on account of we needed it so badly. After which I fell straight asleep as only a person can who has attended to every possible detail.

Well, anyways, the next morning I was just about through getting Jelliff fixed up for the

day when in breezed Chris. California doors have no locks to friends and hearing my voice, he had let himself into the ground floor bedroom where Jelliff was parked.

"Hello, what's this?" Chris says. "I didn't know you had a love nest, Marie. Or is it just a touch of nepotism?"

"He's not my nephew," I says indignantly, "nor is this either a love nest or a mare's ditto! Meet Mr. Jelliff!"

"I'm her manager," says Jelliff, glaring feebly. "I came out here to see that Marie got a man's protection, but. . ."

"This is Betty's boy friend," I explained to Jelliff. Jelliff looked relieved and shook hands with Chris.

"Boy friend," Jelliff says. "Does Betty know it?"

"There are lots of things a person knows that they won't acknowledge," says Chris. "That's my rating with Betty right now. But we hope for the best."

Then when Chris and I were alone in the living room he took me by the shoulders and shook me, only half playfully.

"What er ya mean, manager?" he says. "I breathe the ghost of a word—'contract' to be exact—and you go Hollywood on me and pull a manager out of your hat! What's the idea?" For a moment I didn't know what to say because I didn't want either Chris or Jelliff to think I would pull anything tricky.

"I'll tell you what," I says. "Jelliff is a very old friend. He was hurt yesterday, but hurt worse many years ago. As a matter of fact, he has done some business for us now and then ever since his first accident." Chris give me a penetrating look and the mad went out of his eyes.

"Which I'll bet makes it easier for him to take a little money from you now and then," he says shrewdly. But I wouldn't admit a thing.

"He's done the work," I says shortly, "and some smart work at that!" How true those last words were I did not realize at the time, but as the world now knows, I had reason to remember them later. Well anyways, Chris having got rid of his daily Hollywood suspicion which it's the truth that everybody out there is subject to such spells, why we sat down amiably.

"Reis is coming for cocktails tomorrow," he told me. "I caught him when he was winning at Twenty-one and he made the date. I told him you would expect to see him in a top hat and cutaway and he swallowed it—he's just that kind of pretentious lowbrow."

"Well, many a lowbrow is hidden under a high hat," I says. "What else?"

"Be hard to get," he instructed me. "You don't have to work, see? You don't care for dough. You're a great lady and a big name—this idea of a contract means nothing to you."

"I know that line," I says worried, "but suppose he believes me?"

"Nobody in the world would believe you," Chris declared, "not even a producer. But we hope he'll believe the house!"

"Has Reis seen that footage of me?" I asked.

"No," says Chris. "I wanted him to get the setup here first. That's a scrub woman sequence, Marie, and Reis is the kind who thinks that stuff ought to come cheap. But once he has you and your house to contrast with the film, it will hit him all the harder. All you

(Continued on page 77)

Productions, might be hypnotized into giving me a job?"

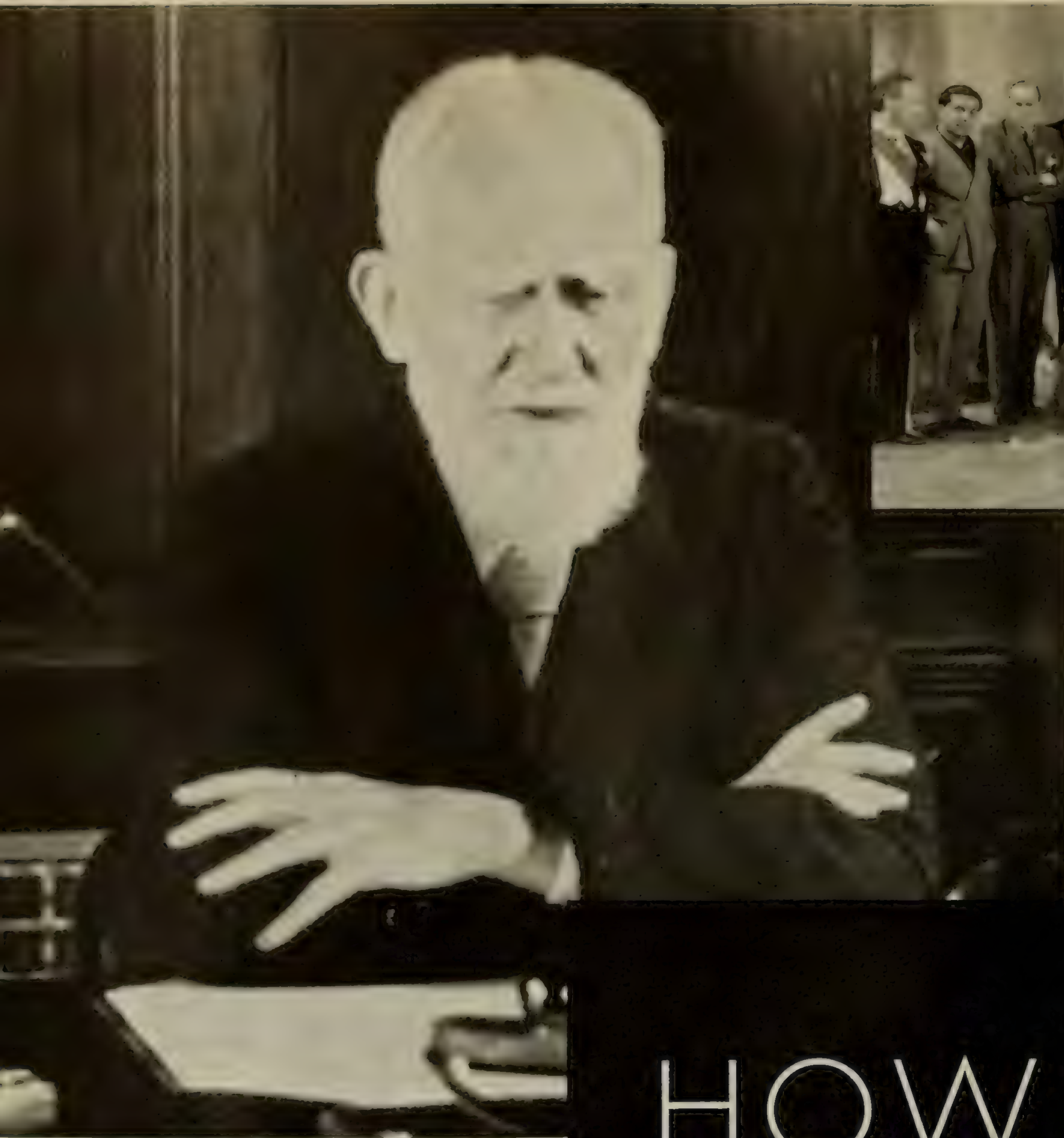
"Hurrah," says Chris. "Have you actually come to your senses?"

"No," I says, "I guess I've lost what little sense I ever had. But there are reasons why I am now willing to be a typical woman and change my mind."

"Good Old Marie," he shouts into the phone. "We are going to put this thing over, and do it right!"

"I hope so," I says, "but Chris, I'm frankly scared Reis will know too much about me. I've never met him, but I've been snubbed by Liberty Studios just the same."

"Nonsense," says Chris. "That's a big lot—



The cast and crew of "Pygmalion," Shaw's first play screened for American audiences



Producer Gabriel Pascal

At last it's open—the treasure chest of G.B.S.'s plays. Here's the reason he changed his mind

HOW SHAW *Gave In!* BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

HOW are you fixed for money?" The bushy eyebrows above the pink face of the patriarchal bearded little man formed a question mark as George Bernard Shaw cut short his visitor's harangue on the art of the cinema.

"I've got fifteen shillings, six pence in my pocket and I owe a pound," answered the swarthy Hungarian who, a minute before, had been talking of film production in terms that would take hundreds of thousands of dollars to translate.

Shaw—the cynic, the iconoclast, the greatest living playwright in the world, who for years had been refusing to open his treasure chest of entertainment to Hollywood's purse—burst into laughter.

Literally millions had been waved before him as bait for his consent to the filming of his plays. Producer after producer, backed by the unlimited capital and vast releasing outlets of great companies, had sought the screen rights to Shavian successes. One after another he had turned them down because he doubted their

ability to transcribe his work intact. And now this Hungarian fellow, with his tempestuous talk of honesty in art, his high-sounding promises not to compromise with movie conventions, had almost convinced him. And the man was flat broke!

"But this is delicious," chuckled Shaw. The effrontery of the man was as appealing as his flattery that the playwright's work was essentially entertainment for the masses and should not be restricted to the intellectual few of the theater.

"Here's a pound to pay your debt," said Shaw, reaching into his habitually unpursed trousers. "Now get on with it. What are your plans?"

In such a way did Gabriel Pascal, ex-farmer, ex-cavalry officer and itinerant producer of European films, secure the moving-picture rights to "Pygmalion" and finally introduce to the screen its number one holdout, George Bernard Shaw. Pascal secured not only the rights to "Pygmalion" but the rights to the rest of the rich store of stories of that brilliant, brittle Britisher who, for almost half a century, has been

turning out the world's most discussed plays.

Pascal told of his coup a few weeks ago while in New York en route from London to Hollywood to negotiate for a cast and a cameraman to take back to England for his second Shaw production, "The Doctor's Dilemma."

"Pygmalion," starring Leslie Howard and an enchanting newcomer to the screen, Wendy Hiller, was in its ninth sellout week in one of London's largest cinema palaces and had just opened its first week on Broadway to packed houses at the Astor.

Exhibitors were tumbling over one another in the scramble for first-run rights throughout the country and Pascal was being proclaimed another Korda, a genius whose production challenged the best in Hollywood.

But to Pascal, as he sat in a corner of the New York Athletic Club and told of his triumph, it was not the acclaim of the press for his production, or the envy of other producers at his corralling of Shaw's plays that was now highlighted in his thoughts. It was the generosity and

(Continued on page 72)

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REMOVE STALE
ROUGE AND POWDER
THOROUGHLY WITH
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COLBERT**

STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"MIDNIGHT"

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

BY GWENN WALTERS

THE problems besetting our fashion souls these late spring days never troubled the belle of the late Nineteenth Century, for she wore a bustle or a hobble skirt according to fashion dictates. But today—with every silhouette from the Empire period through the flapper being promoted by some fashionist—what are we to do?

Fortunately, a visit to Orry-Kelly at Warner Brothers not only settled the silhouette problem but gave us a bird's-eye view of the coming season. More than one style has been formulated, revived or given impetus by this man who helps to fashion honors every woman he dresses for the screen. He was designer for Kay Francis during the years her name appeared on every "best-dressed woman" list in the United States. Now what he and Bette Davis are doing to the fashion picture is a caution. With the release of "Jezebel," they started every girl in the country thinking about hoop skirts and soon their revival was a reality. Then along came "The Sisters." Bette wore Orry-Kelly's clothes again and again they scored a bull's-eye by launching the Gibson Girl modes.

"It's in your hat," said the designer without ado when I asked him to clarify the picture. "Your accent, I mean. It must be very gay and on the romantic side. Gone for this season, at least, is that "pimple-on-a-pumpkin" look. Because most hats are swathed in veiling, there isn't a chance for hard headlines. Many little hats will be completely covered with flowers and topped off by veiling, but the very newest looking hats for summer are veiled mannish sailors of starched white piqué."

Considering that veiling has been in fashion for several seasons, it looks amazingly new this summer. The explanation is in the way it is put on the hat. In the case of a piqué sailor being done for Fay Bainter in the Warner Brothers' workroom, a yard of wide navy veiling was attached to each side of the brim. The long drapes could be worn tied in back to form a snood, brought up over hat and face, auralike, drawn into a crisp bow under the chin, wound about the neck, or looped around the face, wimple-fashion.

These veiled hats are really designed for short haircuts and would present an overdone appearance with shoulder-length bobs. That brings Orry-Kelly to his prediction that by fall every girl with long locks will be definitely déclassée. They've had their day and must go the way of the scissors. Bette Davis is the first important star to go in for a "baby bob." It is as short as an old-time wind-blown, but is more carefully dressed, for curls are brushed upward in the manner of winter's upswept coiffures. Bette made her first public appearance with her shorter locks at the Academy banquet (See page 96) when she was presented for the second time with the best-actress award. We could hear dozens of women on the spot vowing to be shorn on the morrow.

FOR some time prior to this summer, we have had mad little hats in vogue that frankly screamed for attention. Dresses which followed many different lines had points of interest in glitter and embroidery; costume jewelry was often loaded on with a lavish hand; and along with each ensemble went novelty belts, buttons, bags, gloves and shoes. There were too many things in a single outfit for the eye to catch. All the drama of a costume was lost.

Gay detail has now been traded for fine dress-making touches and superlative tailoring. Over-matching is missing from the accessory picture. Fine leather and good workmanship has become



Orry-Kelly, famous fashion designer for Warner Brothers, poses with Bette Davis who is wearing a hoop-skirted costume which he created for her to wear in "The Old Maid." Bette is fast becoming one of Hollywood's best-dressed stars, aided and abetted by Orry-Kelly, who is responsible for many of the gowns from her personal wardrobe. Read his bird's-eye view of the early summer fashion picture in the fashion letter below



FASHION LETTER

more important than novelty in shoes, bags and gloves.

Orry-Kelly refuses to agree with the Hollywood designers who maintain almost anything still goes in this summer's silhouette. From the welter of past fashions and those that have been introduced in the last few months he foresees the emergence of one dominant silhouette under that far from plain but becoming hat. It has the feeling of a lady in a Renoir painting.

Characterized by simplicity, the newest note about that silhouette is the bustle. This interesting revival will be merely suggested in day clothes through the use of concentrated back fullness, but in evening will take the form of loops, bows, ruffles and flowers. The padded bustle or the unwieldy "dress-improver" (which made a tent of the back of the skirt in the 1880's) will not enter the summer picture.

Although there is merely a bustle-feeling

right now, we fully expect to see it ripen into a full-fledged fashion when Bette Davis appears on the screen in "The Old Maid." She wears hoop skirts with charming little shirtwaist tops in the early part of the picture, but when twenty years elapse the story carries on into the bustle period.

NATURALLY, accompanying the 1939 version of the bustle will be straight, slim lines. Further than that, be prepared for a snug bodice with shoulder accents and long, fitted sleeves.

Shirtwaist dresses will thrive by day and night, as will the less intricately draped styles.

Sleeves will be more generally used in dinner and evening dress than they have been for a decade, but will be most heartily approved in transparent fabrics.

Little linen and cotton jackets will accompany
(Continued on page 93)

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!



April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, the **Countess de la Falaise** says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"



Spring in the Garden is fun for **Miss Sally Anne Chapman**, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."



Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! **Jean Stark** (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It is thrilling to have it in Pond's."

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Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says **Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III**. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in **Pond's** Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.



Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. **Miss Lucy Armistead Flippin**, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so **make-up looks glamorous!**"



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* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.



THERE'S

Romance

IN THE AIR

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Repeat the romantic fragrance of Evening in Paris in your Face Powder, \$1.10 . . . New colors in Evening in Paris Rouge, 55c, Lipstick, 55c and \$1.00 and new Nail Polish at 25c, afford smart possibilities in harmonized make-up.



Finally, touch Evening in Paris Perfume, "the fragrance of romance," to your lips, hair and ear lobes. Purse flacon, 55c, other sizes \$1.10 to \$10.00 . . . Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne is dainty and refreshing, 40c to \$2.00.

Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS
P E R F U M E R S

How Shaw Gave In!

(Continued from page 68)

simple trust of a friendly barber in London who had made possible his momentous interview with Shaw.

"I had come over from Amsterdam to London by freighter," recounted Pascal in thickly accented English, intensified by compelling gestures. "I arrived broke, hungry and in need of a haircut.

"Near the Ritz-Carlton was the little shop of a barber whom I used to tip pound notes when he came to my hotel to shave me in the days when I was making much money as a producer.

"I went to his place and had a shave and a haircut. He soon gathered that I was out of funds and, while I was still in the chair, he went over to the cashier's desk and took a pound note from the register.

"Let me help," he urged. "You have done me many a kindness."

"With that borrowed pound I suddenly seemed to have acquired a new front. I went on to the Ritz-Carlton, engaged a room on credit, went downstairs and had my first full meal in several days and, fortified in body and high in spirits, set out to call on Mr. Shaw.

"As I started out, I felt very sure of myself, certain that I would not fail. For years I had believed that Shaw was the greatest playwright of our times and now I was certain I could convince him that his plays should be filmed.

"How did I persuade him? How did I get him to capitulate when others had failed?

"I used no arguments. I talked dramatic art with him. I told him what I wanted to do. Other producers had waved checks at him. I spoke his spirit. My modern, spiritual, romantic way was not the dry stuffy way of the others.

"You see," said the dynamic Hungarian, whose ego Shaw must surely have recognized as being as great as his own, "I have no inferiority complex before geniuses or kings or anybody. I said that I would make no picture with box-office compromises. And I think the old gentleman believed in my love of art. That's all. There was no mystery to it."

No mystery, perhaps, but a happy combination of great enthusiasm and . . . that barber's pound. For somehow one feels that it was that appealing picture of a man with fifteen shillings in his pocket, spouting production plans that would involve a fortune, that finally won Shaw.

"I had wanted to do 'The Devil's Disciple' first," continued Pascal. "That play had revolutionized our minds when I was a student and I believe there is a great message in it. I told Shaw that for years my dream had been to make 'The Devil's Disciple' and I told him how I proposed to make it. But the old gentleman said no. 'No, first we will make 'Pygmalion.' It is more popular. 'The Devil's Disciple,' if we gave it to them first, might frighten them. It is too dangerous to attack the masses with such red meat. Let us give them first the real entertainment, then later 'The Devil's Disciple.'"

It is now Pascal's plan to make "The Devil's Disciple" third on his list of Shaw hits. It will follow "The Doctor's Dilemma," and for the leading rôle in this famous play of the days of the American Revolution, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who are releasing Pascal's productions) have promised to loan him Clark Gable.

"When I make 'The Devil's Disciple' I will make it a real American picture,"

promises Pascal. "Just as 'Pygmalion' is a real English picture. If I must, I will go to New England and live there for a while and I won't go as a producer, I'll go as a farmer."

Such a fervor for capturing the essence of a play, for translating it authentically to the screen, was another of Pascal's appeals for Shaw, ever critical of filmdom's handling of his works.

Some time ago Shaw, in refusing an offer of Samuel Goldwyn to make picture versions of his plays, voiced his chief criticism of Hollywood.

"The difficulty is," said the peppery playwright, "that I haven't time to turn my plays into scenarios and when I allow film firms to try their hands they turn the job over to the bellboy in whose view life is a continual going up and down stairs, opening and shutting doors.

"When the film producer wants a bit of extra dialogue he does not dream of asking me to supply it. He just sticks a patch of his radiant Californian on my classical English without perceiving the least difference. He uses up all the film he has time for on what I have carefully left out and cuts out all I have put in, to make room for it.

"Some of the people in the film industry insist on interfering with the natural way of telling a story. They want to cut into a sequence, which doesn't need breaking up at all, with shots of a bartender talking and things like that. I won't allow that sort of thing. The art of telling a story is really a knack which you either have or don't have. Very few people have it. I'm one of them."

Pascal met this attitude of Shaw's by persuading the author to write his own scenario. Every line of dialogue in "Pygmalion," the film, is Shaw's own, including two scenes added to the script of the play.

It is amusing to note that one of them is a bathtub scene that out-De Milles Cecil's own and perhaps exemplifies what Shaw meant when he said recently that "sex appeal has a perfectly legitimate part in the fine arts dealing with humanity. I believe the good being done by films associating sex appeal with beauty and cleanliness is incalculable."

WITH a script by Shaw himself and the long sought-after release of film rights to Shaw plays, Pascal had little difficulty in finding immediate financial backing for his venture in London.

"The first ten thousand pounds I secured," said Pascal, "went to Shaw, who immediately turned it right back into the production and took a share in the profits. Then I signed Leslie Howard to co-direct and play the part of Higgins in the film. He, too, took a share of the production in lieu of a large salary."

The all important rôle of Eliza Doolittle, the bedraggled cockney flower girl who is transformed into a great lady on the whim and wager of a phonetics expert, was more difficult to fill. Finally Shaw himself suggested Wendy Hiller, who had played the part in a provincial revival of the play; thus a new screen star was born. Pascal has the talented English girl under a five-year contract and plans to feature her in "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Copying the technique of the late Irving Thalberg, the one man in American production to whom he doffs his hat, Pascal cast even the most unimportant minor rôle with as much care as if it were the lead.

"I hired the very best actors in Lon-

on even for extra rôles," the producer declared. "I paid some of England's greatest theatrical names only two pounds a day.

"All right," I told them, "it is an honor for you to be an extra in a Shaw picture." One of the finest actors on the English stage speaks one monosyllable on one scene. He says 'Ah.'

"For two weeks we rehearsed the whole script before turning a camera. We rehearsed every scene, every camera angle and drilled every actor to let perfection in his lines. Then, when we went on the set, we had only to concentrate on finesse, on execution.

"Not a single line of Shaw's was changed. At no time did I compromise with movie conventions. I knew that he can't translate George Bernard Shaw, or any genius, to the screen if you make compromises. It is like mixing water in your wine."

WITH the exception of a visit to the studio the first day of production to see the impressive sets representing St. Paul's Cathedral and Covent Garden, Shaw, who might have been expected to have nervously hovered about like a bird guarding its eggs in a nest, stayed religiously away from the company. "I do not propose to interfere in the direction of this picture," he told Pascal, "since I cannot, at my age, do myself."

On the one day he visited Pinewood, where "Pygmalion" was made, the rightly old gentleman was asked by Pascal if he would speak a few words before a sound camera for a reel to be used as a trailer for the film. Without any preparation or rehearsal, the bearded little jester bounced onto a stage.

Drawing up a chair before the camera, Shaw began:

"Oh, my Americans friends, how do you do? Now, since I've got you all here, might I make a little speech? Right! I will. Do you mind if I sit down? I am very old.

"Now, it's a delightful thing to sit here and to think that, although at this moment I am sitting in London, I can talk in this way to an American audience. Oh... stop a minute... I quite forgot to tell you who I am. I am the author of the film that you are going to see, but I'm also Bernard Shaw. "Mind you, the Bernard Shaw. Your newspapers are so full of me that you must have heard about me. Now you've seen the animal. I hope you like it.

"You know, I've suffered a great deal from America in this matter of motion pictures. For years past you've been trying to teach me how to make a film. And I'm going to show you really how it should be done.

"One thing that you've never dreamed of doing is... when you want to know how to make a film... send for the author. You'll never send for the author. You'll send for an electrician when the light goes wrong. You'll send for a photographic expert when the camera goes wrong. But when the play goes wrong, you send for anybody who happens to be about. Of course, I know it's not your fault. You're not in this business.

"Well, that's the sort of thing that they've been giving me in America and the result is... my plays have not been filmed.

"I can do a great deal more with them on the screen than I can do on the stage. I know all about the motion-picture business and I'm going to teach you... I mean, of course, the gentlemen who make the films... I'm going to teach them what a film really should be like.

"My friend, Mr. Gabriel Pascal, who has made this production, has tried the extraordinary experiment of putting a play on the screen just as the author wrote it and as he wanted it produced.

"If you agree with me when you see this film of mine... if you enjoy it, very well. You'll show it in the usual way by coming to see it, each of you, about twenty times. And then, if you do that, there will be other films. I'm thinking of doing an American play that I once wrote called 'The Devil's Disciple.' Probably another play of mine, 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' you may see on the film.

"But the really good thing about it is that when you have seen these on the screen... and if you like them... all the American films will become much more like my films. And that will be a splendid thing for America, and it won't be such a bad thing for me. Although, as you know, I'm pretty near the oldest writer here and I shan't have much enjoyment of them.

"You'll have to make up your mind that you'll lose me presently, and then, heaven only knows what will become of America. I have to educate all the nations. I have to educate England. Several of the Continental nations require a little education, but America most of all. And I shall die before I've educated America properly. But I'm making a beginning.

"Now I think it's time for me to get out of the way. I was asked to say something to you. I'm always glad to say something to you. I was asked to say something very agreeable to you. I've done my best. That's my aged idea of an agreeable speech. But I'm quite friendly. I think you've always heard that about me. At any rate, it's been written... you ought to."

TWO weeks after "Pygmalion" was finished and a superb score by the English composer, Arthur Honegger, had been transcribed into the film, Shaw and his wife were invited by Pascal to a special press preview of the picture in London.

Throughout the screening, Shaw sat stiff and silent watching this first full-length filming of one of his plays. Pascal sat between the playwright and his wife and, during the unreeling of the film, Mrs. Shaw patted his hand and reassured him that the production was far superior to even its best stage performance.

But it was Shaw whose opinion the producer was eager to hear. For on his approval hung the fate of future films of his famous plays. That whole storehouse of screen entertainment must be unlocked by this one effort.

As the lights went up in the projection room, Shaw turned to Pascal. "It's all right, Gabriel," he said. "You have done it. You may do all my plays."

Just then a newspaper reviewer approached Shaw with a question.

"Am I satisfied with the adaptation?" echoed the cinema's severest critic. "Am I satisfied? I'm delighted. I wrote it myself!"

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| 1. Tyrone Power | 6. Edith Fellows | 10. Hedy Lamarr |
| 2. Gracie Allen in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" | 7. Wayne Morris (Bubbles Schinasi, wife) | 11. Dorothy Arzner |
| 3. Bobby Breen | 8. Frank Capra | 12. James Cagney |
| 4. Wallace Beery | 9. Myrna Loy (Arthur Hornblow, husband) | 13. "Dodge City" |
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Play Truth and Consequences with Fred Astaire

(Continued from page 27)

17. (Q) In what ways are you a fuss-budget?
(A) I guess I'm kind of a fuss-budget about neatness. For example, I go around turning off lights which aren't needed. This isn't an economy bug with me because I do it even in my studio dressing room and I certainly don't have to pay any part of the studio electricity bill. But I like a certain orderliness and I sometimes even go out of my way to go back and turn off a forgotten light just because the thought of its still burning bothers me. In contrast to this, I'm no stickler for correct time pieces: I keep my watches and clocks set ten minutes ahead of time.
18. (Q) Do you pay a great deal of attention to clothes?
(A) I dislike looking "dressed up"; I distinctly dislike "newness" in clothes. I never wear a new hat until I have battered it and crushed it so that it looks well-worn and comfortable. The same with shoes, etc.
19. (Q) What idiosyncrasy of yours throws your household into consternation?
(A) Practicing golf in my bedroom.
20. (Q) Do you ever flare up?
(A) Yes—but only at myself, as when I bungle or "blow" a scene. But I work off steam by seeing the humorous side of such ridiculous flare-ups.
21. (Q) In what surroundings do you feel most at home?
(A) I am never more in my element than when following a good golfer's game around the course, or when I happen to be swinging and hit "in the groove" myself.
22. (Q) Do you take any special physical care of yourself to counteract the strain of your dancing?
(A) No. But fortunately I like to go to bed early and get up early. Also I haven't a terrific appetite and I have never cared for smoking and drinking. These things, I suppose, help.
23. (Q) Which do you think was the best dance you ever created?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Since you have a phobia about posing with Mrs. Astaire, and also without your hat, do it for us anyway this once.)
24. (Q) By what nicknames are you sometimes called?
(A) There are a few friends of mine who occasionally call me "Hoofer"—if they smile when they say that, it's all right with me. Or if they don't smile, that's all right, too.
25. (Q) Have you ever fallen, or made an obvious mistake, while dancing on the stage, and how did you handle it?
(A) Adele and I had a trick ending to one of our dances: after a last whirl I was to swing her to one side while I dropped to one knee. On this occasion I took my bow and wondered why there was no applause and such awful silence. Finally it occurred to me to look at Adele and there she was—not where she was supposed to be at all, but sprawled flat on the stage. In my frenzy to get off the stage as quickly as possible I made matters worse by falling over her on the way out. The audience figured we were hurt and not a soul laughed. I felt it was the end of my career, and even now still remember it with horror.
26. (Q) Do you enjoy being waited on?
(A) No—with one exception. It's true that I do rely on someone to take care of my professional clothes, to hang up my costumes when I get out of them. This is because I have always been used to a "dresser" since early theater days when changes were sometimes a matter of seconds.
27. (Q) Do you use colognes, perfumes, scented shaving soaps, etc.?
(A) No.
28. (Q) Is it true that you hope someday to do the life of Nijinsky on the screen?
(A) No. I have been approached about this matter, but I'm afraid I would be biting off more than I could chew. I have had very little ballet dancing and would certainly hesitate about trying to portray one of the world's greatest.
29. (Q) What subject most interested you as a young boy?
(A) Baseball. I fancied myself as a potentially great player. That was before I took to golf.
30. (Q) Do you have a pet cause or theory about anything which you like to defend in arguments?
(A) No, I don't get drawn into arguments very easily, because I refuse to discuss politics, religion, dancing, movies, etc. There is only one subject on which I can talk for hour after hour—that's a certain sport and I guess you know what that is by now!
31. (Q) Do you have any artistic inclinations, aside from your dancing?
(A) I'm a very fancy doodler.
32. (Q) How old do you think you look?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Show us proof of that tall fish story you told recently on an RKO set—if you can, and you weren't just bragging.)
33. (Q) Are you a good swimmer?
(A) For the first few lengths of the pool, yes; but I'm no champion.
34. (Q) What is one of your worst faults?
(A) Taking my work so seriously, I believe. I know that I sometimes make myself miserable worrying about it. I get so wrapped up in it that I probably give the impression of being in a daze, when I don't mean to.
35. (Q) Are you really shy?
(A) Not in personal contacts, not at all . . . but I must admit that I do get uneasy when obliged to meet and talk to people in my professional capacity.
36. (Q) When have you ever felt so embarrassed that you wished the floor would open up and swallow you?
(A) When I made my first screen test.
37. (Q) What was the extent of your education?
(A) I'm still acquiring one.
38. (Q) What was your reaction when the nurse at the hospital told you, "It's a boy!"
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Pose for a comical picture.)
39. (Q) Is it true that there will be no more Astaire-Rogers films?
(A) "The Castles" is the last picture on my RKO contract and I'm leaving now for a trip to Europe. At present, I have no definite picture commitments and I do not wish to make any until I return. But, if the opportunity and story present themselves, Ginger and I will certainly do more pictures together.
40. (Q) What is your reaction to the swing craze?
(A) I'm half a jitterbug myself.
41. (Q) How do you annoy your friends?
(A) I'm afraid I'm a practical joker.
42. (Q) What honor were you ever awarded which you feel you didn't deserve?
(A) When someone nominated me as one of the ten best-dressed men.
43. (Q) How much time a day do you spend with your son?
(A) HOURS!
44. (Q) Do you have your legs or feet insured and, if so, for how much?
(A) I don't. The studio carries insurance on all principals while in production.
45. (Q) Could you have lived in another era, which one would you have chosen and why?
(A) I like the present era.
46. (Q) What costume have you ever worn to a fancy-dress ball?
(A) One of John Gilbert's old Hungarian officer's uniforms.
47. (Q) What honor or compliment bestowed on you most pleased your ego?
(A) When a golf pro said that I had a natural golf swing.
48. (Q) Who, when you were a boy, was one of your great idols?
(A) Vernon Castle. For that reason, I have really enjoyed making this last picture above all others.
49. (Q) Who are some of your idols today?
(A) Gene Sarazen, Sam Sneed, Jimmy Thompson, James Cagney, Benny Goodman, Bing Crosby, Gene Krupa, Joe Di Maggio, Olin Dutra, Harry Cooper and Mickey Rooney.

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How a Candid Camera Expert Works

(Continued from page 48)

married couples who don't want to appear together for personal reasons have worked out a plan whereby they make their public entrances several yards apart.

"Claudette Colbert is married to Dr. Joel Pressman," says Hymie, "and the doctor is adverse to trading on his wife's reputation. He had refused to pose for pictures with her and at opening nights he is always either five feet ahead or behind her when she appears."

Hymie also acts as mediator between the new cameramen who are getting Hollywood as a beat and the stars. At a party at the Little Club last year, one of the newcomers was rough on Joan Crawford. When he asked her to pose, she said:

"Let me fix my hair; I'll be right back."

The gentleman thought he was being stood up. "Thank you too much," he said bitterly.

Mr. Fink maintains that it spoiled Miss Crawford's evening and he spent some time with the new photographer pointing out that Hollywood was different and that the stars had to protect themselves.

"I got it all ironed out," says Hymie. "The fellow understands now."

On his All-America team of favorites, Hymie picks (in addition to Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich, both of whom he is obviously in love with) Ben Lyon, "the perfect host," John Gilbert, "the sweetest guy that ever lived"; Talullah Bankhead, "a good scout"; Lilyan Tashman, "the most gracious"; Connie Bennett, "cold but kind"; and Kay Francis, who "gives the best parties now."

THE addition of resorts where stars congregate has made Hymie's job harder, but his only extravagance is a new car each year. He is a bachelor, living with his sister, and the trips don't bother him much.

Not only has Hymie ferretted out the places where his people live but he knows their peculiarities. Claudette Colbert, for example, has a hard and a soft side to her face; the soft side is all you ever see in the films or still photographs. Tala Birell has a long nose which must be looked out for. In the case of Ginger Rogers it is also a nose. With Marlene Dietrich the camera must be kept high because of her chin. From any other position it looks as if she has a double chin, which is not only a lie but an optical illusion. The three movie sets an outside photographer positively can't enter in Hollywood are those of Mae West, Shirley Temple and Greta Garbo. At M-G-M the studio supervises all outside pictures and insists on developing the negatives.

Hymie has had some of his toughest times with Katharine Hepburn, who is a homely dame who photographs well. La Hepburn got a bit fed up on Hollywood and pictures soon after arrival and put a curse on the whole business. Hymie had snapped her once at the Trocadero eating a chicken leg and that hadn't helped. He hadn't used it, but he had showed it to her and she had ascended. After that, he couldn't get near her. This made it bad for business, because Hepburn was at the height of her fame and his clients were bellowing for pictures. So when Hymie heard that George Cukor was throwing a farewell party for Katy, he simply went up and in. Upon sight of him, Katy let out a yell: "Throw him off the roof."

Whereupon, Mr. Fink sat down on the floor and said:

"Go ahead and throw me off, but don't overlook that the headlines will be as large as if you threw somebody of importance overboard."

This brought about a compromise and led to conversation.

"When are you leaving for New York?" asked Hymie.

"Thursday," said Katy.

So Hymie went out to the airport on Wednesday and Miss Hepburn turned up in due course.

"I could murder you," said she, deciding that she was licked. "Well, come on, take as many as you want and do a good one for a change . . . and don't tell a soul I'm going."

"The whole world knows you're going," said Hymie. "And, furthermore, if you think I'm tough, wait till you hit those New York photogs. They'll knock you down and walk over you."

"I'll bet you \$100 nobody gets a picture of me the whole trip!" cried Katy.

Which was the easiest money Mr. Fink ever made because the New York guys did exactly as he had predicted, ran her through a gauntlet in which they had her doing everything but standing on her ear and kept her busy just as long as they wanted her.

"She's a grand girl, though," says Hymie. "She didn't forget the bet. I got a check in a few weeks, which is the only bet I was ever voluntarily paid in my life."

MR. FINK has certain rules about Hollywood:

a. Never sell a star a picture; give them the negative if they can't live without it. (George Jessel has hundreds of prints made of any picture of him.)

b. Be square with them; don't show them up.

c. No candid shots; they can't be retouched.

d. Dress just as well as the guests; a cameraman can have dignity, too.

e. Compromise.

The Great Hollywood Compromise of 1936 was in the case of Kay Francis, who gave a nautical party at the Vendome in which the restaurant was turned into a schooner with bows fifty feet high and with a gangplank on which the guests slid into the midst of the activity. Miss Francis first said cameramen wouldn't be allowed. With that Hymie went into action with his compromise. It was decided that the snapshotters could come in until eleven o'clock and then leave promptly at the stroke of the hour.

"It was all right," says Hymie. "A good idea. We got what we were after and when we left they could tear the place down if it pleased them. What could be fairer?"

Which is the Fink life in a nutshell. He has been doing it so long, he can start taking a picture of a star a block away and be sure who it is.

"I don't have to see the face," says Hymie. "I can tell by the walk, by the way the dress hangs, by the feet, by the bob of the head, the rhythm. They're all different. They're all distinct personalities. That's what makes them movie stars."

What makes Hymie Fink a good Hollywood photographer, however, is that if they happen to be possessed of pigeon-toes, he takes a shot of the head. You can always trust Hymie, says Hollywood. Which is why he was the first and will always be there.

Second Chance

(Continued from page 67)

have to do is keep calm and remember that psychology and good cocktails are the foundation of all progress in the Industry."

HE sat quiet a moment and then he looked at me out of the corner of one eye.

"Bringing Up Mother' sure got a spanking, didn't it?" he says. "Did you catch the sneak-preview?" The question knocked me cold, and slid all the self-confidence which he'd been building up clean out of me.

"No," I says, "but I saw something worse. I saw myself in 'Lillie of the Valley.' Chris, I was godawful!" To my surprise, he jumped up and started pacing the floor.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he snapped, "and maybe I don't either, but why are they having so many of these revivals? Why are people going to see you? It's not all curiosity. It's because some of those early show people had a slice of something. A certain umph! And speaking of umph, where is my little shooting star?"

"Where do you suppose?" I says. "In the kitchen, of course!" Before I got the words out of my mouth, Chris was following his nose and the perfume of lemon curd out of the room.

WELL, naturally, I would never have known exactly what went on in the kitchen during the next few moments, except for the accident of finding my face near the half-open back door and forgetting to remove it. As the poet says, "The end justifies being mean," and the only end I had in view was Betty's happiness. So I was mean enough to peek and see if she was getting it. But she wasn't.

"Beautiful," says Chris, strolling up to where Betty was topping off a lemon meringue pie, "the only trouble with this picture is the set. It ought to be my kitchen. When can we make the move?" Betty looked at him real cold, her chin in the air.

"If that is an offer of a job," she says, "I'm not taking any more jobs from you. I was burned once!"

"But not on my stove," says Chris. "I'll trade you a wedding ring for some of your coffee rings any day."

"Are you actually daring to propose to me?" says Betty loftily. "After the outrageous things you've done?"

"I certainly am," says Chris cheerfully. "I am offering you a home—Home on the Kitchen Range—new version cowboy chanty, beautiful! I am a director without much direction and a foggy future. But with you beside me..."

"You mean a long way ahead of you," says Betty. "I only wonder you don't suggest casting me again. How many times do you expect me to be made a fool of?"

Chris got very serious then. "Never again," he says. "When I put you in that picture I let my heart get the better of my instinct. It wasn't a friendly turn I did you. I should have told you the truth the first day on the set and married you the next."

"So the part was a come-on," she says hotly.

"You know better," Chris was confident. "You know perfectly well that we fell for each other that first night before pictures even came into the conversation—which is an all-time record for fast work in Hollywood."

"I didn't," she cried. "I hated you!

I only used you to get the job. You're always so sure about everything that I can't stand the sight of you!"

"You love me," says Chris.

"Get out," says Betty.

"If you'll come along," says Chris.

Betty's eyes were blazing. "I love you, and boy, how I love your pie!"

"I hate you," says Betty, "and as for the pie, well, you asked for it!" And before anybody but herself knew it, she had picked up the lemon meringue pie and flung it full into Chris' face.

WELL, if I had of had false teeth I would of swallowed them right then, trying to keep from laughing, especially as Chris commenced to emerge from the unexpected facial. And was he mad? Not one bit! He merely licked in as much of the pie as he could and wiped the rest off with his handkerchief.

"That, my dear," he says, "is exactly why you won't do in pictures. Pie throwing is dated. But the flavor is excellent even if the service was a little sudden. When we are married, we'll get a waitress with plenty of self-control."

For once Betty hadn't anything to say. She just stood there a moment staring at him. Then she burst into tears and ran out of the kitchen. And I ran out on the situation. I felt like I just had to walk off the excitement of seeing such a perfect husband going to waste.

ON the other hand, however, while Chris had given Betty a lot to think over, he'd gone off without a word about Mr. Reis. The pie had probably put it out of his mind on account it is undoubtedly hard to think clearly in a fog of lemon curd. But the fact that Mr. Reis was coming had to be broken to Betty and just how to let her know that I was the number he had in mind, was harder to figure out than a modern painting.

In the end, I decided to try and keep the entire business a secret from Betty until it was over. But this gave rise to further complications.

I was to serve cocktails and unescorted cocktails were out of the question. In a mansion of the size of this one I was presiding over for the moment (and, I might add, without the owner's knowledge), cocktails had to command a battalion of midget food-stuffs and when it came to making anchovies paste each other, why, I am like china in a bull-pen, as the saying goes. While with Betty, of course, all she had to do was wave a dish a few times and out would come a bunch of dwarf appetizers fit to make a professional chef jump on his cap with envy.

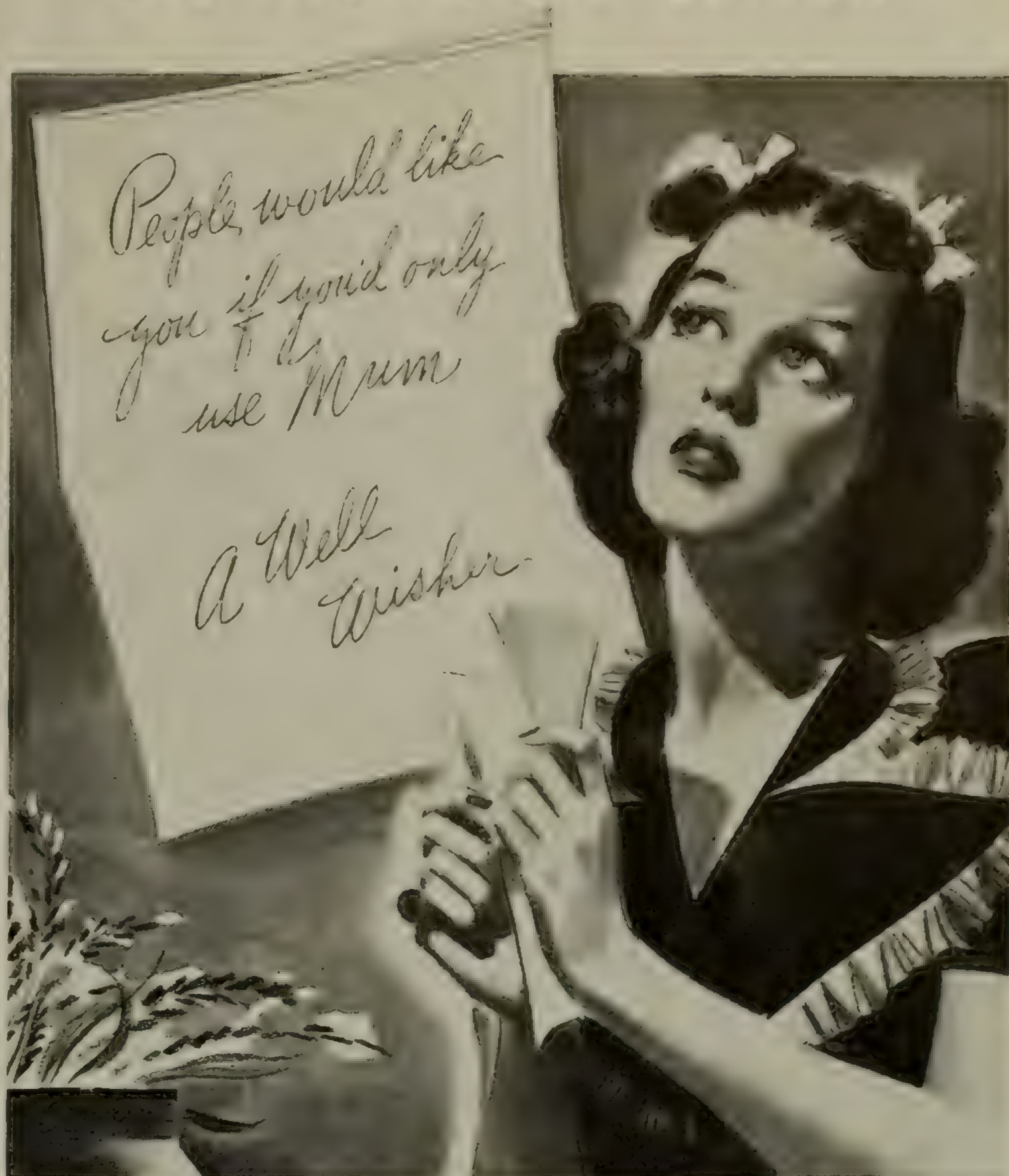
But to hire these things made cost money. That was a problem! Of course, my real No. 1 problem was how to get Betty out of the house without arousing her suspicions that I was up to something. And I couldn't think of a way on earth to do it, because nothing is harder to do than fool a person you live with everyday who is not your husband. Then suddenly while brooding over how to handle matters, I got a hunch on the less important half of my troubles and went into Jelliff's room.

"Jelliff," I says, "how would you like a nice big platter of cocktail eats for your lunch tomorrow?"

"I hate 'em," he says, showing the most life he had so far.

"But you're going to tell Betty that's

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!



AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

It's hard for friends to speak to a girl about a fault like underarm odor. And yet it's easy to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special care*!

No smart girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet. For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other

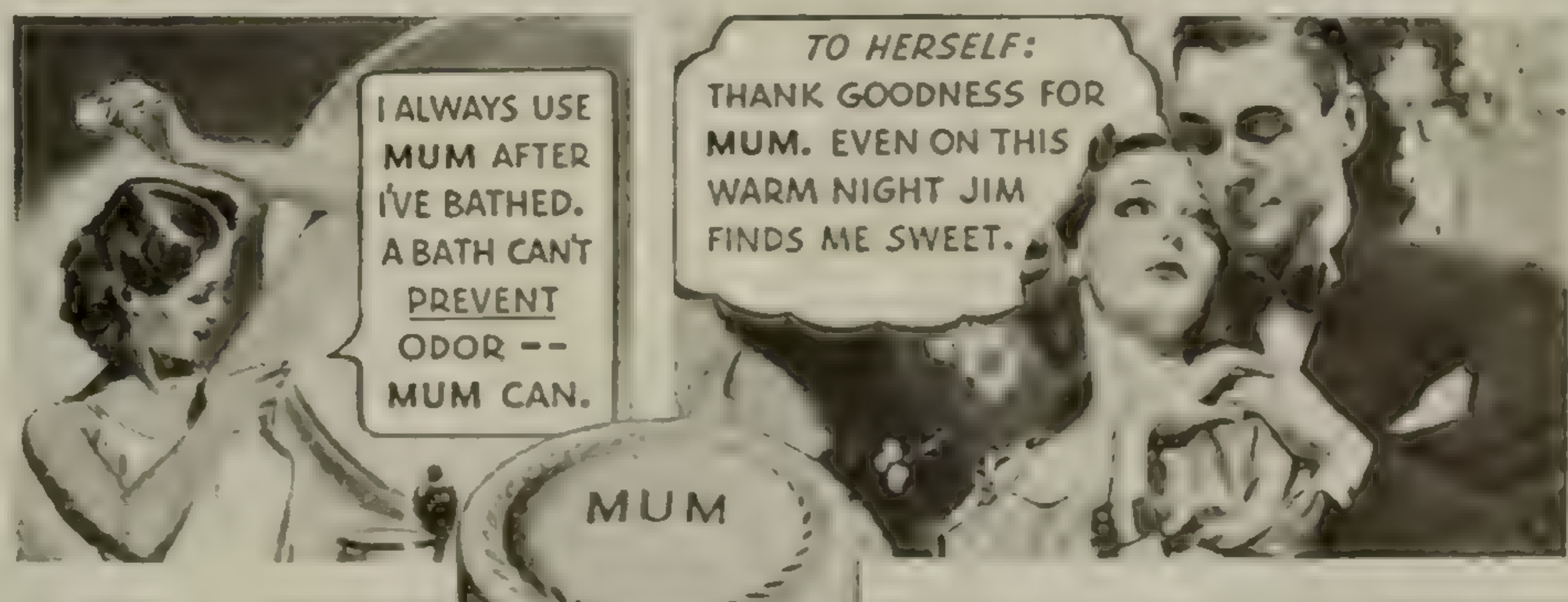
deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you*! It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor for a full day or evening. In friendships—in love—complete daintiness is so all important that it's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be *sure* that you're sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG



For Sanitary Napkins
First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.



MUM

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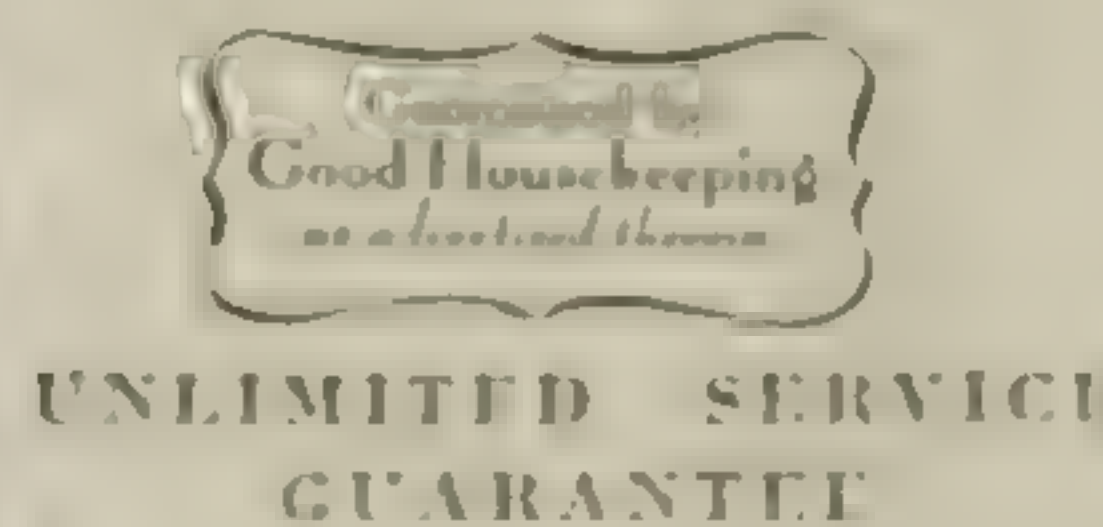
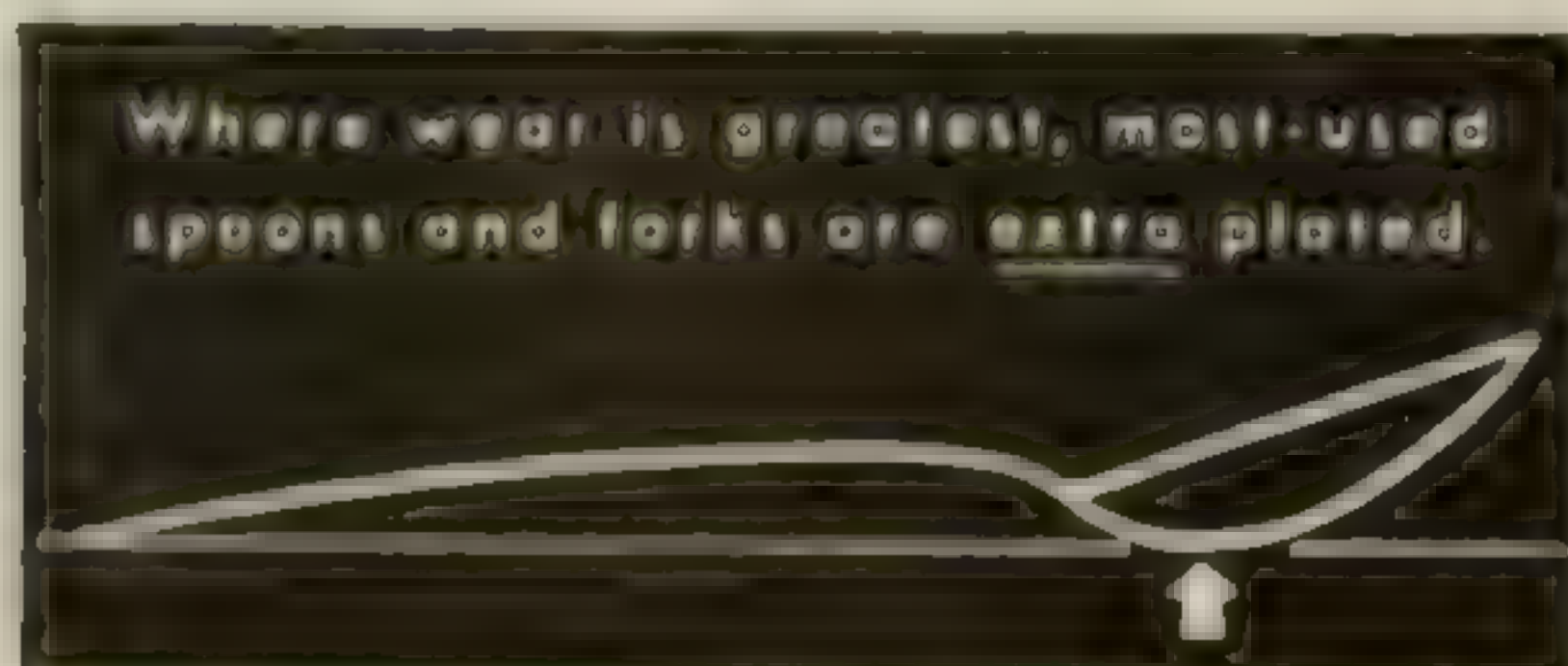
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Yes, KING EDWARD is a fitting accompaniment to your finest damasks and china. Guests will praise it — but never guess it cost so little. The complete service — 99 lovely pieces — is on display wherever fine silverplate is sold, along with smaller services as low as \$14.50. To let you judge KING EDWARD's beauty for yourself, we've specially priced the Nut and Bonbon Server at 20¢. Ask your dealer for it, or mail the coupon today.

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ADDRESS

all you feel like eating," I says firmly. "Don't say I suggested it, just ask her."

"I'll do pretty near anything for you, Marie," says Jelliff, "but. . ."

"I will secretly slip you a schooner of soup," I says, "and you will secretly slip the hors d'oeuvres under the bed." Then I told him the reason. Jelliff grinned.

"As your manager," he says, "I agree to the maneuver."

WELL, that was one step in the right direction towards my zero hour, meaning that I greatly feared that exactly zero would come of my interview with Reis. But I still had to get Betty out of the house and when the next morning was as bright and fair as any claims of the Chamber of Commerce, I began hoping she would take a notion to go to the beach. But no, she got a sudden tidying-up fit, and went from room to room, picking up this and straightening out that, as busy as a hornet and about as welcome. Then, after lunch, just as I was about to break down and confess, who of all people would come to my rescue but Alex Lorm, the Adagio dancer, a chap who'd had an eye on Betty for some time, much to my disgust.

I must say I didn't like it to be him, nor did I like the way he got Betty to go out with him. The thing which made me uneasy, I overheard from the turn on the stairs while he was talking to Betty in the hall below, and I began to think all I was ever told in that house, was things which I was not supposed to hear.

"Have you made up your mind yet?" Lorm says in a funny sort of low tone. "I'm getting pretty tired of waiting."

"It's such a big step," Betty says, also real low. "I—I—hate to do it right now."

"See here," says Lorm, "I didn't hesitate to do a much bigger thing for you, did I?"

"Don't you feel any obligation about that? Look at the risk I ran!"

"I know," says Betty, "and now I wish I hadn't let you do it!"

"But it's done," he says persistently. "Look here, we can get married if you like. Lots of dancing partners do. But you won't find many with a big original act like mine. Swing Adagio! It's new, it's different—it can't fail. The night clubs all over the country will eat it up!"

"And it is a possible way into pictures," Betty agreed reluctantly.

"You're doing the telling," says Alex. "Come on, let's get out of this and talk where we won't be overheard. If we stay here, first thing you know your Grandma will be doing your Swing Adagio act for Fanchon and Marco!" With which he whipped Betty out of the house.

WELL, a person can be so absolutely boiling mad that they are frozen to the spot and that was me for a moment. What on earth kind of favor had Alex done for Betty, I wondered? From his tone it sounded like murder, at the very least. Whatever it was, the poor kid evidently felt the boy had a hold on her! And worse yet, she actually appeared to be not only considering joining him in that new style Adagio act he'd been touting so long, but perhaps marrying the second hand sweetheart! Then all at once I remembered there was nobody but me to put a stop to all such outrageous nonsense and I immediately ran down the stairs to the front door meaning to stop them and give them a piece of my mind.

But, by the time I got to the terrace, the car was nowhere in sight and so there was nothing left for me to do at the moment except make peace with my

mind, instead, and go get ready to receive the great Motion Picture Mongrel.

Well, the living room certainly looked like the lap of luxury when I got through with it, what with lots of flowers from the garden, and the drinks set out and Betty's beautiful fancy snacks which I only had to blow a little dust off of.

I chose a throne-like chair for myself and beside it I laid a good book. At least I judged it was a good book because with a binding like that it must of cost at least five bucks. After which I fixed Jelliff's door open a crack so's he could be ready with a man's protection. Then I sat down to wait in all the refined charm of black satin, pearls and my blue-white hair.

Well, anybody who has ever given a party or waited in a doctor's office or for a long distance phone call will agree with me that Hell is probably made up of waiting-time. One moment I thought Reis was never coming and the next I was afraid he would and after that, all I wondered was why, if I was looking for suspense, I hadn't tried it at the end of a rope over a rafter and been done with it.

However, there is an end to all things, even to getting chewing-gum off your fingers and at last a car drew up. I ran to the window to peek out, but it was only Chris. He kind of hesitated on the top step and looked around to see if Betty's car was parked in its usual spot. And when he saw it was gone he braced his shoulders and rang the bell.

"Hello, Marie," he says cautiously, "where is that slapstick comedienne of mine?"

"She's out," I says.

"Then I'm in," he replies, suiting the action to the word. "Do you know what she did to me?"

"I saw it," I says. "You must like lemon pie a whole lot to come back!"

"She sure can dish it out," he says cheerfully, "but I can take it. And now let's both calm ourselves. The great Whoosis will be here any minute now."

MR. REIS didn't wear any silk hat when he arrived but he had a high-hat manner, just the same. He was one of these picture men who started so low in life that they can never be satisfied until they top the tops. However, I was able to appreciate that kind of ambition, on account it is what I did myself. And so, in about two minutes, Mr. Reis and I were out refining each other for all we was worth.

"Nice place you've got here, Miss La Tour," he says, looking around, "charming, in fact."

"It's not bad," I says, "although it seems small after my little place on Long Island. I will be glad to get back there."

"Oh," says he quick, "you're only on a visit, then?"

"Just a pleasure trip," says I. "We may go on to Honolulu soon."

"I've been trying to persuade Marie to stay a while," Chris puts it. "But she doesn't care very much for the modern Hollywood."

"No," I says languorously, "it's too commercialized. I don't even care to see the studios."

"But, Miss La Tour," says Reis, "you can't imagine how things have advanced. Now our studio is really out to do big things. Intelligent pictures. Classics. I wish you would come out and look at what we are accomplishing!"

"You are so kind," I sighed, "but my social engagements are heavy. Perhaps when the dear Prince and Princess arrive to be my house guests they might like to see a studio."

"Ah, yes!" says Chris. "The Overleftskis, eh?"

"Prince Overleftski?" says Mr. Reis, pretending that he knew who they were, which was more than Chris or I did. "Oh, yes, bring them by all means! Pardon my asking, Miss La Tour, but have you ever thought of going back into pictures?" I raised my hands in delicate protest.

"Why no," I says, "why should I?"

"Well, you have not only a great name," says Mr. Reis, "but a prominent social standing. I believe people would like to see you on the screen."

I gave a well-bred little laugh. "You're very kind, but no," I says. "I really haven't the time."

"Chris says he has some interesting footage you let him make for a souvenir," says Mr. Reis, staring at me carefully. "I'd like to see it, for you are a very remarkable looking woman, if I may say so."

"Oh, my goodness," I says wide-eyed. "Why, that was just done for a joke!"

"I wish you would allow me to show it to Mr. Reis," says Chris, humbly, but not daring to look at me. "You see he has a wonderful story—and would I like to direct you in it!"

I ALLOWED myself a faint show of interest. "Why Chris, darling," I says, "if you were to direct me, that might really be a temptation." Then I turned to the stooge. "Mr. Reis, Chris is so brilliant," I says. "But then I always have heard that you were a genius at discovering people."

Mr. Reis nodded agreement. "So far I haven't made many mistakes," he says, "and that's why I'm interested in you. I've got a feeling, if we get together, there's a contract waiting—say a thousand a week."

"Oh, my dear man, don't be absurd," I says chuckling into my handkerchief.

Mr. Reis leaned over and patted my hand anxiously. "There now, don't be insulted," he begged. "I spoke too quick. Fifteen hundred."

"Mr. Reis," said Chris with dignity, "don't you realize Miss La Tour is not interested in money? A rich woman like her? The least you could offer her would be a substantial sum per picture."

Then he turned to me. "Would you take say twenty-five thousand to make one picture—and use it to buy that little place in Honolulu you were talking about? Come on now—why not, just for fun?"

AT that moment I paused to consider. Well, anyways, I paused, because I had looked out into the garden and there was Betty with that Alex Lorm. They were wandering around and talking earnestly and the sight certainly gave me a jolt.

The last thing I wanted was for them to come in right then and I watched anxiously until they turned and sat down by the swimming pool. Luckily, Chris' back was towards the French windows, leading out to the terrace, and I guess the expression on my face must of looked like serious thought to Mr. Reis, because he slapped his knee just as if Chris' suggestion had been his own.

"My own idea exactly," he says. "But what if the picture clicked? We'd want options. What do you say, Miss La Tour?"

I drew a long breath which sounded reluctant but was really a sigh of relief. "Well, I'm afraid you've persuaded me," I says. "I expect, Mr. Reis, you gen-

erally get your own way."

He chuckled and stood up. "Fine," he says. "I'll arrange to see that stuff Chris has right away, but I hardly think we need wait on it, because the society angle is great publicity. I am honored to have met you, Miss La Tour, and you'll be hearing from me soon."

"Delighted, I am sure," I says. And then I stopped short.

SOMEBODY who hadn't rung the doorbell was coming across the hall. There was a car outside and the sound of something heavy being set down in the entry. A voice called, "Put 'em here!" And then the living room door was flung open and there stood Mrs. Phoopher, the owner of the house, red in the face, big and fat and vulgar. At sight of me and the two men and the cocktails and flowers where she had left only dust-sheets, her red face grew purple.

"What's the meaning of this?" she gasped. "How dare you entertain in my living room?"

"Why, Mrs. Phoopher," I says, all weak inside. "This is a surprise!"

"I'll bet it is," she shouted, advancing on us like a one woman battalion of death. "When I hired you as caretaker I thought there was something phony about you!"

"Caretaker?" gasps Mr. Reis, reaching for his hat.

"Yes, caretaker," says my employer. "And if you call this taking care, I call it taking advantage! Mrs. Smith, please remove your company right now. Then pack your things, because you're fired. And to think if I hadn't been called home unexpectedly, I might never have known about this outrage!"

"Whoever you are," says Chris sternly, "you are the one who is behaving outrageously."

For a moment that stopped her and in the lull, Mr. Reis made for the door. There he turned and gave me a sarcastic smile and bow.

"See you in the society columns," he says, and with that he was gone.

CHRIS came over and took both my hands.

"Is it true that you are the caretaker here?" he asked gently. I couldn't speak because over his shoulder I could see that Betty and Alex Lorm had come to the garden windows and were standing there listening.

So I just nodded my head, wishing the floor would open up and swallow me whole.

"I'd no idea things were that bad," says Chris. "Good old Marie! You should have told me. Shall I stay and help?" I shook my head.

"I guess we can manage," I says. "There's not much to move—just our clothes and my old theatrical trunks . . . and Jelliff!"

"Then I'll go find a place you can move to," says Chris, "and be back by the time you're ready to go."

"Make it quick, young man," snapped Mrs. Phoopher. "I want this lady out of my house, and if there is anything missing, I'll call the police."

Chris gave my hand a little squeeze and was gone.

I looked towards the garden and saw Alex Lorm's white face as he mumbled something to Betty before he ran quickly out of sight around the corner of the house. I felt like I was going to faint and wished I could. But I didn't. Yet it was good to see Betty coming towards me with her arms outstretched.

JOAN BLONDELL and DICK POWELL—two great Hollywood stars. They are happily married and have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this particular, fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black with jacket effect and green panels.



For your pleasure
ENJOY REFRESHING
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*It's
Delicious*

In Hollywood chewing healthful, refreshing, delicious Doublemint Gum is a popular pastime—as it is in millions of homes all over the country. You yourself are sure to enjoy it once you taste the wonderful, long-lasting flavor and see how refreshed and cool it helps your mouth feel. And ladies, note the lovely young face and neck contours of attractive **JOAN BLONDELL**, photographed here with her husband, **DICK POWELL**—both noted Hollywood stars . . .

Many Beauty Specialists have found from their experience that the exercise of chewing Doublemint Gum vigorously several times a day while gently lowering and raising your head helps keep that youthful skin line admired by everyone.

But remember, the main purpose of Doublemint Gum is for your pleasure. Get some today.

*The chewing of **DOUBLEMINT** Gum
aids digestion . . . helps brighten your teeth*

Just when life looks blackest for Marie, a turn of events brings this lovable old character up against the most exciting adventure of her career. Don't miss this thrilling climax in **JUNE PHOTOPLAY**.

Do Hollywood Women Spoil Their Men?

(Continued from page 19)

anything. And there he was. And the romance began.

Her day started dark for that reason. She was glamour epitomized. She liked dancing, night clubs, crazy excitement. To her, mornings were made for sleep, afternoons for thinking up something to do in the evening.

But he was up at five.

He'd off to shoot ducks, to ride horses.

A fine few days ago.

BUT now it's five years later. Our little girl is a lot older than ever. Getting to bed at a reasonable hour hasn't hurt her and getting up to slaughter innocent ducks hasn't hurt her, either. She's learned to shoot; she's learned to pull her weight in a figurative boat; she's learned to take it—to rough it—and she likes it. Or so I assume.

Why wouldn't she? She's always been a good sport and this right-about-face of hers is just another step in good sportsmanship.

The gentleman in question still keeps out of night clubs and his favorite companion is a girl who at one time didn't know a pheasant from a partridge. They have built a sturdy companionship foundation to romance and perhaps they'll be married before you read this.

She's remade her life—she who can have men forming a line on the right to ask for a date, a glamorous woman whose career is still on the up-beat. She's become a crack tennis player and skeet shooter.

She can handle a shotgun as easily as a lipstick. She can pile out of bed at five in the morning, yank on boots, wool riding pants, a lumber jacket—not the most becoming of costumes—drink some scalding coffee and start out in a station wagon for a duck blind, over a mile of bumpy road into some God-forsaken wilderness where she'll kneel in mud and water, waiting and motionless, until the wedge-shaped flight of birds passes overhead against the morning sky. And when it's time to eat, it won't be crêpes Suzette!

Is that spoiling her man?

I don't think so. If she disliked hunting or sports in general more than she loved him, she had her choice—she could stay at home. If she was bored with skeet shooting, she could have found another man who was bored with it, too, and easily.

And I have no doubt that he makes concessions and goes her way now and then . . . but perhaps she has come to prefer his way to her own.

THERE are a few other little straws which point the way the wind blows. Simple things.

Claudette Colbert, for instance, used bright nail polish. Then she married. Her husband didn't like it. So she doesn't use it now.

(Aside . . . thank you, Doctor. I've always hated it myself.)

Jimmy Cagney can't stand hotels, so they say. (Maybe a hangover from his touring days. I wouldn't know. The only time I met him he was very com-

fortably situated in a hotel in New York, but maybe he didn't like it, at that.) However, recently the Cagneys built a new house and had to move from the old one before it was finished. It might have been easier for Mrs. Cagney if they had put up at a hotel for a few days. But, because Jimmy hated hotels, she didn't.

She moved into the quarters over the new garage instead.

You wouldn't think that Margaret Sullivan would give in to masculine whims, would you? Yet I read somewhere that her husband usually dines with a newspaper in front of him—in public, too. But she doesn't appear to object. There's much more to lose by arguing the point than you stand to gain.

Personally, I'd object. I think reading newspapers at the table—well, I'll except breakfast—is a little on the rude side. But it's Mrs. Hayward's problem, not mine.

I heard tell the other day that one of the very popular girls in Hollywood won't keep a date if the gentleman is late.

So the boys were accused of spoiling her. That's very silly! I think the young lady has taken an elegant stand.

You see there are more girls than men in Hollywood. And perhaps, therefore, some of the boys are spoiled—in the wrong way. They are at a premium as escorts, aren't they? So, maybe they thought they could get away with being late.

So it isn't spoiling the girl, if she

locks the door when the bell doesn't ring at the right time. It's teaching the lads good manners.

I would go on record as saying that people who love each other very much and who concede something to each other's tastes and personal likes and dislikes aren't spoiling each other—they are building companionship.

Spoiling is something else again. Spoiling is building selfishness—in the man you spoil and in yourself, too—because sometimes it is easier to give in when you know you shouldn't and sometimes you like to feel a martyr, and sometimes you get a kick out of being a "good" wife.

That's spoiling a man, letting him have his way in things which are bad for him, bad for you, bad for your romance or your marriage. But to consider his tastes, his dislikes and likes isn't spoiling at all.

Ask the same consideration of him—and get it—and you have the makings of happy marriage.

Suppose he likes to—well, let's say bowl—and you like to go to the movies. All right, compromise. Bowl with him or, if it's a stag affair, let him go alone. Then, turnabout being fair play, see to it that he takes you to the movies as often as he goes bowling—or whatever it is he does.

In other words, spoil each other and you can't call it spoiling!

As for the Hollywood women who "spoil" their men. Maybe they do—I wouldn't know. I just know that they seem to have them.

Fresh as the newest Movie Star

Try the 1939 DOUBLE-MELLOW
OLD GOLD
Extra aged Tobaccos give extra flavor



Jean Parker is blossoming out as Hollywood's newest glamour girl. Watch for her in the Hal Roach production "Zenobia".



ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected by two jackets of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

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TUNE IN: Old Gold is featured in the new radio play "Zenobia" by Hal Roach, broadcast on the Columbia Broadcasting System, New York, City, 10-11 P.M.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

those crowds for half-hours at a time and be pulled at and yelled at . . . stand as George Brent did that night for a half-hour in the rain and sign his name on pieces of paper of every size and description and in most varying states of cleanliness . . . but if George was groaning inwardly he certainly didn't show it at all but signed to the very last request and then we got in the cab and dropped off the Bellamys at the theater they were going to and headed for sister Peggy's apartment, which by one of those coincidences turned out to be in the next building from the one in which I was staying in New York. . . .

THE idea was that we would stay at Peggy's, with her and her escort of the evening, and just talk quietly for a while, which we did . . . of George's months with a stock company, when he first was getting going as an actor . . . and of his marriage to that very interesting woman, Ruth Chatterton . . . and of his friendship with that even more interesting woman, Greta Garbo . . . and of the house he had built for himself in the loneliest and most beautiful of all the canyons around Beverly Hills . . . and of "Dark Victory" in which George thought he had the best part he had ever had on the screen and in which he said Bette Davis was magnificent. . . .

It was gorgeous talk that went on and on, so much so that when we heard the clock strike midnight I could not believe it could possibly be right. . . .

The striking of the clock, however, merely gave George another idea . . . "Listen, this is silly," he said. "We can always talk in Hollywood but in New York we should go to night clubs". . . .

"But you'll have to dress," said Peggy. "I'll phone for my clothes," said George and with that he was on the telephone to his valet and within ten minutes the valet was there, with shoes, socks and black ties dangling over his arm, and I dashed home and threw myself into the nearest dress and gave one despairing glance at my hair, and then we were in a cab again and headed for El Morocco. . . .

The rope was up at El Morocco but after one glance at Mr. Brent the rope fell and immediately a small table appeared literally out of the air over the dancers' heads and was brought down almost in the exact middle of the floor . . . thither we were piloted and seated . . . and the headwaiter was there, bowing unctuously and the wine steward was there bowing unctuously and the orchestra leader began blowing the tunes in our direction and those photographers' flashlight bulbs began popping all over the place every time we got up and tried to dance . . . with that very suave young gentleman, Jerome Zerbe, finally getting

the snap which you see on page 13 in which George looked handsome (as always) and I looked ghastly (also, as always). . . .

Nothing could have been in greater contrast, this place and the Third Avenue saloon . . . nothing could have been more calculated to go straight to the head than all that homage and flattery and attention . . . but it didn't bother George in the least . . . not any more than it bothered him when a friend came across the floor and asked to introduce his girl to George . . . or when a drunk stumbled by and muttered about these Hollywood heroes hogging the spotlight . . . or when the man came over who explained that he was an out-of-town detective there with another out-of-town detective and that he and his friend had made a bet, see, that George was George Brent but that even if he was he'd be too swell to come over to their table and talk with their wives . . . but would he be a pal and do it . . . so George did go over to their table for a minute or two. . . .

In all justice to them, I do not believe that one single person in all those people realized that actually they were being pretty rude breaking in on a stranger's personal privacy . . . I don't believe they realized that or that they were in turn demanding absolutely abnormal good manners on his part. . . .

FINALLY, however, the band went home and most of the crowd and I told George that whether or not he believed it, I did have a home and that I did have to go there sometime . . . so we came out into the street again . . . and the quality of the light made us glance at our watches in horror . . . it was six o'clock in the morning. . . .

Thirteen hours on a cocktail date . . . thirteen hours of swinging from the slums to Park Avenue, from very old acquaintances to talking to people you had never seen before . . . thirteen hours of a man's being polite and never losing his temper even under the most extreme provocation, and of being continually amusing. . . .

Maybe my friend is right . . . as I say, he really is much smarter than I am . . . and maybe thirteen hours like that are just a normal life-sized cocktail date to him . . . and to the average person . . . but I don't think so . . . and I know for me they aren't . . . and that they are only possible when they are of Hollywood, or in Hollywood, or by Hollywood, as this one was. . . .

But he's right about one thing and no argument . . . that Mr. Brent is certainly much handsomer than average . . . and as for being charming . . . ah, woe is me and darn that Garbo . . . after all, there's just no sense in trying to compete with a dame like that.

A proposal to the Girl who has never had a proposal

Use a Long-Lasting Deodorant



"Every girl needs a true perspiration check that her bath cannot render ineffective . . . that will not fail her after tennis, a walk, dancing."

Dorothy Dix



SO many attractive girls make the mistake of thinking their charm is completely protected when in reality they may be safe for a short time only.

They do not seem to realize that it takes a true, *long-lasting perspiration check* to insure long-lasting daintiness. One that cannot be neutralized by a bath, that cannot fail you just when you want to be most appealing.

You may start out fresh and sweet, but are you still sweet and appealing after an evening of dancing? You may not be unless both that little hollow under your arm *and* your dress are completely dry! Are you still protected against perspiration odor after a warm afternoon of shopping or a walk or a fast game of tennis?

BE SURE!

Remember, even though you think you do not perspire enough to matter—you do—everyone does. Especially when you are nervous—and you're most apt to be just when you're trying to make your very best impression! No matter how sweet you are yourself, if perspira-

tion has been allowed to collect on your *dress*, it will betray you.

If you think you are the exception, smell the armhole of your dress when you take it off. It may explain why you have been "unlucky in love." And why women of refinement use Liquid Odorono—a doctor's prescription—a *long-lasting perspiration check* which controls dampness, odor and staining.

EASY—SAVES TIME!

Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm *completely dry*, as well as sweet, from 1 to 3 days. Why *hope* you'll stay glamorous when it is so easy to be *sure*? Thousands of discriminating women use Odorono regularly with complete satisfaction. Liquid Odorono brings sure freedom from any embarrassment—or even the *fear* of embarrassment.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Most women require only two applications a week. Think how that simplifies the problem of daily daintiness! The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

VOLUPTÉ



Pink has gone pretty...
and is too Volupté Lashick, in a new
Candid Pink show... Bound to set
Hussies a-flutter. Fresh, bright, CANDID
and may be provocatively pretty in
that HUSSY of a tiny Lashick, "H". OR

"Pretty, Please!" with
Candid Pink

But—any of these...
LADY of a...
and now...
and now...



VOLUPTÉ

Why Not Be Somebody?

(Continued from page 17)

picture wholly mental, then it is in our thinking that we must do our practicing.

We must practice to be somebody just as we would practice to be a good pianist, a poet, a minister, an engineer, anything worth while. The pianist would never advance from the simple finger exercise without practice. Neither can we advance toward becoming somebody without practicing the elements that make a person important and necessary and the first element upon which we must begin is *honesty*.

Honesty of purpose was the first thing I looked for in a young player brought to me for dramatic training in the Little-Theater-on-the-Lot at RKO Studios. You would truly be surprised to know how many of these youngsters, fortunate enough to be put under contract as beginners, did not keep faith with themselves or the studio.

They must have started out with a yearning desire to make something of themselves. The studio had enough faith in their sincerity to put them under contract and pay them while they learned. They said they wanted to learn. Well, they will probably wake up, all of them, some day; but, in the meantime, who is cheated? Had they known HOW to be honest to a purpose, faithful to an opportunity, see the time that could have been saved.

We need to be honest with ourselves! In the sanctuary of our thinking where no one may come with us unless invited, where we hold council with ourselves and make decisions, here, right here is where honesty begins and abides. It is from here our thoughts are mirrored in speech and action.

Shakespeare was so right when he said:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
This above all!

It takes a heap of self-examination to be true to "thine own self." You must be alert and alive to everything that person who is you is thinking and doing, and the only hope of properly judging him, correcting him, strengthening him, is absolute honesty with him. Self-honesty is the only basis from which you can advance and it isn't some newfangled basis either. It is part and parcel of that ancient admonition, "Know thyself."

YOU are probably not old enough yet for your life to have taken on any definite design. But, regardless of your choice of a life work, you need nothing now so much as the hammering and chiseling of experience in many things. You girls who will choose to be wives and mothers as your future . . . oh, you must definitely be somebodies! The whole of the next generation depends on that!

It is highly improbable that any of you are qualified to judge, as yet, where you will be best suited to serve the world. Your problem is to begin serving.

Service! Did you ever stop to think that every work you ever do, everything you ever do is serving?

Now, don't get the idea that I am dancing gracefully into the indefinite or being a Pollyanna when I give you "Service" as the keynote of a success-

ful, happy life! The greatest Exemplar of human living, when asked how best a person could be somebody, almost two thousand years ago, turned to His inquisitor and said, "He who would be great among you, let him serve." He wasn't just talking. He was stating one of the fundamental laws of human living.

We cannot become somebody, be important either to ourselves or the world, unless we serve. Any right activity is service and activity is the piano upon which we must do our practicing. It is genius that "develops itself in solitude," but character develops itself "in the stream of life."

If you haven't some worthy activity in your life now, get one. It is as necessary to you as breathing! If you are already up and about doing something, broaden it, deepen it, enlarge upon it.

WOULD you like to hear about a boy you all know, who, believing that to be somebody a person first has to serve, proved it?

His name is Ben Alexander. I've known Ben since he was four. He was a child star in the "old silent days" of motion pictures.

Children stars in those days were not paid so generously as they are today, so Beth, his mother, had little opportunity to lay away any considerable sum of money against the day when her boy would come to his in-between age.

The awkward age came. Ben had some small picture assignments, but nothing that could be counted on to meet his needs.

You may not know it, but there is something pretty terrifying in having once been a needed person, one whose services were clamored for, to find yourself suddenly no longer needed. Ben's friends who loved him, suffered for him.



Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie at the "Little Princess" preview. Insiders insist this is no studio romance, but the real thing—love!

Then, one day, something happened to Ben. He wanted to do things and it seemed nobody wanted to let him do things. "All right," he seemed to say to himself, "I'll find something to do. I won't just sit here like a lump on a log!"

Quietly he went about it. Soon his friends learned that Ben was helping in the supervision of basketball, football, swimming, on the playgrounds among the boys in his community. He was always disappearing early from parties . . . he was "taking some youngsters up to the mountains to camp" . . . or something. "Well, it's something to do," he would say.

One day we all had a call from Ben asking us to listen in to a certain radio broadcast. One of the boys on the camping trip had a friend in radio and had introduced Ben to his friend. Ben was to be on a sustaining hour. "Oh, there isn't any money in it . . . but it's something to do . . . and you never can tell. . . ."

Ben was on that program week after week for months, maybe a year. Nothing came of it . . . yet he never relaxed. He gave to the best of his ability every broadcast.

Then, oh joyful news! Our Ben had found a sponsor! Ben was to be master of ceremonies. Ben was to get a good salary. Everybody who knew him rejoiced!

Then Ben Alexander did a very Ben Alexanderish thing! He set up his goal posts . . . but right now! He entered a famous university where today he is a student, and commutes twelve hundred miles a week by air between the school and his broadcasts.

And, then, the story of Ben took a wonderful twist: RKO pictures announced that, because of Ben's new popularity, they had signed him to play an important rôle in "Mr. Doodle Kicks Off." Since then, he has also made "Convict's Code" for Monogram.

Insisting upon being of service, something to do, some place to begin (simply taking boys on a camping trip) . . . do you think Ben Alexander had any idea where it would carry him? Do you think the doubting, ineffectual, confused Ben could have been changed into the confident, sought-after, definite somebody who is Ben today were it not for his demand for activity?

INSIST upon activity, even though you must manufacture it . . . make it out of nothing. You cannot become somebody sitting still!

If you have an activity, especially if it is one for which you are being compensated with salary, be sure you are paying the services you owe. Strange, but it isn't so important to the one to whom we owe the service that we pay it. It is important to us that we pay it!

For instance: Lucille Ball came on our lot as a model in the picture "Roberta." Along with several other girls from that picture she was put under contract as a beginner and sent to my classes.

She was a gay, witty, laughing girl who many people instantly judge as being wonderfully amusing but none too serious about it all. Lucille was having a wonderful time!

During the first few class sessions, I watched her closely. She had "the flair," all right! I called her into my

office for the first of many, many heart-to-heart talks.

Our conference began on a high note, filled with humor, but somehow I sensed the deep yearning to be somebody covered cleverly by all that gaiety and nose gags. I dove for it!

"Lucille," I said, "what would you give to be a star in two years?"

The laughter died out of her clear, blue eyes.

She nearly gasped aloud. Then I saw her mentally gauge the work and struggle that stood between her and such an achievement. (After two sessions with me, my students understand that a career on the screen isn't pulled out of a hat.)

Lucille looked squarely into my eyes. "Oh, here was the Lucille Ball I wanted to meet!"

"I'd give half my life, Lelee," she answered.

"Odd, but that isn't what it takes, my dear," I said. "However, I know what you mean . . . but why?"

Again the answer did not come at once. She looked away for a moment, then back at me, seemingly dreading to put her thoughts into words lest I think them too sentimental. But she had courage, that Lucille! "Because I want to be somebody in this business and"—the rest was harder to admit, so I knew it was nearer her heart—"because—well—the bosses had faith enough in me to give me this chance, and I want to—well—make good for them, I guess."

"You fulfill that line about the bosses, Lucille," I answered, "and the other one will take care of itself."

I CAST her in a play to be done by the students in the little theater. Lucille was not to play the leading rôle, but an important part. It meant long hours, for she was doing bit work in pictures during the day and rehearsing with me at night.

It was during the last week of our rehearsals that Lucille experienced her first discouragement. She was called for a bit in "Top Hat," the current Astaire-Rogers picture. She was to work with Mr. Franklin Pangborn in the flower-shop scene.

On her first day of work I had a frantic call from Mark Sandrich, the director, to come to the set at once. "I've worked two hours to get this scene out of Lucille," he explained, "and I can't waste any more time . . . it's costing too much money. She's not ready to do important things . . . and this scene is important."

(Yes, acting looks easy. The players seem to just stand there registering some emotion, looking beautiful or handsome, as the case may be. But acting isn't easy!)

There stood Lucille, helpless, almost in tears. Mark's heart was touched. A sudden inspiration, "I know what I'll do," he said, "I'll give the important lines to Mr. Pangborn . . . it will work just as well . . . and I won't have to hurt her by taking her out."

But, it didn't fool Lucille. She knew she had failed. She wept bitter tears over it later, but it couldn't dull her determination. Rather, I think, it pointed out to her how very much she had to learn before she could hope to stand beside seasoned performers and hold her own.

A WEEK later she was the hit of our play. I cast her in another. Now she was to have the leading rôle. We talked it over very seriously. It was an ambitious undertaking. However, it turned out it would be seen by all the heads of the studio . . . the producers,

the directors. (If Lucille is in this business of acting for fifty years she will never have a longer or tougher assignment.)

Her sincerity was tested severely, but she never cried quits or asked for quarter. More often she begged, "May we go over it just once more, Lelee, or are you too tired?" She wore the rest of the cast down to nubbins, to say nothing of me.

This was a courtroom drama in which Lucille, playing the part of an actress accused of the murder of her husband, was acting as her own attorney and defending her own case. She had forty cues of "I object!" To keep in mind her own speech to follow, she had to learn the entire play . . . everybody's part.

After the play had rehearsed for six weeks and had been open to the public for several weeks, Lucille was still coming into the theater at six o'clock every night and studying her part until curtain time . . . eight-thirty. Her performance certainly showed it. She was magnificent!

Lucille gave up friends, saw almost nothing of her family, gave up parties and outings and spent every waking hour in that dingy little theater when the California sun and the beaches were calling. We even rehearsed Sundays! This began in the winter of 1935.

In the winter of 1937 Lucille got her first major rôle in "Stage Door" with Katharine Hepburn and my Ginger. You will remember her as the girl who left the theatrical boardinghouse to marry the Seattle lumberman . . . the funny girl who was always taking Ginger on blind dates.

In the spring of 1938, the studio announced they were starring Lucille Ball!

That first star billing read: Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball in "The Affairs of Annabel."

Right here, let us pause and do some addition:

A girl
Honesty
Sincerity
Purposefulness
Ambition
Sacrifice
Hope

Result: SUCCESS! SOMEBODY!
What a triumph!

THERE were those in my classes who would come to the theater in evening clothes, all ready to go to a party or dancing at the Trocadero as soon as I would dismiss them.

Their "dates" would come for them and sit in the back of the theatre impatiently waiting. To these, class was a duty they owed the studio in return for their salaries. They had the cart before the horse.

But, there were also the two guest students, not on contract at the studio, not being paid while they learned, whom I permitted to take the work along with the others because I believed in them and their sincerity.

Both of these are now in pictures with nice contracts: Russell Hayden and Phyllis Kennedy.

With your very next thought . . . no this thought . . . begin to put into practice the consecration of every thought to some worthy achievement. Insist upon serving, with honesty of purpose, with self-examination, without self-indulgence. If you seem to have no place to begin, make one. Start at something. Right activity will lead you to your proper place.

If you have something to do now, remember . . . it is inevitable that when we pay to the fullest a service we owe, ours is the richer reward.



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TORONTO...NEW YORK...LONDON

How Irene Dunne Succeeded Without Glamour

(Continued from page 24)

most worth-while women I have ever met and I'd like you to know her as I do.

When I was in Hollywood, a few weeks ago, I was taken by my brother out to the Santa Anita race track. On a Saturday you will find a great many Hollywood celebrities watching the horses run in that incredibly beautiful setting among the Sierras and the eucalyptus trees and the blazing flower gardens.

Sitting peacefully at a table with Virginia Bruce and a group—just above us were Mary Pickford, the Grand Duchess Marie and Jimmy Roosevelt—I was suddenly startled by such a wild rocket of cheering as I had never heard even over a Notre Dame touchdown. Sixty thousand people were standing up whooping as the horses came out on the track.

"What in the world—" I said.

"Wait," they told me. "Wait and watch. See that horse there—the last one—well, that's Malicious."

"Who," I said, "is Malicious?"

"Malicious has never lost a two-mile race on this track in four years," they said. "He's wonderful. Just watch."

Well, Malicious did no cutting up at the barrier. Other horses rocketed and pawed and broke, but Malicious stood—a little bored, I thought—and got away to a fair start. Now, a two-mile race is a very long race, indeed. But when the field came by the grandstand at the end of the first mile I was bewildered and disappointed. Malicious was running easily and quietly and very unconcerned—fifteen lengths behind the rear horse in the pack.

"You're all crazy," I said. "Why, I wouldn't give you a nickel for his chances."

"No?" they said.

The field went into the far turn and suddenly the loud-speaker boomed down at us. The announcer's voice was shaking with glee and excitement, "Here comes Malicious!" And again sixty thousand people began to yell.

Just how it was done I'll never know. Still running with the supreme ease of the thoroughbred, here came Malicious. At the mile and three quarters he was even—coming into the stretch he began to make his bid. And sailed under the wire with incredible aplomb—seven lengths ahead of the place horse.

When he came back to the grandstand for his jockey to weigh in, he turned his head and looked up at the crowd and I swear he winked—well, maybe not, but his expression conveyed the impression that he wished to wink.

When the parade of champions takes place at Santa Anita each year, the stars and great ones of Hollywood stand and salute—not the great Seabiscuit, not the Handicap winner, Stagehand—but their favorite, Malicious. It is the same with the entire crowd. They salute and cheer some quality in Malicious that they do not find in the more spectacular winners.

KNOWING Irene Dunne's divine sense of humor, I am quite sure she will not mind being compared to that great thoroughbred, Malicious.

There is something in her that isn't glamour, that isn't sex appeal, that isn't genius or temperament or beauty. It's the thoroughbred quality that never lets you down, no matter how long the distance, how tough the opposition, how far behind in the early race.

It hasn't been as much advertised as glamour and it's quite as indefinable.

But it's written all over Irene Dunne's thoroughbred face. The real qualities of screen favorites, I believe, come through to us by some soul-searching ray in the camera. We knew, for instance, that Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow matched each other, great soul for great soul, big heart for big heart, though no two women ever looked so differently.

When you see Irene Dunne on the screen your heart warms because there, say you, is a good girl in a pinch, a girl who will stay the course, who will always be trying and giving you her best. There used to be a song about "She was bred in old Kentucky . . ." and that's where Irene Dunne was born and bred and she belongs to its best traditions.

One of my first experiences with her was on the radio. The radio hadn't discovered Hollywood in those days, or Hollywood hadn't discovered the radio. Anyhow, it was one of the first radio interviews with screen stars—and I had the remarkable combination of Jean Harlow and Irene Dunne, I've forgotten why.

Around the lot Miss Dunne had the reputation of being pretty high-hat, very poised and very, very much a lady. While Jean, who had just come through deep waters of tragedy and scandal, was known as a package of dynamite. And when we went down to the radio studio I was in some trepidation as to whether I'd be blown through the mike by Jean or frozen stiff in front of it by Miss Dunne.

In my long experience I've never seen such a case of mike fright as the poised and stage-experienced Irene Dunne got for herself. There is nothing worse, let me tell you, in human experience than mike fright. Two seconds before I popped the first question at her, she was rigid, there was sweat on her pretty forehead and her eyes were glassy. I made ready to take over with Jean, who was bubbling with adventure, as usual.

But Irene Dunne never let anybody down. Her responses were not only charming, they were clever, warm and spontaneous. If her hands and knees shook her voice darn well didn't.

And I shall always remember that going home—Jean and her mother had left—she said. "That's the first time I'd met Miss Harlow. I didn't know she was such a fine woman—and such a lady."

Since a great many people didn't know that about Jean, the thought came to me that it took one lady to recognize another.

IRENE DUNNE resisted a good many temptations in her early career—oh, believe me. They wanted her to put on an early burst of speed. They wanted her to make headlines. They wanted her to acquire glamour.

But the girl from the Kentucky bluegrass knew it was a long race. She knew she had enough to stick in there with for the first mile—and she wanted to have enough left for the finish.

I've always had a very strong hunch that Miss Dunne has a deeper understanding of the American way, the American heart, than a great many other actresses have had. A great many of our biggest stars, as we all know, have been born across the Canadian border, or across the seas. Irene was born in Kentucky and her father built and owned and captained Ohio River steamboats. There isn't anything closer to the heart of America than those arteries that have meant so much in our history

of war and peace and pioneering and development.

From the very beginning, Irene Dunne had quite consciously an idea of remaining herself. I know that because she told me so. She admired extravagantly the glamour girl. Admired the spectacular—for actresses. People, she said, wanted excitement and drama around the colorful figures shining on the heights of Hollywood.

"But it's not for me," she said. "That's one side of it. There's another. It's smart to be conservative—if you're born conservative. I was. I'll play along that way—being myself."

Therefore, today Irene Dunne is in many ways closer to the real American woman than any other screen star. In magazines we have a phrase known as "R I," which means reader identification. The thing which makes the reader identify himself with the character or story or background—either by means of hope or familiarity or application to himself in some way.

Irene Dunne has more audience identification than anyone else because, while we may admire and envy the glamour girl, we do it from a distance. When we see Irene Dunne we know we're like that—or almost like that—and we might have those things that happen to her happen to us.

THERE isn't much historical data on Irene Dunne. In 1926 she graduated from the Chicago College of Music. For one season she was under contract to the Metropolitan Opera Company. She sang light opera—prima donna rôles—and while appearing in "Irene" made a screen test. Once in Hollywood, she decided to make pictures her goal.

She has been married for almost eleven years—since July 16, 1928—to Dr. Francis Griffin, a New York dentist, who has now moved his practice to Hollywood. They have one adopted daughter, Mary Frances Griffin, now four years old.

Irene's house in Holmby Hills—between Hollywood and the sea—is a bright, charming, delightful place which is not pointed out by the sight-seeing busses because it looks exactly like most of the other charming, conservative houses around it. Very few people in the Movie Capital know Mrs. Griffin, not because she does a Garbo, but because she doesn't care for society in a big way. When you dine with her, you might be dining with any other well-bred American woman.

Now, as a rule, I do not care for my actresses to be just like everybody else. It bores me. I like 'em to be temperamental and get into trouble and have love affairs and live a life that is exciting. The "cooking is my hobby" and "I'd rather be alone with a good book" school has never intrigued me.

The point is that Irene Dunne means it, is it—and has quietly, conservatively and smartly made it pay enormous dividends. It's real and it reaches out to your heart and mine.

As a matter of fact, she doesn't like cooking and she prefers music to books. Her collection of phonograph records is priceless and her radio brings her the New York world of music from which she is separated most of the time.

IT isn't the outward mask of Irene Dunne that is like the ideal American woman. It's her heart.

When you think of anyone you like and admire a great deal, some one char-

acteristic always stands out. In Irene Dunne it is indubitably her sense of humor. I don't in the least mean that she goes roaring around the place laughing at nothing or that she puts electric batteries under her guests' chairs or that she is always getting off some quotable wisecrack. Looking back over the story conferences upon which we have happened to be present together I can't remember anything she ever said that was particularly witty. Only little quiet, very sane comments, put in a shrewd, twinkling little way.

"It's very nice of people to call me a lady," she said once. "But I do hope they'll remember it's important to be a woman first."

Her sense of humor is particularly American. It serves her twenty-four hours a day, but it never bobs up at the wrong time. I mean, she hasn't that dreadful habit of suddenly starting to talk about night clubs like someone out of a bad novel just when you actually want to be serious.

Only, it's there. It's the kind of a sense of humor you'd like to think St. Peter will possess when you arrive at the pearly gates. It's the sort that Abraham Lincoln possessed—it comes out strongest when things are most difficult. It eases situations. It is tied up with a sort of divine tolerance and it can be turned upon herself.

You can't work on the same lot with a woman for a year without knowing her real character. Irene Dunne would be the most amusing, most balanced, most adorable "best friend" in the world.

THERE is another thing about which she has thoroughly understood us and, following that understanding, has given us something refreshingly dear to our hearts.

We are not, actually, a hectic nation. We go along humorously amused by life as long as anybody will let us. We like a bit of excitement, to be sure, but all this wild merry-go-round business really isn't for us. We grow very weary. Let me see—well, again I must depend on Irene's sense of humor.

My favorite sport is six-day bicycle races. During the six days that they go on in Madison Square Garden I am completely demoralized. I get no work done. My family, as far as I know, eats off the pantry shelves. I spend my time watching the bike races.

When my startled friends want to know why I adore this form of sport far more than anything else, I am bewil-

dered—or was. I have finally solved it. I like it because of the in-between-times. Of course, I am as good a fan as any and during the hour sprints and the wild jam sessions, when forty bicycles are leaping about at fifty miles an hour and crashing like comets, I stand and yell without ceasing.

But then it's over for a while. Everybody sits down and relaxes. The riders coast around with a gentle rhythm. Everybody eats peanuts and drinks lemonade and drifts around talking to friends or gets into long conversations about this and other races with perfect strangers. Sometimes you even doze a bit, if it's very early in the morning or very late at night. Hot dogs taste delicious. A cigarette can be enjoyed to the last puff. You get up and walk all the way around the Garden and discuss the scores and the points and sometimes you get a chance to visit with your best friend or you find yourself in an argument about labor or Roosevelt or anything at all.

Then, suddenly, there's a yip, a mad scramble—they're off again and you're tense for another twenty minutes—or two hours.

That is the way I like life, sports—and people.

IRENE DUNNE has that quality. Sometimes she can be hectic, exciting, thrilling and appealing. But she doesn't do it to you all the time, either in her performance or her personality. She doesn't wear you down. Or out. Part of her charm is that sometimes you can relax and wait for the next bit of excitement. Men don't want to make love to women every minute—they like to sit and talk. Women don't want their best friend always to be in the midst of some tragedy or drama—sometimes they just like to sit and talk.

That's the American way, at least.

In those things lies the secret of Irene Dunne's phenomenal success—without glamour. The girl nobody thought would survive has, in the long race, come in ahead of so many who seemed far away from her—because in her own wise and witty way she's a real American gal and she understands us.

Sometimes she rises to fine heights of acting. Sometimes she's a magnificent comedienne. Sometimes she's beautiful—romantic melody at its best. It's all real. And between times, you can sort of be right friendly with her, and sit down and share a hot dog and a bag of peanuts.

Why American Men Don't Want to Marry Hollywood Women

(Continued from page 31)

dark, tall or thin, rich or poor, but I can tell you this about her now: she's going to be a nonentity."

So the obscurity-hounds—the haters of publicity—the men who don't enjoy the spotlight—are another group delivered from that queue suing for the moving-picture star's favor and handed back to the rest of the feminine population to battle over.

They form a surprisingly large and vehement group, too. They shudder in sympathy with the husband of Claudette Colbert, whom Claudette so zealously tries to protect by wistfully begging the cameramen to, "Take all the pictures you like of me, but let my husband alone."

Cameramen do not let Miss Colbert's husband completely alone. No husband of a moving-picture star can enjoy complete obscurity. And the mar-

riageable men of 1939 are well aware of it.

Our Wall Street Irishman blamed publicity for the Hollywood mortality in marriages. But many of the other single gentlemen found a more fundamental reason for the plentiful divorces in the screen colony.

THE next stop on our bachelor parade turned out to be a man with a snug oil-refinery business and high ideals of what a marriage ought to be. He based his reluctance to marry a star on "their record."

"The girls in Hollywood," he said, "don't stick."

"That goes for minor actresses, as well as stars. They live in an abnormal atmosphere, where the standards of what is important in life are turned topsy-turvy by their interest in getting

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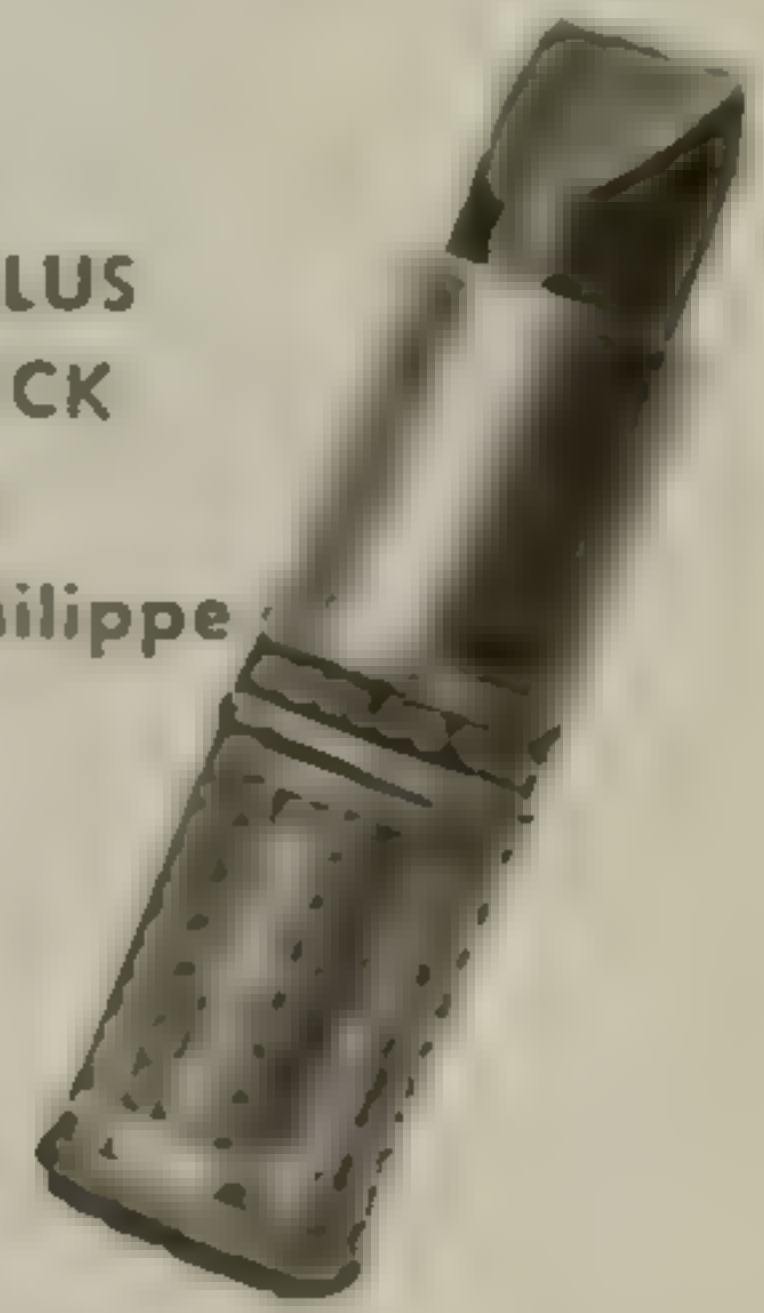
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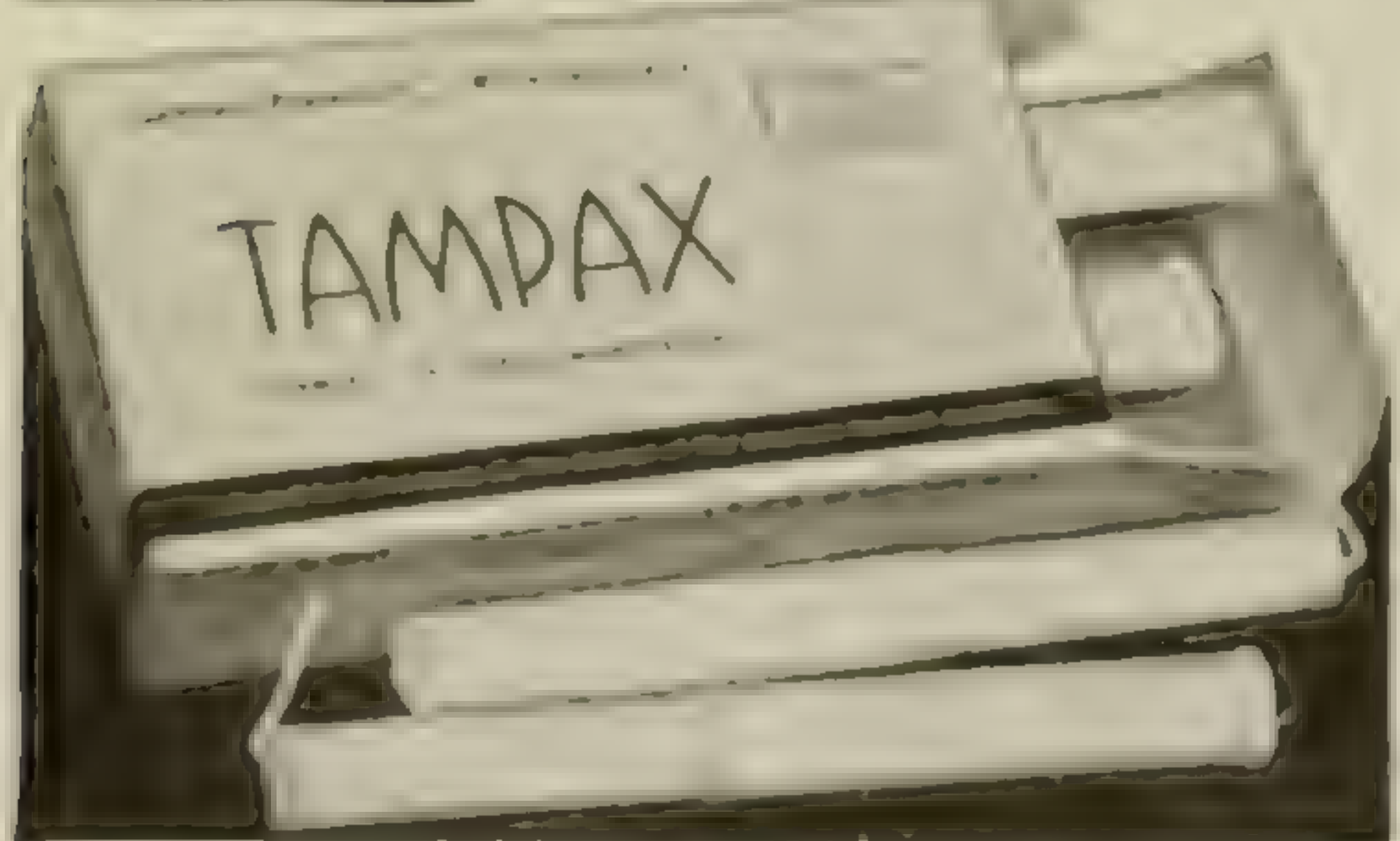
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on with their careers. The 'better or worse' clause might just as well be dropped out of the Hollywood marriage ceremony.

"I wouldn't mind having a wife who worked, so long as she kept a sense of proportion about it and considered her marriage the one enduring fact of our existence. But nobody in Hollywood seems to feel that way about it. The important thing there, to which every other interest must be sacrificed, is a moving-picture career.

"Give me a wife from Boston or New York or Kankakee, Illinois, or Paris, France. But don't try to talk me into paying court to any girl from Hollywood, California. They're poison in the home."

Well, this young man spoke for himself and for a large percentage of the bachelors polled. Idealists—perhaps the best husband-material that there is—do not trust girls who have grown up in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the studios. They would much rather find a wife who has never blinked under a klieg light. And that, fortunately for us, takes in most of the marriageable women in America.

So men don't want to marry Hollywood actresses. Their reasons for shying away from them are sometimes ingenious in their variety. Take, for example, the objection voiced by a fine, athletic husband-to-be from the Senior class of one of the Big Three colleges.

"Marry a star—dear heavens, no!" he said. "It's bad enough to have one person in a household worrying about money and contacts and office politics. But to have two of them doing it—no, thank you, that's fatal. Earning a living is a pretty hardening experience. It breaks down your faith in human nature, at some stage of the game, and it calls for a certain brutality when the competition becomes keen.

"A man may be able to survive the process and remain a human being, say two times out of five. A career-woman can, just conceivably, turn the trick: I'd say her chances were one out of ten. But put two people on the make into the same home and your percentages are low. At least one of you is going to become brittle, hard-boiled and unlovable.

"I'd rather take my chances on a girl who wouldn't be worth five dollars a

week to any employer in the world. She'd be feminine, and she might keep me from turning into a sour old misanthrope."

THEN there is Mr. X, whose blond good looks recall the Vikings. He has a nice medical practice in a small-sized town. His abhorrence of the idea of marrying a movie star—in which he yields to no one—is based on the fact that few actresses wish to have children of their own.

"I know about Margaret Sullavan and Joan Blondell," he said, "and I suppose there are a few others like them, who are willing to risk their figures and to miss their salary checks while they take time out for motherhood. But that point of view is scarcely typical of Hollywood. Most of the stars who have children at all get them from a fancy orphanage in Chicago.

"This is deeply indicative of the whole Hollywood state of mind. These women are money-mad and celebrity-mad and they will sacrifice their desire for children to their manias.

"Well, motherhood is perhaps the strongest instinct that a woman has. If she'll toss that overboard for her career, what chance for surviving has her love for her husband?

"No Hollywood wife for me!"

Then there was the engaging young man who earns his living as—of all things—an actor, on Broadway.

"I know," he said, "what a tough job it is to keep your emotions honest in the theater. After you've acted a Great Lover rôle anything you say to your girl, in private life, has a phony, theatrical ring. I can't tell any woman, 'I love you,' because the words have come to mean the climax of a heavy rôle to me and that is all.

"Well, with hard work and by watching myself, I can manage to forget I'm an actor most of the time in private life. I hope, some day, to be able to feel a perfectly sincere emotion for a girl and to express it without thinking about turning my profile toward the spotlight. But if she were an actress, too, heaven help us both! We'd never get beyond the technicalities of love-making behind the footlights and we'd be continually scrapping for the center of the stage.

"I want to marry a girl who has never had a part even in a high-school play. Perhaps, then, her emotions would be natural and unspoiled."

Did all the men interviewed shy away, with repugnance, from the idea of marrying a star? No, not quite all. Two of the bachelors said that they would have no objection to placing a wedding ring on the finger of the most glamorous, famous, \$5,000 a week actress in the industry. But—and here's the catch!—both of them said they would insist that their wives should immediately abandon their careers.

Why?

"Because I don't believe a marriage can be happy when the wife's success overshadows the husband's," said one.

"Because I don't want my wife to be seen in emotional undress by any Tom, Dick or Harry with half a dollar to spend. I want her charms reserved for me alone," said the other.

These men, and the school they represent, might conceivably woo one of the glamour girls of the screen. But—cheer up—it's unlikely that the conditions they lay down would be accepted. For all practical purposes, they are still in circulation so far as the rest of us are concerned.

So perhaps we aren't missing so much, after all, when we sit in the gloom of the darkened theater with our six-dollar permanent waves and our thirteen-dollar frock and think, "If I had her money and her fame, I'd bring Harry to his feet, all right."

If Harry is at all like the majority of eligible American men, a Hollywood income and a Hollywood career would make him run like a frightened rabbit.

Moving-picture stardom has a lot of things to recommend it—but it doesn't include the ability to marry the nicest bachelors in America today.

What these marriageable young men want in a wife is obscurity and not too much beauty; an income smaller than their salaries and a willingness to let them battle the world for two; a desire to have babies and a point of view which puts marriage first. By this measuring stick, a girl may go to work in an office or a hospital, a factory or a department store, and attract the men in droves. But she can't take up a Hollywood career!

The Great Autograph Conspiracy

(Continued from page 29)

I got Pops' boy to serve it on her just as she was leaving school. Had consultation with Pops. He refuses to handle my case on acc't of it's out of his particular field of law.

LIFE is full of Fate. Last Thursday on my way home I stopped to gaze intently in the window of the Gotham Book Mart because there was a mirror there. Suddenly I became conscious of a Stranger gazing in also, but he was looking at the books. When I looked it wasn't a stranger at all but Basil Rathbone! My first thought was of Barbara. I wanted to phone her but of course wouldn't risk losing him. I watched him through the mirror and something caught his eye, but it wasn't me, it was a book, and he went inside. I followed.

The shop was full of books and he browsed, so I pretended to browse, kicking myself for not having my album with me. The girl in the shop seemed to know him and they talked about a certain book. It was rather deep and I understood everything but the meaning, but I tried to remember

every word for poor Barb who would give ten years of her life to be in my sandals.

He was rather attractive and not at all villainish, but I wouldn't allow myself to have any feelings for him other than platonic on acc't of him being my best friend's ex-pash.

He bought some books and while the girl was wrapping them up I seized opportunity by the forelegs and said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Rathbone, but I feel as if I knew you intimately."

"That's very nice of you," he said. "I know I've seen your face somewhere." His voice was sort of deep and histrionic, or rather histrionic.

"You have," I said, "out at Belmont Park, at the World's Fair, outside of the Warwick and the Algonquin, theaters, National Broadcasting Company. In fact my chum and I have been following you around for a week."

"Your devotion is touching," he said. "I'm embarrassed."

"I'm not devoted," I told him, because I didn't want him to get any false ideas. "It's my chum Barbara Drew.

She has a weakness for villains. I've tried to cure her but it's no use."

The girl came with the books.

"I suppose you want my signature," he said.

"I have it three times," I admitted, "but I can always use another. But if you don't mind, could I introduce Barbara to you? It might disillusion her and then she would be cured. Even if it doesn't, it will make her so happy as you are one of her ex-grand pashes."

"It's awfully nice of her to still take a kindly interest in me," he said, rather sadly, I thought.

"Some fans are fickle. When they are through with a star they cast him aside like a worn-out glove. But not me and Barb."

"I'm leaving for Boston. You'll have to make it soon."

"Immediately, if I can get her," I suggested.

"No. Let's say Monday for tea at my hotel at 4:30. Is that all right?"

"It's wonderful," I said, "and thank you so much."

He left and I took a taxi up to Barb's

for which I made her pay half because I knew she'd consider it worth it to hear every word before I forgot it. We discussed the whole situation and I reminded her that his wife, Ouida Bergère, would probably be there, so not to get too het up about him, because at best he was a married man.

When I got home, which was late for dinner, there was a document in a blue cover waiting for me. As follows:

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } SS

NUTS Vera T Bailey L. S.

Which goes to show what type she is. Barb and I had a conference about means and ways. Hit on a plan. Gave ourselves names. I'm First Conspirator and she's Second Conspirator. Going to get Basil for Third Conspirator. It's from Shakespeare.

Bought black suede album, had Vera's own signature in gold put on cover. Got signature by stealing one of her exam papers. Were her answers dumb!

Got three new ten dollar bills from bank.

Invited V. to come to Basil's for tea. Told her 5:30 so I'll have a chance to explain to him. She was surprised in view of our pending litigation.

CAME Monday. Barb. cut Latin, Hist. and gym for a shampoo, set and manicure. Fair exchange. We had to take taxi as her heels were unwalkable in. We sailed into the Warwick and the tall doorman tried to stop us as usual, but I told him with hauteur and an English accent that Mr. Rathbone was expecting us for tea. He looked at me in doubt, but phoned up. Then he came out and held the door open and it was the most triumphant moment of my life. Some day I hope to be able to do the same to the doorman at the Algonquin.

Barb was nearly passing out partly on acc't she had on her girdle, but I rang the bell boldly. A maid dressed like in a first act opened the door and ushered us in to a *salon* and there he was. Also his wife and Ellen Drew and a man who turned out to be a Mr. Smith, but was somebody nevertheless.

I introduced him to Barb who was so flustered she went back to her first childhood and courteseyed. Then he introduced us around and the maid passed chocolate and the most marvelous pastry which poor Barb was afraid to eat on acc't her girdle was so tight she was afraid of getting hiccoughs. They talked dialogue and we listened to every word and it was wonderful sitting there instead of standing down at the door. Soon Ellen Drew and Mr. Smith left and I breathed a sigh of relief (Barb. couldn't) as it was after five and I would have to explain a lot before Vera arrived. So I began without more ado. In fact without any:

"Mr. Rathbone," I said in my lowest register, "we have both proven to you our devotion and loyalty. We have followed you to the races, to the World's Fair grounds, to the broadcasting studio. We have stood for hours in the rain outside of hotels and theaters. The time has come when you can show your appreciation."

"Shall I leave you two alone?" asked the Mrs.

"It won't be necessary," I said. "It's nothing sexy so you might as well hear."

"Wait till I light a cigarette," said Basil.

So I told them the story of how I had needed \$25 desperately and had sold my album full of autographs which I

had worked like a Trojan horse to collect. I explained that Vera was not a true fan but a dilettante who never got her feet wet or missed a meal for a signature.

"Besides," Barb added, "she's promiscuous."

Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone looked at each other.

"What do you mean?" asked Basil. Imagine a man of his education not knowing what the word meant!

"I mean she's not particular whose autograph she takes. Jane and I are more exclusive. Everybody can't get into our albums."

Then I showed him the papers in the case which he read and passed on to Ouida.

"What rôle do I play?" he asked.

"You are the Third Conspirator," I told him. "When she asks you to sign her album you take all our books into the other room and get them mixed up which is perfectly natural because the one she has, has my name on several pages, and this new one has her name on the cover."

"That wouldn't be strictly honorable," he protested.

"A man who has played Pontius Pilate, to say nothing of Louis XI shouldn't stick at a minor villainy."

Then Ouida spoke. "I think you might manage, Basil. . . ."

"Darling, how can you suggest such a thing? Impossible."

At that moment the maid announced "Miss Bailey" and in came Vera, book in hand. I introduced her and she was all flustered, not being accustomed to being on a social equality with the great. She gave him the album and he started looking through it. Ouida excused herself. In a few minutes she was back.

"Darling," she said, "a photographer from the *World Telegram* is here and wants to take your picture. He'd like a couple of fans in it."

"All right, show him in."

"He's gone up to the roof, the light is better. I told him you'd be up. Take a couple of the girls with you. Jane, perhaps you'd stay and help me with these dishes."

Naturally I couldn't refuse though it burned me up that Vera should get into the picture and not me.

They left and I started putting the cups together.

"Perhaps you hadn't better bother about that, Jane. The maid'll do it. You'll be late for that appointment. Stupid of me to have kept you so long."

"What appointment?"

Was I dumb!

She looked at me and then at Vera's album which was on the table. "Didn't you say you had an appointment? I could have sworn it was you."

Suddenly I woke up like a fire-cracker. I picked up Vera's book.

"I'll make your excuses," she said. She was fixing some flowers at the window and not looking.

"You're an angel," I said. "I hope he won't be angry at you. . . ."

"He'll get over it."

"Before I go, would you sign my album?" I asked.

"I am honored," she said, and she meant it. She wrote something quickly and I started for the door.

"Lucky that photographer happened to come," I said.

"Photographer? What photographer?" she asked. "Are you here yet?"

I grabbed my book and exited.

I said I'd get that book back by hook or crook and no one can say I didn't try hook.

I didn't look at what she wrote until I was on the bus. It said: To Jane:

Ouida Bergère
(Third Conspirator)

"Skin Smooth Again

AFTER HOURS OUT OF DOORS"

says Titled British Sportswoman

POND'S VANISHING CREAM
GETS RID OF LITTLE
ROUGHNESSES AT ONCE.
I LIKE IT BETTER THAN
EVER NOW IT HAS
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT

The Lady Patricia French
daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in
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BASE NOW BRINGS
EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
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Members of British aristocracy, like women everywhere, have long praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now it contains the "skin-vitamin," they're even more enthusiastic about this grand powder base. Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use before powder and overnight. Same jars, labels, prices.

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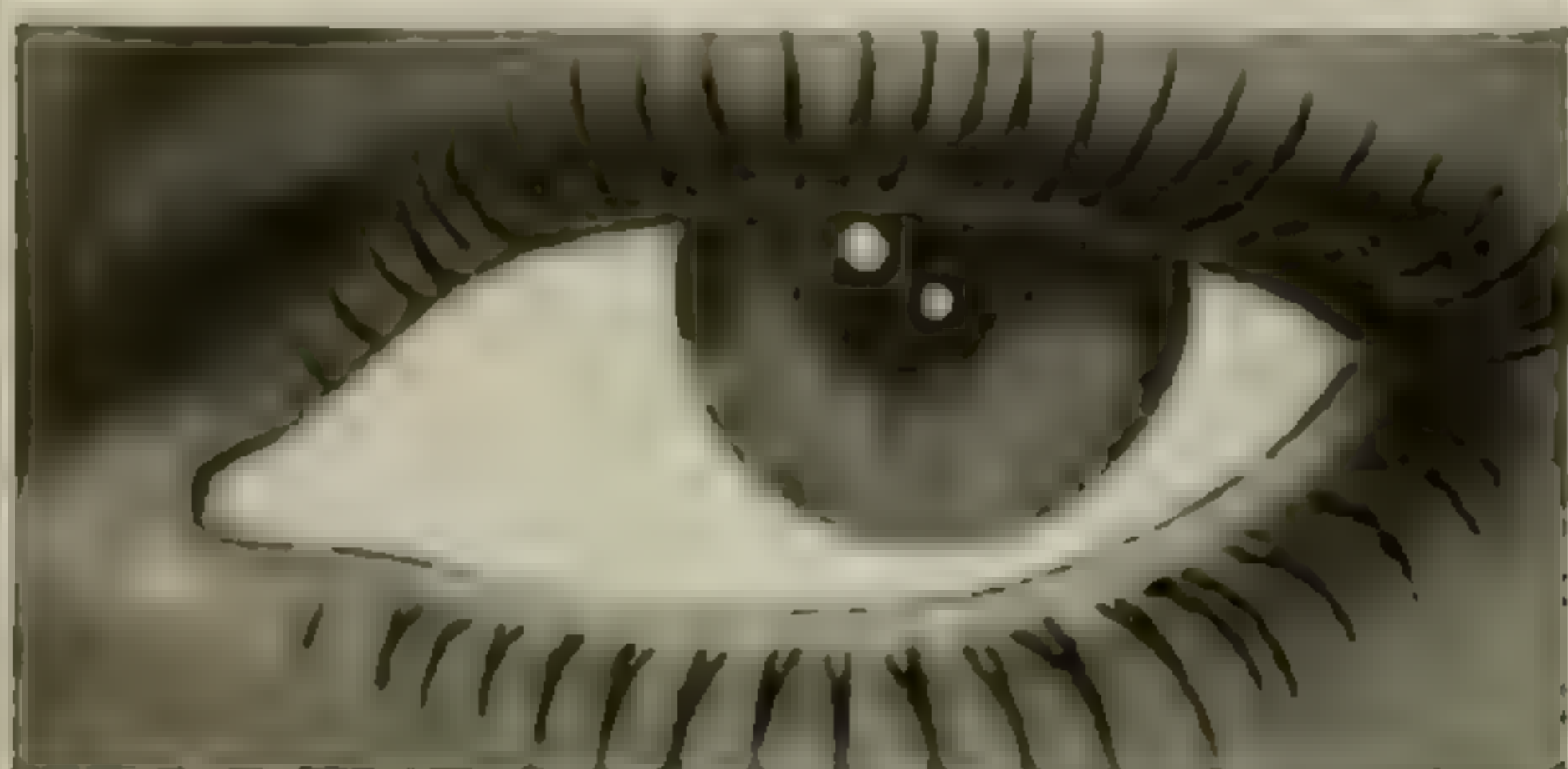
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**BE SURE OF
YOUR "LOOKS"**

USE



EYE-GENE

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

Farrell MacDonald of the Canadian Mounted and getting all mixed up in Indian fights.

It's the Indian angle that has Shirley intrigued. One of the reasons is that the studio sent up to a Blackfoot Indian tribe in Glacier National Park and spirited thirteen-year-old Martin Goodrider down to teach her how to smoke a pipe and play his squaw.

Shirley is a little old-fashioned dream in gingham with black cotton stockings, high-button shoes and an enormous feather sticking out of her curls as she trots through a scene with MacDonald.

In the scene, MacDonald hands her a little red leather jacket he is supposed to have had made for her and Shirley takes it and runs off. They do the scene twice. Each time Shirley frowns.

"Excuse me," she says at last to Director Walter Lang. "I don't think this is a polite scene."

"Why not, Shirley?" inquires Lang.

"Well," says Shirley, "if anybody gives you anything, you say 'Thank you.' But Mr. MacDonald gives me a nice leather coat and I don't say anything. It's not polite."

And a little child is getting them told as we leave. The script girl is writing new dialogue in the script—dialogue that Darryl Zanuck will probably never have a chance to okay, and by a scenarist he probably doesn't know he has on the payroll—Shirley Temple. The new line is, "Thank you, very much."

WE find small fry mixing up with the picture business a little less constructively on the next set we visit. It's at Universal where Bing Crosby, playing hooky from Paramount, is boo-boo-booing through "East Side of Heaven," along with Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey and other hired help.

In this one, taxi driver Bing takes care of an infant left in his cab, aided and abetted by Joan Blondell. The combine serves to soften up the hard heart of an old man and bring a young couple in love together, as Bing sings and nicks fenders all over Manhattan.

"I know I am a chump to work with a baby," Bing grins to us—"but ain't he cute?" Yes, he is—in this case, he happens to be Sandy Henville, an eleven-month-old girl who is playing a baby boy.

From Universal to Warners where sinister goings-on hold the center of the stage.

What's it all about, we want to know at once. "Sh-h-h-h-h" is our only answer. However, we persist and finally one fearless soul tells us that "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," the dynamite picture, is making everyone on the lot jump at small noises.

Of course, we want to know how come, but all we can tell you is that for the first time in our ken, a studio is actually making a picture under wraps. No one can go on the set—not even executives. No one can read a script. Only ten instead of the usual 150 were printed. They even tried to keep the cast—Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Paul Lukas and Lya Lys—a secret, but it leaked out.

Why? Well, it seems that there have been certain protests and reprisals. No punches will be pulled in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"—and though nobody is named, Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and all the rest are plainly portrayed. Already there has been sabotage on the set. Warners actually fear for the safety of certain actors' families and others con-

nected with the picture. That's one of the reasons; the other is that the exposé is sensational and they want to cash in on the sensation.

"Each Dawn I Die" is the current Warner Brothers morbid-movie in the make. The star—Cagney, of course. Only this time, Jimmy gets a little ace co-operation from George Raft, doing his first picture away from home since he and Paramount called it quits.

WE stick around to watch Jimmy do a couple of locksteps but—well, maybe you like prison pictures—we don't! No sir! It seems good to get out in the sunshine and over to the feather-headed Gracie Allen at Paramount. Even Gracie's mixed up in a crime wave, though—in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case."

We're a little surprised to find George Burns on the set when we arrive. George isn't in the picture. For the first time in their long and lucrative career, Gracie is going this one alone—not exactly alone—Warren William, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew and a few others are in the picture too, but George is definitely on the sidelines. Can it be the start of a professional split? We don't think so.

They shoot murder mysteries fast at Paramount. Before we have been on the set ten minutes a couple of scenes are in "the can." Gracie never misses—and when she does, you might know the mistake would be funny.

She has a line, "I guess I must be just a butterfly." But she says, "I guess I must be just a butter-flea."

When everybody laughs at her, Gracie joins in. She's not proud.

A minute later, her tongue gets going too fast and the sound man cuts in. "An overlap," he reports. An overlap is when two actors talk at once and you can't hear either of them on the sound track.

"Gracie," says the sound man, "jumped in too quick."

"Of course," says Gracie. "Last one in's a niggerbaby! Ha-ha."

"Gracie!" protests George.

"Are there visitors on the set?" Gracie wants to know airily. George sputters.

LEE TRACY is back making pictures after too long an absence, so we hurry over to RKO to catch Lee in "What's a Fixer For?" Well—what is a fixer for? We'll bite. Our guide tells us a fixer is a circus fellow who fast talks the local yokels. In that case, we'd say Lee Tracy was a cinch for the part.

The set we visit is rank and smelly. Straw and the raw odor of caged lions pervades it. Lee, looking trim and chipper as usual, and Peggy Shannon, in a gold-braided lion tamer's costume that almost matches her flaming hair, greet us, but we haven't even time to say "hello" before an animal trainer cups his hands and yells—"Okay, shall I let 'em loose?" Let what loose, we ask. "The lions," says the trainer. "They're gonna run around loose in this scene. They won't hurt you. They're nice and gentle like kittens. Stick around..."

We don't even hear the rest. We have already made tracks out of there. Lions are lions to us—not kittens. No indeed! We tell Lee we'll see him later and head for M-G-M where they keep their lions on film only.

M-G-M is smack in the middle of its busiest season, with "Maiden Voyage," "Lucky Night" and "Penthouse" on the brand new list.

Annabella makes "Maiden Voyage" a

stop. It's her first picture since "Suez" and since she took that South American junket and fell for Tyrone Power. All we can say is that she doesn't look a bit different—only a little scared. Annabella explains, in her rapidly improving English, that she has to sing a song in this one and heaven knows what will happen when she tries it. Bunches of roses in her dressing room from Ty Power, we notice, are helping her conquer her fears.

"Penthouse" is frankly a remake of the picture that first made Myrna Loy a star. Myrna and Warner Baxter did the original. Except for modernized dialogue, the same script now serves Virginia Bruce and Walter Pidgeon. We pass it up to get a good look at "Lucky Night" before the company's sent home for supper.

Robert Taylor gets a new crack at fame in "Lucky Night." It's comedy, and the very first he's tried. We hear an underground whisper around M-G-M that Bob will no longer have to flex his muscles and bare his chest to prove he's a he-man, which is something of a relief, we'd say. Lucky Bob is, too, that in "Lucky Night" he has as experienced and helpful a co-star as Myrna Loy.

CROSSING from the movie studios to Radio City this month is like dodging through No-Man's Land. The battle is on for all the big star talent of Hollywood and the man who fired the first shot is Darryl F. Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox, the man, oddly enough, who first married movies and radio.

Are the movie stars to remain on the air, or will the studios ban them from now on, saving them for pictures only? That's the burning question along Radio Row right now. It looks as though they'll fight it out if it takes all summer.

Our inside Radio operatives tell us at once that it's a great deal to do about a whole lot of nothing. Zanuck pulled Tyrone Power off the Woodbury Playhouse—but, a rumor persists that Ty, himself, had already quit.

At any rate, it is true that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer draws its big army of star talent out of "Good News" the last of June—and for keeps. That means Frank Morgan, Bob Young, Bob Taylor, and all the big guest stars, Tracy, Crawford, Gable, Shearer and the rest. All but Fannie Brice. What a break for Fannie that M-G-M didn't take up her option a few months ago! Her "Baby Snooks" over the air is a far better break than the movies ever gave her.

We talked to Bob Young about the whole situation and he sang the blues, long and loud. He likes radio. So do practically all of the Hollywood stars who have anything to do with air shows. Many of them started in radio—Bing Crosby, for instance, and Don Ameche, and Dorothy Lamour. If Darryl Zanuck takes Don Ameche off the Chase and Sanborn hour, as he wants to, what will he say to Don one day when his picture days are over, and his radio career lost?

The real trouble began because of the movie-star Sunday program set-up, with its elaborate "The Circle" and "The Screen Actors' Guild" programs. Why go to a movie on Sunday—the biggest day in a theater-owner's week?

So—the movies and radio lock horns and the battle rages. Our hunch is that the picture studios will lose. Screen stars like radio and radio likes them—and that's that.

Portrait of a Man Who Has What He Wants

(Continued from page 32)

control," he says. He hates red nail polish.

He is slow to criticize others.

He likes six-day bicycle races.

He does not think happiness and success are synonymous, and his favorite among biographies is "The Life of Magellan."

He owns eight acres in San Fernando Valley where he has dogs, goats, chickens, turkeys, ducks and two Shetland ponies for his children. He is utterly lacking in ostentation.

He smiles easily and it covers his broad face.

His mother is of American Colonial stock, and his hair is dark brown and unruly. He has a lively sense of humor.

His favorite meals consist of steaks or lamb chops.

HE was named after his mother's dearest friend, Daisy Spencer, and he has no aversion to caged birds in homes.

He wears no jewelry.

He owns six Irish setters.

He likes attending concerts.

He abhorred school so much that he barely achieved passing marks. He is naturally blunt and outspoken but he curbs these tendencies by an overcautiousness.

He is five feet, ten inches tall, and when he was seven years old he ran away from home and was found with two youngsters named Mousie and Rattie, both sons of a saloonkeeper.

He is addicted to cold showers.

He rises every morning at six-thirty.

Spencer Tracy is not sure that he would have made good in anything but acting.

He gets no fun out of indoor games, and his favorite breakfast consists of coffee, toast, scrambled eggs and bacon.

He dislikes giving parties or having a lot of people around him. His wife owns two race horses, and he often experienced stage fright in his theater days.

The subject of history interested him the most at school.

He likes Hawaiian music, and has no preference among restaurants of various nationalities.

He has considerable doubt regarding the cultural contribution of the radio.

He likes playing polo with his wife, who plays even better than he does.

He does not like picnicking.

He has no hope that the world will ever, at some remote date, become wholly democratic.

He is especially fond of chocolate ice cream.

He thinks Hollywood's policy of avoiding controversial subjects a good one. He never goes in for winter sports.

He likes artichokes and candy, and never whistles.

He is constantly postponing writing letters.

He dislikes intensely wearing dress clothes.

THE star of "Boys Town" is not impulsive, he has never had a nickname, and he shaves with a safety razor. He and his wife never discuss politics.

He devoured fairy tales as a boy, and he considers his earliest screen appearances as his worst.

He was in the third year at high school when he tried to enlist in the marines during the World War. His lie about his age—seventeen—found him out and eventually he found himself in the navy.

He does not like kidney pie, and he

had no outstanding athletic accomplishments at school.

He has been cited for more awards and honors than any other male actor on the screen. He does not like cats.

His favorite American author is Mark Twain.

He does not mind dining alone.

He values most the debating experience he got in college which gave him his confidence and ease in front of an audience.

He is very punctual.

He does not indulge in any kind of alcoholic drink, whether mild or strong. He likes potted flowers around his home.

He is easily depressed.

He is fond of Swiss cheese.

THE man who stole "San Francisco" right from under the eyes of Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald has no aversion to eating at drugstore counters. He never wears a boutonniere.

He likes everything about his work and about Hollywood.

He seldom catches cold and is never bothered by dizzy heights. His wife was an actress from the legitimate stage. He is not gregarious.

His first professional job was at fifteen dollars a week in "R.U.R.," a Theater Guild production.

He gets genuine pleasure out of the opera, though he attends it infrequently. He has a good knowledge of the works of Jack London.

He enjoys driving with the radio on.

He is not difficult to borrow money from.

He never goes to baseball games, wrestling matches or prize fights. He is not particularly fond of listening to any one singer.

He takes advice easily, and has never read anything written by Karl Marx. He is a good conversationalist.

He has always wanted to be an actor, and he does not like an open fireplace in his bedroom. He likes air travel.

He has been most impressed of recent years by the book, "The Yearling," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

He does not like to dance.

He does not like playing cards with women. He has never been in Europe.

He welcomes advice, and is not especially impressed by any contemporary figure. He never bets on games.

He attended various grammar schools and finally won a diploma from St. Rosa's, a parochial institution.

He is fond of clams and lobster, and he gets no kick out of autograph hounds. He rarely eats before retiring.

He has no plans for anything of major interest when he eventually retires. He does not like hunting.

He has never seen a World's Series game.

He'd rather play polo than do most anything, and he stays away from his own previews.

He is not easily deceived by people, and he has grave doubts whether happiness can be achieved without money.

He is not given much to political or philosophical argumentation. He would rather travel in South and Central America, if he could not play polo.

He never gets headaches, takes good care of his personal effects, and is one of few screen stars who has gone bathing in midwinter in California.

His wife will never stop being annoyed by his six-thirty rising every morning.

He makes no pretensions, and wants nothing so much as to be let alone.

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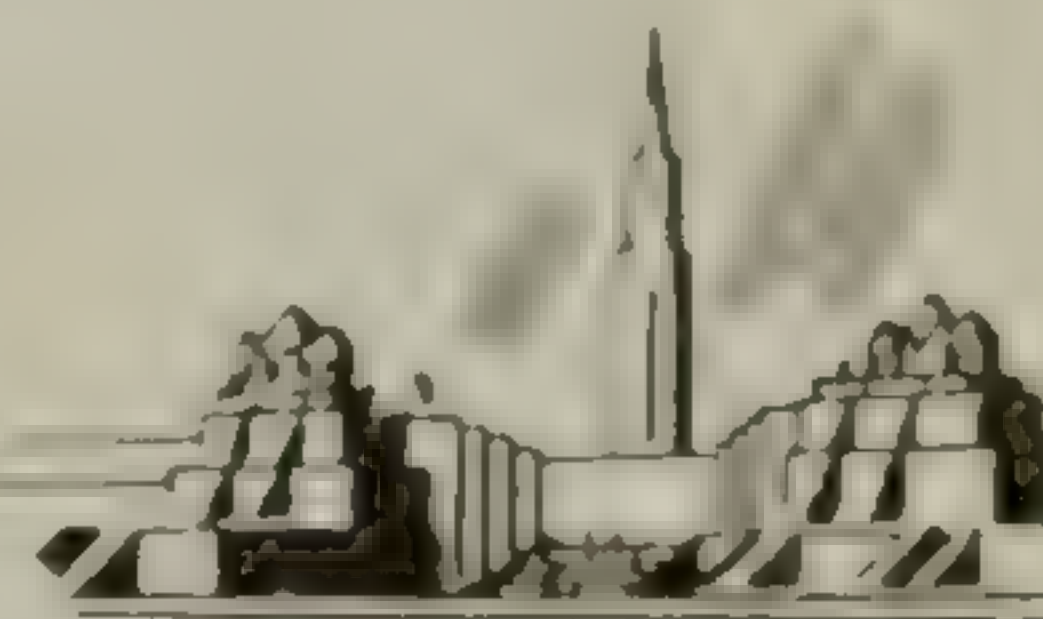
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says: "One doesn't need a highly developed sense of values to know that a Chicago to California trip on the Challenger at \$39.50 is a real buy. One just couldn't do any better."

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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Lady Clown

(Continued from page 25)

asked. "Yes, get me that hat," Joan said.

"Hat? You mean my friend's hat?"

"Yes, her hat. I've simply got to own that little cherry-trimmed number and I don't care how you get it for me."

When I left, the two of them were planning to threaten the unsuspecting acquaintance with deliberately contributing to Joan's sudden demise if she didn't give up her hat.

I saw Joan again a week or two later, at her home. Very slowly she was being assisted from her cot in the garden to her crutches for her long painful trek into the house. With back bent over and legs wobbly, she crept along, in nightgown and dressing gown, but if you think the coveted cherry-covered hat wasn't sitting right on top of her head while she tottered, you're plain nutty.

Now for a secret! The fact that so far pictures have failed to catch the piquant comedy that is Joan's is not half the blow to Joan as is the fact that the camera has failed utterly to catch her fair good looks. That is the thing that really has her down.

"I don't get it," she sighs. "Unless my mirror lies to me, I'm not bad looking. But let me get one look at that face on the screen and I'm sick for a week."

Her good looks (that so please her vanity, bless her heart!) are mainly a matter of coloring. The life in her auburn hair and blue eyes, the radiating animation of her whole being are dimmed and lost on the screen. It's the one and only thorn in the heart of the funniest woman on the screen.

MEN like Joan Davis; in fact, I've yet to meet the man who doesn't think she's the swellest dame alive. When many another star in the studio commissary may be dining alone, Joan is literally surrounded with directors, actors, writers, producers and they never leave off howling, from the tomato juice cocktail to the cheesecake dessert.

I prowled around among her male friends to find out why they prefer Joan D. to Tootsie Beautiful at the next table and I found out several things. First, she has a way of making the most trivial episode a howling event; and secondly, she has a gift for topping any story with a finishing line that can cause masculine guffaws to be let loose from the depths of abdomens with a blast the like of which you've never heard.

Men like to laugh. They remember a good laugh long after they've forgotten a kiss. And there are so few women to make them laugh in Hollywood, so many to kiss.

Contrary to the general belief that professional comics are moody souls in search of mildewed doldrums in which to wallow up to the breastbone, Joan is not serious minded. She is a woman who gets a great kick out of life and, by sheerest accident, has a funny way of saying and doing things that sets her apart. Oddly enough, although her entire life from small childhood on has been spent in the theater, she is the least theatrical person in Hollywood. The same simple things that amuse and please women from Bangor to Portland, please and amuse Joan Davis.

Her lemon pies are simply terrific. Only her close family, however, know of the lemon-pie side of heel-sliding Joan. It's just that she doesn't think it an accomplishment. According to Joan, most every woman is a good cook and

Joan Davis is most every woman.

Shortly after she married Si Wills, her vaudeville partner, he decided they should go out for an Italian dinner.

"Stay home, dear, and I'll cook you an Italian dinner," she suggested.

He merely gave her a look ripe with what he thought of her as an Italian dinner cook, or any kind of a cook. Nevertheless, Joan went ahead with her dinner and finally Si laid aside his paper and said, "Come on. We'll go down to Tony's."

"But look," Joan insisted, "it's on the table."

"I'm sorry," Si insisted, "but I like my Italian dinners Italian. I—" he paused as a meat ball whiff went sailing by his nose. "I—" he began again and paused. Odors of rare sauces nonchalantly sailed by, rendering him speechless. Joan paid no heed but went on bringing in the spaghetti and the raviolis. Si edged over to the table and took one look before sinking into his chair with a sigh of utter satisfaction.

From that day on, he never questioned his wife's culinary ability.

JOAN lives in a powder-blue mosque on Beverly Hills Avenue, far up in the canyon. The rounded dome, the kind that usually rears itself into Syrian skylines, is beginning to peel. Who cares? Certainly not the Si Wills family. Haven't they got a swell empty Campbell's soup can stuck on a tree stump on the hillside behind the house for a target? And haven't they got an orange tree, lemon tree, lime tree, and one of every other kind of fruit tree? And haven't they a badminton court and an unbelievable sofa cushion, knitted by Joan's own hands? And, for that matter, haven't they got a little girl that—well, now, speaking of little girls, I ask you.

Beverly is six, and, if possible, twice as comical as her mother. Her rendition of the story, "The Pig that Wouldn't Jump Over the Sty" must be heard to be believed.

At a wedding recently, Beverly, her two ears protruding between her thin curls, was flower girl. Something about her, as she tossed the rose leaves in handfuls everywhere but in the aisles, caught and tickled the fancy of the audience.

I'm telling you by the time the bride reached the altar the audience was leaning on each other, crying for mercy. The child is just that funny.

She'll say, without a breath in between:

"I'm Beverly Wills.
of Beverly Hills
I live on Beverly Drive
My mama's name is Joan
And my papa's name is Si."

At a recent church entertainment, Beverly spoke her piece from the platform and then, pausing on her way to her seat, turned to the audience and demanded:

"Did everyone here clap?"

Need I say she is now, after the wedding episode, behind a movie camera.

THERE is a side (yes, still another) to this Joan Davis that, again, only her close friends know. It's the "human deer" side as they call it. She earned that "human deer" tag when at school in St. Paul because she could outrun any kid in school. She can outplay (or she doesn't play at all) her friends at any

game they take up. She can outbadminton, outtennis, outswim, outcook the best of them.

"She's the only woman whose money I can cheerfully take after a card game," a director told me. "She plays a man's game, that one."

"Happy Hooligan" her friends call her as she goes about, singing her favorite, "I'm Confessing That I Love you."

"Man, there's a song," she'll say, and then she's off again on the "I'm Confessing" business.

SEVERAL stars were discussing Joan, trying to remember if they had even once seen her in any one of Hollywood's many night spots.

They never had. But if they could see her, just once, inside the Davis mosque, they'd pay big money to get in.

It's there that Joan puts on her best show. All her old vaudeville stunts—the stuttering song, the heel sliding, the blinking eyes—are brought out for Si and Beverly and friends of vaudeville days to laugh over. And then Si, who is a great aid to Joan in her screen comedy, will do his turn and finally Beverly will do her imitation of mama and dad.

Oh, yes, nights in this Bagdad shack in Beverly Canyon are really something.

The sun will be shining of a morning and Joan will emerge from the side door to the lemon tree in the front yard.

"Move over, caterpillar," she'll caution an insect in the grass, "we're going to have lemon pie tonight." Plucking off a lemon, she'll disappear back into the house and soon there will be a beating and a stirring in the kitchen; result, lemon pie for dinner.

"Let's go to California for our baby's birth," Si suggested and in no time at all they were on the boat through the canal.

"Yes, and Joan won all the high diving contests on the boat while I sat back and felt maybe it was I having the baby, after all," Si says, casting accusing yet loving looks in Joan's direction.

Of course, the hour of the baby's arrival came when no one was near. Nothing daunted, Joan backed out the old car, gathered herself and her pain inside and was off for the hospital, bumping along for dear life.

"Here," yelled one indignant driver who got in her way, "I have the right of way."

"Yeah," Joan called back to the road hog, "but you can't have what I'm going to have."

Joan's never satisfied with her work. Can't bear to go to previews for fear audiences won't laugh at her. And is, of course, heartbroken over the way her face comes out.

She's a sleepyhead when not working and can easily sleep fourteen hours a stretch.

Unless it's Sunday. On Sunday she's up bright and early and, dressed in her best (usually the classy hat with the cherries), she's off to church. With her goes Si and little Beverly. And the little Wills family will bow their heads in worship and it's then, with the sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows, that the brilliance of her hair and eyes shine in the reflected light.

Yes, it's then, at worship, Joan Davis is really grand to see.

Blonde Beauty Grows Up

(Continued from page 34)

blocks away) . . . with hardly a thought of California.

The trip, first planned as just a regular vacation jaunt, turned into an extended stay. Two years, three, then . . . (during the War) a few public appearances passing out programs at Red Cross social functions midst Beverly Hills' palm trees.

First thoughts of a new name cropped up then in this new, exciting atmosphere. A numerologist did the final trick and Jane Alice Peters passed out of the picture.

"Long Shot" MacMurray

(Continued from page 21)

name I cannot spell, and they live on a couple of acres with a swimming pool and tennis court and shooting gallery and a neat, white house with Early American furniture. He loved this girl before he knew where he was headed and the minute he had a few bucks in the bank, he married her. She was stricken with appendicitis shortly after and when they got through fooling around with her, you could have bought her chances for a nickel.

But now she's well and that part of Fred's life is at ease. For the rest, he likes a few good friends and hunting and fishing. He has hunted little more than a year, but he is an excellent shot.

I took him on his first hunting trip, in Northern California. This was for the opening of the dove season and I had him on edge many days before the trip. But the day we started north he was thoughtful and had none of the true hunter's enthusiasm.

"What's the matter?" I asked, after I had driven twenty miles listening to myself talk.

"Lillian's doctor was over when I left," he said.

"She's all right, isn't she?"

"Oh, sure."

"Then what?"

"He's a vegetarian," said Fred.

This annoyed me. "All right, he's a vegetarian," I said. "So we can come back and eat our doves while he nibbles at his carrots."

"That's not all," said Fred. "He's not only a vegetarian—he raises doves as

The next years, during the grooming grind, Carole went through the standard process of building up that new moniker. Drilling the final "e" into her public and doing many strange stunts to attract attention as a high-powered sex exponent. Suddenly, the screwball era fell into her lap . . . and Carole just as suddenly found this release, as the ripe moment actually to be herself. And after all these years, too.

She'll trade you those slacks for her new Banton concoction. Really, she's always been a corking good sport!

pets. And I told him I was going dove hunting."

That was bad. "What did he say?" I asked.

"I'd rather not tell you," said Fred. "I don't want to spoil your shoot."

"You can't spoil my shoot," I said.

"Not even when I tell you the part about when you kill one dove—and its mate finally dies of sadness?"

I gulped. Fred rubbed his eyes. "The doctor said they're the most beautiful and gentle birds in the world. They borrow just enough grain from the farmer to fill their little craws and they wouldn't harm a living thing."

"Don't let him kid you," I said, after a moment. "Don't ever listen to a vegetarian. Doves are mean. They eat the farmer's grain and he has to mortgage the farm and then he loses it. They pick out children's eyes. I wouldn't trust a dove any farther than I could throw Mount Whitney."

Fred thought a while and then he got himself into the spirit. "That's right," he said. "And they fly into windshields of automobiles and the glass breaks and gets into people's eyes."

"Now you're talking," I said.

THE next day we hunted and Fred picked up his first dove. He stroked its feathers.

"It's sure pretty," he said slowly. "It wouldn't harm a living thing." "Remember that grain," I said quickly. "Remember those kids' eyes and those windshields."

"That's right," said Fred, getting himself back into the mood.

Fred took his doves home, half proud and half ashamed. His wife looked at the doves and then at him. She wouldn't eat them, but Fred secretly nibbled at one. Quickly he ate two more. Then his wife nibbled.

They have a new doctor now. He is not a vegetarian. Honestly! He is a young man who earned his way through medical school trapping animals.

Fred's income has increased in startling leaps. Wisely, he has entrusted his business life to a competent manager and so he does not see the money he earns. Each week he receives a check for forty dollars for personal expenditures. I have been with him when as many as ten of these checks have nestled in his wallet.

The last time this happened I looked at the checks and scratched my head.

"Can't you even spend forty dollars a week on yourself?" I asked.

"Of course I can," said Fred, "but who's going to buy my wife's Christmas present?"

What can you say to a guy like that?



From Des Moines, Iowa, by way of the stage, Joy Hodges reached Universal where she is playing in "The Family Next Door"

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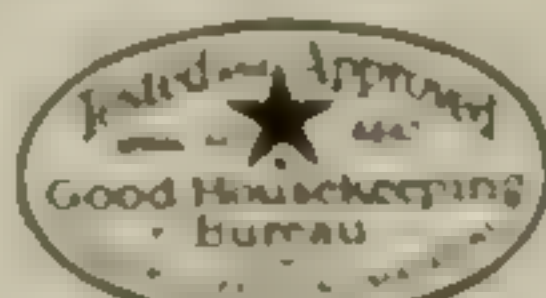
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BARBO combed into the hair imparts a soft, lustrous, natural-looking color to gray, faded, streaked hair. It is easy to use; does not wash out or rub off; will not color the scalp or affect permanents or waves; is not sticky or greasy. Used with satisfaction for over 25 years by blonds and brunettes. Try the economical BARBO recipe today.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN— Universal

THE new W. C. Fields-Bergen and McCarthy feature is pretty funny, although what it gives in comedy is balanced by weakness in story and production. There seems to be no end to the gags the team can evolve from any situation; wherefore to those who are interested in laughter and don't care a hang why they laugh, this is a Must. Fields plays the boss of a down-at-the-heels circus and carries the piece along with his typical humor. Edgar Bergen has added the Mortimer Snerd dummy to Charlie but, although the stuff is good, you may find you expected more in the way of ventriloquism.

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND— 20th Century-Fox

WARNER BAXTER needed a good picture and he has it in this—a blend of comedy, burlesque, music and a certain amount of drama. In James Cain's story, Baxter is a contractor who has married socialite Loretta Young. She and her mother, Helen Westley, both have a yen to be singers, which causes domestic friction. Warner meets a famous opera star, played by Binnie Barnes. Binnie tells him it is he who has a great voice and asks him to go on a tour with her. His business is shot and so he goes, for the money. Meanwhile, Loretta flops miserably in her own try at a career. You can imagine the climax, when she finds out what her husband has been doing. Baxter digs out every bit of his famous charm; Miss Young is quite beautiful; and the rest of the cast deliver well. Gregory Ratoff directed.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN —M-G-M

IT'S a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood, "Huckleberry Finn," should have received such unhappy treatment from Hollywood. Especially since Mickey Rooney is starred; he is given almost no chance to display his superlative talent and none of the spirit of the story is caught for the celluloid. What liberties have been taken with the original yarn are excusable but nothing else about the picture is. If you loved *Huckleberry*, and if you are a Rooney fan, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around.

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

THE Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost in this rôle. He plays a newspaper reporter who helps out a pal when murder is done. The story is well-knit, there is comedy and action and suspense; but these things can be said of many inexpensive little pictures. It is somehow a sad thing to watch Dix dashing around in such a piece—particularly if you are getting sick and tired of the newspaper-reporter-versus-the-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs.

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

YOU still can't expect too much histrionic talent from Tony Martin—he's a singer anyway—but he isn't bad in this. Cast as a fighter whose name has been built up in fixed battles, he carries the

fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves because Henry is treasurer for the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on him. Armetta lifts the little film to better than average levels and you will find it adequate as something to sit through while awaiting the other feature. Gloria Stuart is romantic interest.

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

REALLY, the publicity convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately!—it's still a moot point whether messages about social reform constitute entertainment people will pay to see. Especially when the presentation is dull. This one will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're obviously bored with what they are asked to do.

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

"THE THIN MAN" started a vogue in murder mysteries which will probably go on for years. Here's another fashionable little number, with Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell playing the Powell-Loy rôles. The sudden-death this time happens in the huge home of a millionaire who collects rare books; Bob and Rosalind are among the suspects but work like beavers to show up the guilty party. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you can select whodunit, even at the beginning.

LET US LIVE—Columbia

WHEN you read the story of a murder trial you invariably think: "This could never happen to me." But it might, even if you are innocent of any crime. For the vicarious experience, see this emotionally exhausting film in which Henry Fonda, innocent bystander, is picked up by the police, identified by hysterical witnesses, and convicted. It is an indictment of one phase of social justice. Maureen O'Sullivan plays the girl who sees Fonda through his trouble; he does a splendid job of portraying an ordinary mortal who gradually goes to pieces under the strain of a seemingly malignant fate.

THE LADY AND THE MOB—Columbia

WHILE it seems a little strange that Columbia has given Academy Winner Fay Bainter this rôle in a semihumorous story in which the plot often passes the bounds of credulity, still, as the Academy voters knew, Miss Bainter is equal to anything. She manages to play Mrs. Leonard, a rich eccentric who owns the town bank, with a light yet dignified touch and really makes you believe in her brand of Americanism which is that a fearless citizen prefers death to bondage.

Finding, for one thing, that her cleaning bills are mounting, she discovers that big-time racketeers have moved in and, with customary highhandedness, she determines to clean them out when the mayor refuses responsibility. She hires a band of mugs and supervises their activities, even to the extent of practically manning their machine guns! She finds herself in some pretty tough situations, but accomplishes her aims with surprising results.

Lee Bowman, who plays Fay's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a mild romantic interest.

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 70)

many dresses and, strangely enough, will frequently be teamed with net in the late afternoon.

Jewelry is heavy and has a somewhat Oriental feeling. It belongs at the top of the silhouette this year—that is, at neck and ears. Those short haircuts won't hold many heavy ornaments. Bette Davis will doubtless put some jewelry ideas across in her costume picture, "Juarez." Portraying the Empress Carlotta of Mexico, she wears such gorgeous pieces as a brooch bearing the hand-painted miniature of her screen husband, epaulets and aiguillettes made of dull gold chains and an earring and necklace set composed of various shades of topaz and gold.

Only girls under twenty have a right to get excited about schoolgirl and "baby" clothes, according to Orry-Kelly. These are most unbecoming to mature women. He still winces when he recalls the little hair bows that too often graced silvered bobs a few seasons ago and prefers to see the John Held, Jr. girls on paper rather than in public.

Frilly sports clothes also leave the Warner Brothers designer cold. He looks upon them as impractical for active sports wear, believing comfort should come before chic in this case. The only women who should wear them are those who simply must have a ruffle in their lives. At least, it is better to put the frill on an informal sports costume than an ensemble which should at all times be endowed with dignity, says he.

FOR Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," Orry-Kelly has done both active and spectator sports clothes which reflect his love of the simple. One tailored frock of pin-striped aqua sheer wool is without trim except for front buttons. It is teamed with a dusty pink cashmere sweater and a matching suede beanie. Another outfit combines a featherweight suede lumber jacket of soft beige, styled with zipper front closing and quilted pocket, with a matching flannel skirt.

Lightweight suédés are set for a greater vogue than ever since a successful means of cleaning them has been worked out.

Sheer wools will carry on through the summer. They are so loosely woven they are actually as cool as cotton or silk and are more practical because many are almost wrinkleproof. With

everyone making plans for a World's Fair trip, sheer wool is a travel thought. High shades, neutrals and chalky tones will be of equal value from a style viewpoint.

The important silks in the sports picture will be the tubable ones. Here is where prints, stripes and checks will thrive. Checks especially—from the scarcely discernible pin types to the bold kitchen tablecloth squares, will be seen wherever outdoorsy people gather.

Cotton will appear in numerous guises and will be popular enough to make all the South rejoice. Fine-waled piqués go into hats, gloves and jackets. Gypsy-printed percales make clever blouses. Muslins and gingham are good for shorts, shirts and dresses. Checked and plaid gingham have been out of fashion long enough to intrigue the younger generation this summer.

When it comes to the sports silhouette, there is nothing like a razzle-dazzle or a pleated skirt. "Razzle-dazzle" is Hollywood's term for the exaggerated circular which is actually adapted from the skating-skirt silhouette. It is flattering and youthful without being girlish. Priscilla Lane introduces the style done up in pink muslin for "Family Reunion" and is already featuring it in other materials for her personal wardrobe.

Pleats are not exciting news, but they are a good old casual stand-by. Unpressed and box pleats evidence the most promise in skirts, but the knife variety, stitched down in yoke and waistline sections, rate in the all-over pleated dresses. Vertical tucks continue in their simulation of pleats.

Startling color combinations, such as lime and violet, chartreuse and plum, yellow and stratosphere blue, are due to show up in play clothes, but Orry-Kelly feels there is nothing so striking against a coppery tan as pure, crisp white. Of course, girls who manage to preserve a pink and white skin throughout the summer will enjoy accenting it with the high shades.

As far as the styling of play clothes is concerned, there can be little change because those preferred by Southern Californians have already reached what must be the tops in comfort and chic.

Our best fashion advice from Hollywood is to keep an eye on that Orry-Kelly-Bette Davis combination. It's out to make fashion history.

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie

(Continued from page 22)

Empress Eugenie, Gilbert Roland as Maximilian's aide-de-camp, Donald Crisp as Commander of the French armies in Mexico and Joseph Calleia as Uradi, vice-president under Juarez.

Hal Wallis delegates each picture to two men—an associate producer and a director. The associate producer has complete charge of all details of the production, from story to preview. He also keeps a careful check on the budget. The director comes in when the story is written. From that time on he shapes the production as he visualizes it. Producer Henry Blanke and Director William Dieterle, the two men chosen to watch over "Juarez," were an ideal combination. Together they have made such outstanding films as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and "The

Life of Emile Zola."

"In order to get an even closer perspective on the story," Hal Wallis continued, "Paul Muni, William Dieterle, Henry Blanke and I drove down into Mexico and met the Government officials. We discussed the story with them and they seemed to be quite pleased with it. We visited many of the historical places where our characters had been. We spent days in museums and libraries. We talked to the living descendants of Juarez and we took hundreds of photographs which were used in designing the sets."

The next office to be visited was that of Producer Henry Blanke. It was filled with books and classical sculpture, for Blanke is a man of culture and contagious enthusiasm. He is very enthusiastic about "Juarez."



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"We have the same director, the same cameraman, the same art director and the same crew as in 'Pasteur' and 'Zola,'" he said. "And, since picture making is a matter of co-operation and the four of us were used to working together, it was a happy combination.

"In 'Juarez,' we had an interesting story to tell—two stories, really—the tragic love story of Carlotta and Maximilian and the dramatic story of Juarez' struggle to free the Mexican people. Juarez and Lincoln had many similarities. Both were poor and self-educated. Both were lawyers. Both fought to free the people.

"It's interesting that Maximilian and Juarez never met in history, nor do they in our story. Maximilian wanted very much to meet Juarez, he even offered him the office of prime minister, but it was part of the character of Juarez to refuse to meet Maximilian. He knew that one word would always stand between them—democracy.

"The story 'Juarez' tells is very close to what's happening in Europe today. Napoleon the third, with his ninety-nine percent plebeite and exploitation of a struggling people, is typical of any present-day dictator.

"In choosing script writers," Henry Blanke continued, "you consider who's best for the story and who's available. We had an unusual group of writers: Aeneas McKenzie and the sons of two famous men—Wolfgang Reinhardt, son of Max Reinhardt, and John Huston, son of Walter Huston. Later, Abem Finkel, who has written many scripts for Paul Muni, came into work on the Juarez part of the script.

"After the writers and the major casting were set, we had one of those idealistic budget meetings—idealistic because you always have to sacrifice certain things. You think you're going to get three million dollars for the picture and they tell you you're going to get a million and a half. But, as a matter of fact, I don't think the quality of this picture suffered from the budget cut. If anything, it gained."

MY next port of call was the Writers' Building and a chat with Scottish Aeneas McKenzie. His office was decorated with pictures of Scotch cavalry in brilliant red uniforms. McKenzie himself is commander of a Scotch cavalry unit in the British army.

"'Juarez' was different from other types of movie stories," he told me. "When you write an original, you yourself create your characters and they behave as you want them to. But here, we had to stick to the facts. I don't believe historical pictures are interesting if you don't stick to the facts. We took only permissible liberties.

"After a year of reading about the background in French, German and Spanish, we—Reinhardt and myself—wrote what is called a 'treatment.' It was two hundred and forty pages, outlining the story and some of the dialogue. Of course, it was too long. Then Johnny Huston came in. He's wonderful at doing dialogue."

It seemed amazing to me that these three people of such completely different temperaments—McKenzie, a Scotch monarchist, Reinhardt, a scientific Austrian, and Huston, an American Republican—could get along together.

"But we did," McKenzie assured me vehemently, "and we all agreed very clearly on what we wanted to say. There were many stories we could have written out of the material, but we were agreed on finding a viewpoint which would have a bearing on the lives and experiences of audiences today.

"We practically lived at each other's houses. We used to argue until five

o'clock in the morning. We discussed every word and every sentence.

"Johnny, being an actor, would walk up and down, improvising dialogue with gestures. Many times we were stuck. We couldn't seem to get a scene right. Then Reinhardt would take out a little portable chess set and work out a difficult problem. After that, we could often find a solution. Henry Blanke worked with us all the way through. He'd come in as a fresh mind and he was a great help. Often he'd get so excited that tears would come to his eyes."

Five months later, the temporary script was finished and it was then that William Dieterle, the director, came in on the conferences; and Abem Finkel came to work on the script.

"Paul Muni sometimes listened in," said Finkel. "He could tell what was wrong with a scene and by acting it out he would stimulate us to get it right. He felt that the character of Juarez should be warmer and more human. You see, Juarez was a man who spoke very little. It was difficult to dramatize him in long scenes. Muni felt that Juarez should have someone to talk to—so that the audience could see the way his mind worked. He suggested bringing in the character of Juan, his coachman-servant and confidant. Juan became the symbol of the simple Mexican peon."

THE scene of my next visit was a small room packed with books from ceiling to floor. There sat Dr. Herman Lissauer, head of the studio research department. In front of his desk lay five fat black portfolios.

"These are our research bibles on 'Juarez,'" he explained. "It took us a year to collect the material for them. We photostated documents and letters of the time; we gathered pictures of places and people. There are people living in Los Angeles today who remember Maximilian and Juarez. Eighty percent of our characters have been photographed. We have to be accurate. There isn't a mistake made in a picture that somebody doesn't catch. It was the task of this department to re-create the period in every detail—in France, in Austria and in Mexico.

"It's the first Mexican picture we've ever done. We had to steep ourselves in a new mentality and we've gained



"Ginny" Bruce and her spouse, J. Walter Ruben, were among the droves who turned out for the special preview of "The Little Princess"

a healthy respect for the Mexican people. We rented a library of over three hundred books from a man who had specialized in Mexican history. We borrowed the library of the former president of Mexico.

"Besides, we had to discover the peculiarities of all our characters. We found that Maximilian nearly always had a big black cigar in his mouth, that he only slept in an army cot, that he never permitted his signature to be blotted. We found that Carlotta was proud of her hair and liked to wear it down, that Napoleon the Third always smoked tubular cigarettes, that Juarez always wore a black frock coat and celluloid collar and that he kept a copy of every letter he ever wrote. We had to find Mexican songs for the music department, pictures of medical instruments, Indian papooses and buzzards in flight for the property department. We had to do everything in advance so as not to hold up production. It was the biggest research job we've ever done!"

SO, with a temporary script and Dr. Lissauer's research bibles, Anton Grot, the art director, set to work. There were hundreds of charcoal sketches stacked against the wall of his office. They were worthy of an exhibition.

"I used the photographs from research as a basis for my own compositions," Anton Grot said. "Here is a photograph of the castle of Chapultepec where Maximilian and Carlotta lived in Mexico. It was mid-Victorian in the worst possible taste. It looks just like a European railroad station. That's why I have to use my own judgment about the sets."

There was a little fiberboard model of Chapultepec beside the sketches. Attached to it was a small black object, hollow at both ends.

"That," he explained, "is the camera finder. You see, after the director and producer have okayed the sketches, we build these little models to scale so that they, director and producer, can visualize the action. They look through the finder to see what the camera will see. In designing a set, you don't build more than the camera can actually use. It's important for your budget, too."

Upstairs, the entire floor of the drafting room was covered with little models. One took up almost the entire room. It was thirty feet square.

"That set is a model of the thirty-six units of Mexican streets, huts, prisons, palaces and cathedrals which were built on location at Calabasas, thirty miles from the studio."

It was an amazing piece of work. There were little branches for trees, real glass in the windows and even little cardboard actors. And there were models for fifty sets!

"Whether we're building the throne room of Napoleon's palace in the Tuileries or the simplest Mexican adobe hut, everything must be drawn to scale. From these little models twenty draftsmen make blueprints for the construction department. Even painted backings of houses or panoramas seen through windows must be drawn to scale for the scenic department.

"To make our sets even more authentic, stone masons and plasterers 'lifted the faces' of old California missions. They made plaster casts of the surfaces of the old walls. They used these casts on the set walls and the scenic department aged them with shellac and water color. This process is known as 'texturing.'"

WHILE the script was being written and the sets planned, Steve Trilling, casting director, was busy filling the imposing list of speaking parts.

"Casting isn't a one-man job," he told

me. "The producer and director and myself got together and discussed the parts. A casting director has to know an actor's capabilities, what he's done last and whether or not he will be available. It's a question of sorting out all ideas until you get something concrete.

"Casting 'Juarez' was a difficult job. We spent more time on this than on any other picture. We had to find actors of acting caliber equal to that of Bette Davis and Paul Muni and actors who would look like the characters. We had luck with some of the parts—Claude Rains looked so much like Napoleon the Third we didn't have to test him. Brian Aherne looked very much like Maximilian. Funny thing, at a party some time ago, Aherne told Blanke that he would like to play Maximilian on stage or screen. He had just come from Mexico and, on a visit to a museum, had noticed his uncanny resemblance to Maximilian. That was before we ever thought of making 'Juarez.' Aherne had his wish.

"Averaging two to three tests for each character, we made tests in the wardrobe, make-up and lines of particular parts. Director Dieterle directed the tests. In that way he could tell if an actor would respond to his direction. For the extra and atmospheric parts, we used seventy-five percent of the known Spanish actors in the Hollywood 'call book' and interviewed or used all the Mexicans in Los Angeles."

BUSY at work on a costume sketch for Bette Davis, Orry-Kelly, Warners' head costume designer and the next person on my list to be interviewed, talked between deft pencil strokes.

"Carlotta had exceptional taste for her time," he said. "She dressed as simply as well-dressed women do today.

"All of the fourteen dresses that Bette Davis wears in 'Juarez' are simple and very regal. We used beautiful materials brought over from French looms—heavy moirés and taffetas. They don't make those materials here because people don't buy them. Only one dress—that used for the coronation scene—was fussy. It was white satin, beaded with tiny pearls.

"Jewels, so important to the costumes of the times, were brought from Europe and from Mexico City. We used a different set for each costume—earrings, bracelets and necklace to match. One was made of gold and blue enamel with little seed pearls and rubies; another, a lovely flexible rhinestone tiara made of hundreds of flowers. Already, jewelers have begun to copy them.

"We discussed the costume sketches with Bette, Dieterle and Blanke. Bette was thrilled with them. Dieterle suggested that, for the scenes in which she goes mad, her costumes range in color from a cobwebby grey chiffon through darker greys to black. It will be interesting to see how many people will notice the effect on the screen.

"After the sketches are discussed, the costumes are made on padded muslin models made to the exact measurements of the stars. This procedure saves many fittings. Usually, on an important picture, we make camera tests of the costumes. But everyone was so satisfied with these that we only tested about half of them.

"The intelligence of Bette Davis was a great help to me in designing her cos-

tumes, for her first thought is always to be realistic. She doesn't start out to cheat the period by adding a soft touch here and there. Most actresses won't make sacrifices for their parts. In one scene, Bette wore a white lace mantilla which was so heavy it almost broke her neck. Half a dozen stars wouldn't have worn it.

"Bette reminds me very much of Ethel Barrymore, for whom I have also designed clothes. I remember when everyone was wearing long trailing skirts which dragged in the mud, Ethel Barrymore insisted on having hers cut off, ankle-length. There's a great similarity between the two actresses. They're both sensible. That's what makes them great."

"**S**OMEBODY has to keep track of the business end of this picture business, too," said Al Alleborn, unit production or business manager, when we poked our curious nose in at his office on our final visit for the month. "As soon as we get a temporary script, the assistant director and I break it down. That means we go through it, group all the exteriors and interiors together and make a brief résumé of the action in each group. We figure out how many pages of script take place on each set and then divide this by the number of shooting days allowed us. Ordinarily, a shooting schedule takes twenty-eight days, but, in a big production like this one, we were allowed ten weeks.

"You know, of course, that we never shoot a script in continuity because it would be too expensive to keep all the sets standing and all the players on salary throughout the picture. With an expensive cast like this one, we tried to finish with our players quickly.

"We had to plan all the Maximilian scenes for the beginning of the schedule because Brian Aherne was scheduled to go into another picture several weeks later. After we made out the wardrobe plot, listing all costume changes for the characters and the properties, our breakdown was complete and we sat down with the director and went over the entire picture with him. The next step was the budget meeting, of which Mr. Blanke has spoken. This is when all the departments gather in a large room and give their estimates.

"Let me give you an idea of the estimates of various departments. Of the total budget on 'Juarez' of a million and a half to a million and three-quarter dollars, sets will probably cost 12½%; extras and cast 14%; wardrobe and wigs 2½% (Brian Aherne's beard and the bleaching of his hair alone cost \$300); the orchestra and musical scoring 2½% and props and set-dressing 1½%. Of course, the total estimated budget will include such items as the cost of film and its developing and printing, transportation of cast and crew to location, and studio overhead."

With the budget settled, all the departments get busy and make their requisitions. The production manager acts like a policeman on his beat—he has to keep reporting to the production office to let that office know what is required. Now sets are built and painted, costumes made and fitted, properties assembled. The actors prepare for their rôles with make-up tests, the script is finished and everything prepared for the final day when the director gives the word "Go!" and the cameras start to turn.

The next article will tell you how Bette Davis, Paul Muni and the other actors prepared for their rôles and will describe their intricate make-up. It will also discuss how Director William Dieterle and Toni Gaudio, the cameraman, work and will describe a day on location with hundreds of extras. Watch for this article in June PHOTOPLAY.



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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

him questions. We listened attentively to what he had to say. We invited him to sing a couple of songs and applauded them roudly.

During all of this, Daisy stood by quietly and unobtrusively, but when Larry's performance was over, she took matters into her own paws, so to speak. Was Larry to steal all the limelight? Not while Daisy possessed a good bag of tricks!

Tripping composedly to the center of the room, she paused an instant to make sure we noticed her. Then she began a performance of her own. First she sat up and "spoke." Then she walked, upright, over to a chair where she said her prayers. Next she rolled over and played dead. Next, as if deliberately arranging a climax, she stood on her hind legs and danced. And then, dropping to all fours, she looked at us challengingly, and barked.

"Woof! How did you like it?"

We assured her we liked it fine and left wishing that we, and not Rennie Renfro, Hollywood dog-trainer and owner of the already famous Asta, had bought her in a pet shop for \$4.

Predicament

CHARLIE FARRELL, who is staging such a fine comeback in pictures, is in one of those don't-know-whether-to-laugh-or-drop-dead predicaments. It seems while in Europe a year or two ago, Farrell met Rob Barton, a young English chap who longed with all his soul for Hollywood and an acting career.

"Well, why don't you try it?" Farrell suggested.

"Can't. Too stony broke," was the answer.

When Farrell offered to advance the money on a chance of the lad's winning a place in pictures, the Englishman refused.

"No thanks, old chap, awfully, but I'll have to go it on my own," he told Charlie, who moved on to other ports and promptly forgot his brief acquaintance with Barton.

Last week Charlie received a letter.

"I'm coming to Hollywood at last, old chap," the letter read. "I've just come into my money and title, Lord George Campbell Grant." The letter was signed Rob Barton.



The top 1938 Academy "Oscars" went to Spencer Tracy for "Boys Town" and to Bette Davis for "Jezebel." Both are two time winners! Tracy sent his to Father Flanagan

Manpower

WE had a visit with Mervyn LeRoy, M-G-M's new producer, the other day and learned some things about picture-making and some things about himself. He has a nice, attractive but unpretentious office, with pictures of horses on the walls, a couple of lamp shades decorated with drawings of horses and a set of horse-head book ends on the desk. He loves horses, Mervyn does!

That "Mervyn" just kind of slipped out. We don't usually call Big Producers by their first names, but he

seems to be that kind of a chap . . . friendly and not at all high-hat and a swell host who makes you think he really means it when he says, "Now drop around any time." Although you know he is as busy as all get out.

Mervyn has some positive ideas about how to make pictures "click" at the box office. One of them is that there should be no such thing as a double bill. Give him a good short and an up-to-the-minute newsreel and a good feature picture and let him go home, he says.

As for what makes a good feature picture . . . well, he insists that a good picture is any one that will make an audience sit on the edge of its seat! Acting, direction, story — the whole gamut of film ingredients count only insofar as they fulfill that requirement, he insists. "A good picture always has either novelty or dynamite," he told us. He always tries for both.

As for Mervyn himself . . . we found out he is thirty-eight and wishes he were older so he wouldn't be called "boy" any more. First it was "the boy director" and now it is "the boy producer." He was born in San Francisco and when he was a kid used to sell papers at the stage door of various theaters. That was where he got his first yen for the theater business. When he was about ten, Theodore Roberts gave him his first theatrical "break." This was in "Barbara Frietchie" and Mervyn was supposed to sit up in a tree and yell, "The Yanks are coming!" for \$3 a week. The first night he fell out of the tree and made such a hit that his pay was boosted to \$5.

When the motion-picture industry began to center in Hollywood, Mervyn



Ginger Rogers and Producer Jesse Lasky were among the 1,265 guests at the banquet in the Biltmore Bowl. It was the 11th Academy dinner to be held in Hollywood



A special Award was presented to Disney for "Snow White." He was so overcome by Shirley's congratulations, he forgot to say "thank you"

went to work in the wardrobe department of the Famous Players-Lasky studio, where, surveying the business with a calculating eye, he decided he wanted to be, not an actor, although he had enjoyed real success as a vaudevillian by that time, but a director. "Seemed to me you made more money and lasted longer," he told us.

So he worked hard until he got to be a director for Lasky. Then he went to First National and, when Warner Brothers took over that studio, they inherited him with it. But he didn't like that too well on account of he was married to Doris Warner and everyone said he had it soft because he was a son-in-law. So when M-G-M offered him a producership, he snapped it up.

Samples of his wares as a Metro producer are "Dramatic School" and "Stand Up and Fight." Also, his biggest undertaking, "The Wizard of Oz," done in Technicolor, will be ready for preview one of these days. Mervyn says it will be a honey.

Fonda Coup

THE work of Henry Fonda in "Jesse James" so pleased the bosses of Twentieth Century-Fox they immediately thought of the actor for the rôle of Alexander Graham Bell's assistant in the picture of Bell's life.

"The only thing is," one of the producers said to Fonda in a conference, "I'm afraid you don't look much like a technically minded fellow. Guess you don't know much about mechanics or telephones, do you?"

Henry said nothing, but, going over to one of the telephones on the desk, he calmly turned it over, took it apart and just as quietly put it together again.

"W-what?" began the producer. Fonda grinned.

"I was trouble shooter for two years for our telephone company back home," Henry smiled, "and I even wrote a thesis on communicative systems when I was in college."

Needless to say, Henry is Alexander Graham Bell's assistant in the picture. Don Ameche, who knows nothing about telephones except to answer them, is Bell.

Small-Town Big Time

"CARVEL," U.S.A., may not be on the map, but it is becoming an increasingly real place to that group at M-G-M who, headed by Kay Van Riper (pronounced to rhyme with "ripe"), create and guide the destiny of the screen's *Hardy Family*.

"Carvel," the *Hardys'* home town, is,

Miss Van Riper tells us, a sort of composite of the respective small towns in which she and her collaborators, Carey Wilson, story editor for the *Hardy* series, Lou Ostrow, the producer, and George Seitz, the director, lived in their younger days. When they first worked out this permanent setting for the family, they drew a map of the town, naming streets and locating homes and public buildings for all time. They even had models made for the various neighborhoods they wanted for background, but, of course, as the series progressed sets were built. These are now used over and over.

Interesting, too, is the fact that the *Hardys* have a "family tree," carefully compiled so that future stories may bring in this and that relative with no fear of contradicting a previous picture.

Miss Van Riper, a quiet-spoken, exceedingly pleasant young woman who, you may remember, used to be identified with radio, told us that each *Hardy* family story is first decided upon at a story conference attended by Wilson, Ostrow, Seitz and herself. Incidentally, each subscribes to his home-town newspaper so that fresh and authentic information on small-town doings is always at hand. Then, with the general theme settled, Miss Van Riper shuts herself up in her Metro office and works out the screen play in minute detail, even mentioning that the lilacs are in bloom and that they are very fragrant, if she thinks this touch will help the director create the atmosphere she has in mind. It takes her about eight weeks to do each story.

The day we talked to her, she was



A big-drawing Power himself, Tyrone presented an "Oscar" to Fay Bainter as "the best supporting actress of 1938"—the rôle designated was in "Jezebel"

putting the finishing touches on "The Hardys Ride High," which is all about how they get a lot of money—or think they do. "The Hardys Get Spring Fever" is another in the offing and additional themes also have been selected . . . which makes it look as though the *Hardys* will be going on for some time. Not that we are sorry!

So That's What Ails Us Department:

WE of Hollywood are neither odd nor screwy. We are not even unusual. According to Dr. Leo C. Rosten, who heads the Motion Picture Research Project (gathering data for a strictly modern scientific book on Hollywood), Hollywood and its inhabitants are apace with the Gay Nineties in spending, living, thinking.

Dr. Rosten, young and pleasant, a Phi Beta Kappa, Ph.D., University of Chicago man, draws an apt parallel between the quick fortunes made and spent in banking circles during those frightfully Gay Nineties and the fantastic goings-on here.

We of Hollywood haven't gotten beyond that Gay Nineties era, thinks the young writer.

Well, old Cal isn't so sure. To begin with, we never heard of Lillian Russell's going on a diet, Chauncey Olcott's trekking out to his farm after every performance, Diamond Jim Brady's placing himself in the hands of stony-hearted business agents, or Anna Held's taking a bath in plain sunshine.

And, as far as that goes, our Floradora Sextettes, or Chorines to you, are too busy racing home nights to husbands and babies to be bothered with Stage Door Johnnies.

So where's your alibi now, Doctor?

Hollywood Sophisticated?

WE'RE laughing up our sleeve (cut in the newest spring style, of course) and here's why. On one little jaunt about this town, known all over the globe as the home of glamour, we discovered three reasons why Hollywood is probably the smallest small town at heart of any place we know, Podunkville included.

1: A neon sign, glowing and gleaming from a small shop window on the corner of Fountain and Highland Avenues (the very core of Hollywood), reads: I Ain't Mad at Nobody.

2: The much publicized Brown Derby (the Wilshire branch) with its stiffly skirted waitresses revealing shapely legs still resorts to an outside cistern, exactly

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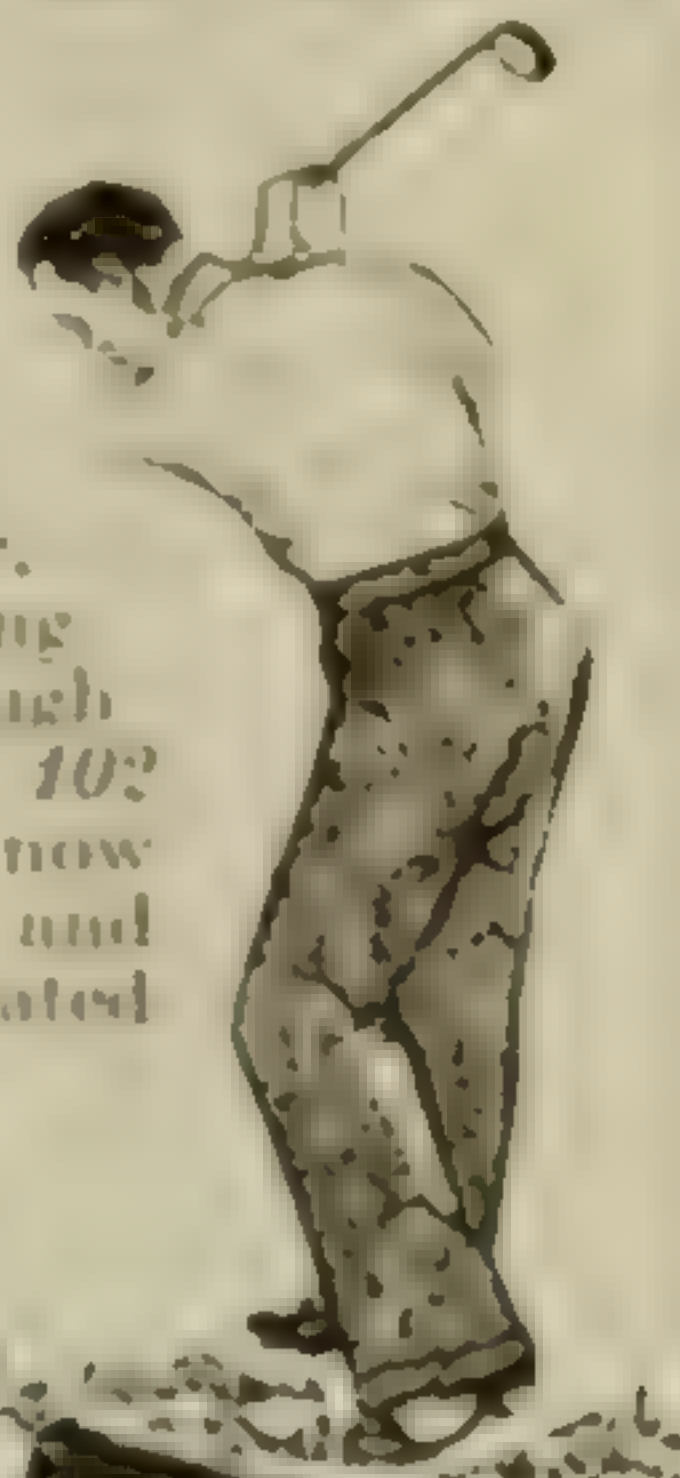
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like grandma's on the farm, for its drinking water—the old pump handle going clickety split when customers crowd the place.

3: Hollywood Boulevard—the street of dreams. In season, four acres of wheat ripen and are harvested along the boulevard front. Two orange groves drip their golden fruit over the celebrated driveway and a field of poinsettias are grown for sale.

Yes, on Hollywood Boulevard.

Notes from Cupid's Billboard:

At last, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, Mr. Cesar ("Butch" to you) Romero is in love. The lady is none other than Ann Sheridan herself. The two positively radiate happiness—so any day now you can look for the big red letters on the box that spell R-I-N-G—the wedding kind.

They say (you know the "they say-ers") romance is cooling rapidly between Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. "They" could be wrong, of course, but Phyllis is looking unusually downcast these days.

May We Introduce Miss Temple's First Leading Man?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, for the first time in her career, has a leading man and a right handsome lad he is, too.

But blasé? My word.

"How do you like playing with Shirley in pictures?" we asked him on a recent visit to the "Susannah of the Mounties" set.

He turned and eyed us calmly. "Swell," he shrugged and went back to his book.

Martin Goodrider, thirteen years old, is a Blackfoot Indian from Montana. Swarthy, dark-eyed, black-haired, Martin radiates intelligence, a quiet sense of balance and a delicious sense of humor.

For instance, after a scene one day, Martin waved a hand back and forth before Shirley's face.

"What are you doing?" Shirley asked.

"I'm putting the Indian sign on you," Martin said.

"Don't do that," Shirley cried. "Take it off."

Martin threw back his head and laughed. "Don't you know that's only ignorant superstition. There is no such thing as an Indian sign. But, look, you can have a lot of fun if you want to. I'll show you how to do it."

Shirley now goes about solemnly putting the Indian sign on the cast.

Martin was spotted by a casting scout while on a visit to New York with Father Cullens, a teacher in the Jesuit mission school which he attends.

He was asked about his ability.

"Well," he said unenthusiastically, "I can sing 'Paddy O'Reilly,'" and, with an Irish brogue an inch thick, the full-blooded Indian lad sang the song through. Needless to say, he won the rôle in Shirley's film.

Quick as a flash, he catches the meaning of every line and gesture before a camera, feeding Shirley her lines like a troupier.

He's never appeared before a camera before or ever experienced the slightest desire to act.

Right now he wants only one thing—to finish the picture and go home to his father's three thousand acre ranch.

After each scene he'll wave a hand to Shirley with a typical boyish salute and go off to his lessons, while Shirley goes off to hers.

Patiently he'll stand by while they pin long Indian braids to his short cropped hair.

"Well, Martin," an eager publicist said one day, "we'll have to get some stories written about you."

"No, please, no," he said. "They may read those things about me back home and laugh. Please, no."

"But" shrugged the writers, "we think publicity is important."

The lad shook his head and said, quietly, "Well, Indians know better."

And that settled that.

What? Another Dummy?

LITTLE does the world dream that there is still another dummy in Edgar Bergen's life, surpassing in wit even that upstartish young McCarthy and the bucktoothed Mortimer Snerd.

Yes, Bergen's third dummy is a very special one reserved only for his closest friends in Hollywood. Her name yes, it's a female) is none other than Aunt Ophelia and the charming old baggage (a nice way to speak to a maiden lady, teh! teh!) is even closer to Bergen than Charley or Mortimer.

You see, she's Bergen's right thumb. At parties, when Edgar feels at home, his thumb takes on all the prim and proper (?) attitudes of this remarkable maiden lady.

"Now, my man," she'll begin when Bergen, his face a study in perplexity, will interrupt, "But I thought you were an old maid?"

"Oh, well," Aunt Ophelia will flounce, "I'm not a fussy old maid."

Yes, you really should live in Hollywood, for I'm afraid you'll never meet amazing Aunt Ophelia elsewhere. And what a pity.

She has more "umph" than a carload of cuties—and what a Scarlett O'Hara that one would have made. Wheewie!!!

Eavesdropping Loot

WE were knocking about the grounds of the Gene Raymonds' establishment last week, waiting for Jeanette to finish a music lesson. Eventually we ended up in the little music house. This one-room affair, which is a short distance from the house proper, has a fireplace, two white pianos, a microphone and the most involved recording device you ever saw.

Two records lay on the two turntables, with the mechanism set for playback. It was too much to resist. Looking furtively around, we put out a hand and turned a switch—

Quite suddenly, Gene's voice sounded from the loud-speaker. Slowly, sonorously, he was reading the Gettysburg Address. There was a pause, then came the notes of a piano and he began singing "Night and Day"—but with control and resonance unlike the crooning he has done in pictures. Once, after a flat note, he stopped, said "Damn" and started over.

After the next interlude of silence a cascade of clear, lovely melody poured forth—a new melody, unfamiliar. Rising hurriedly, we shut the machine off: there are limits, even for a columnist. You see, this would be Gene's new op-eretta, on which he has been working for months in secret.

Shhhh: It's a Secret, We're Telling You

MIDWAY in "Gone with the Wind" shooting, there came a minor gust that popped Hollywood eyebrows higher than kites—overnight Director George Cukor was replaced by Victor Fleming.

Aware of the fine friendship between producer David Selznick and Director Cukor, the town simply could not understand the situation. But old Cal, who has a way of getting to the core

of things (we listen down chimneys, too) has the inside story behind that sudden change of directors.

To begin with, "Gone with the Wind" is a woman's story, Scarlett holding the spotlight from start to finish. Mr. Cukor, one of Hollywood's finest directors and the man who has directed Hepburn and Garbo in some of their best, is known as a woman's director.

All of a sudden, Mr. Gable became aware of these two facts and grew suddenly unhappy, not without reason, one must admit.

Now, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer isn't going to permit one of their greatest box-office bets to be unhappy if they know it. So, since the releasing reins of the picture are in their hands, they demanded the picture be placed under the direction of one of their own directors. And Mr. Fleming, who did so well by Mr. Gable in "Test Pilot," was chosen.

So there's the story and the results, by all reasons of logic, should find Mr. Rhett Butler taking a back seat for no one—not even that fascinating wench, Scarlett O'Hara.

For Men Only

THAT handsome young writer, Charles Martin, who is so in love with Joan Crawford, is rapidly winning the admiration of all Hollywood.

A poll among the feminine guests at a recent Hollywood party revealed these individual reasons why the town favors Charlie.

1. His hair, unlike an actor's, is curly (not wavy) and unslicked.
2. His clothes are *not* like an actor's. He always wears extra loose collars and white shirts.
3. His mouth is wide and boyish and so is his grin.
4. He is honestly and genuinely grateful for praise and will eagerly talk about how he began humbly as a writer and where he hopes to go as a writer.
5. He will catch Joan's arm boyishly to attract her attention when anything nice is said to him. He wants her to be proud of him, too.
6. He is neither blasé, bored, nor stand-offish.
7. He's a real guy.

Big Wind

DURING Hollywood's coziest wind storm in many a day, a traveler far out in the valley spotted two men struggling with some object on a near-by estate. Fearing his fellow men were in trouble, the traveler braved the nasty tempered blast to go to their aid.

"Need help?" he called.

"Yea, thanks," came back the answer, "we're trying to wire down these trees. Don't want them to be blown away."

Valiantly the men struggled with wire and stakes until the last tree was safe. It was only then the traveler turned for a good look at his hard-working companions.

One of them was Clark Gable!

"Say," said the helper, smiling, "this is a bigger wind than that one you're working in at Selznick's, isn't it?"

Clark agreed.

Facing Facts With Una Merkel

WE met Una Merkel in the Hollywood Derby recently and she was kind of blue. She had a bad cold and confided that several things had gone wrong lately. "I guess I am jinxed," she complained.

We protested. "To admit that is bad psychology! Grin and pretend to yourself everything is lovely. Don't be a pessimist."

Her retort was typical of her. "I'd rather be a pessimist than an ostrich!"

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

Warners have taken the greatest chase melodrama of them all, put it into Technicolor and the result is surprising and exciting. It begins with bandits, stealing trappers, gold, killing a policeman. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and boy, does this Mountie get his man! Gale Page and Gloria Dickson both work their wiles on Foran. Great fun. (Feb.)

★ HONOLULU—M-G-M

The studio intended this extravagant musical to be Eleanor Powell's picture, but somehow Gracie Allen appropriated it. The plot revolves around a screen star's (Bob Young) attempt to have a tropical vacation incognito. Miss Allen's irrepressible humor and Miss Powell's expert hoofing will keep you amused. (April)

★ IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M

An effective screen treatment of the Lunt-Fontanne play. Clark Gable is a vaudeville ham; Norma Shearer, a phony Russian countess traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions maker. Add assorted characters, put them in an Alpine hotel when the next war breaks out and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Salute! Hollywood grows up. (April)

★ JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

The story of the famous Ozark outlaw embellished with all the romantic trappings (including Technicolor) at Darryl Zanuck's command. Tyrone Power as the bad man, Nancy Kelly as his wife, Henry Fonda as his brother, Randy Scott, Henry Hull and a host of others tear through the best combination of a cops and robbers bang-up Western you ever cheered through. (March)

★ KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Ye old Southern feuding between two aristocratic horsey families is brought to an end by a boy loves girl (Loretta Young vs. Richard Greene) angle, but despite the old plot you will revel in the magnificent Technicolor shots of the Blue Grass country, the Kentucky Derby and the southern atmosphere in general. An orgy for horse lovers. (March)

KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists

The long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this race-track tale. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is regenerated by a runaway boy. The boy has a mother, Dolores Costello. Menjou has an ex-wife. Who? Dolores Costello. We can't stand surprises. (April)

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal

Detectives Preston Foster and Frank Jenks manage to trace a blackmail note through a labyrinth of guests at a house party, undeterred by murders and kidnappings. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene. (March)

★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fist fight with Victor McLaglen. He also sings to Virginia Bruce (not J. MacDonald). As the hero rancher who persuades the railroads to give back stolen property, naturally Nelson wins over Victor; he wins Virginia, too. You will like this blend of action, drama and music. (April)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia

Spies are in vogue just now, so here is Warren William again (as the Lone Wolf) catching up on his espionage in Washington. Ralph Morgan is the menace, Ida Lupino the sex appeal and Virginia Weidler just tags along. Will not win friends or influence people. (April)

★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

This vital, modern love story will appeal to most adults, but especially to "young marrieds" whose problems, miseries and happiness are portrayed with understanding and humor by Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart. The cast, production and direction are Hollywood's best. (April)

★ MIKADO, THE—Toye-Universal

The first full-length production of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, this retains the sentimentality and ironical humor of the original. Beautifully sung by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (augmented nicely by Kenny Baker), this tale of the loves of the son of the Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages should charm anybody over twenty. (April)

NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

Another series, boys, and nothing to hold your hats over. It has Bonita Granville playing sleuth when a rich graduate of her school is kidnapped before she can endow a swimming pool. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting roles. (March)

NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

Bonita Granville now gets involved with a group of journalism students who outwit an editor to solve a murder case. Frankie Thomas, Jr., helps her out. Very tough on the poor murderer. (April)

★ ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Paramount

Using the President's line from his second inaugural address, Dudley Murphy has made a sermon for slum clearance that will make you want to take an axe to the first old house you see. Sylvia Sydney, Leif Erikson and Sidney Lumet are splendid, but the tenement house is the star. We suggest this is worth seeing if you are at all interested in everyday news items. (April)

★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

The latest in this amusing series, this cannot fail to crack the box office in its own right. The Hardys

(Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go ranching, find the Wild West is woollier than they thought it would be. The Judge, as usual, pulls Mickey's ridiculous chestnuts out of the fire. (Feb.)

PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie carry on the bitter end through a cholera plague on shipboard; Victor as chief engineer, Chester as the doctor and Wendy as the nurse. Then the picture is over and you go home. (March)

★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

Bing Crosby is a rich cowboy who has quite a to-do making up his mind whether to marry a Paris divorcee (Shirley Ross), or a little peasant wench (Franciska Gaal). The Bing has developed what might be called "Crosbian humor," dry, happy and superbly modern, and Franciska Gaal has plenty of sex with a smile. Elegant. (March)

PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

Taken from a book of crime cases by the same name written by J. Edgar Hoover, this is impressively realistic. It deals with the "get-rich-quick" aspirations of a vicious young woman by means of robberies, kidnappings and assorted peccadilloes. Patricia Morrison (a newcomer) does amazingly well. (April)

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

If you have been wondering where James Dunn was keeping himself, drop in at your neighborhood theater. He's a speedboat demon kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy says all is forgiven if he will design a torpedo boat and Rochelle Hudson persuades him it is the thing to do. No great shakes. (April)

★ PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M

George Bernard Shaw's wit and wisdom trickle delightfully through his first full-length picture. A modern interpretation of the tale of the sculptor who falls in love with his statue, this had to do with a professor of languages who adopts an ignorant flower girl, builds her into a beauty, falls in love with his experiment. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller and Wilfred Lawson are brilliant—so is the production. Please go. (Feb.)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

Leif Erikson and Akim Tamiroff in a jumbled yarn of an ex-Cossack who lands in Leavenworth while his son joins the Army to help Papa escape the law. Frances Farmer is the woman who clings through Thick and Thin. (Feb.)

SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

When Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride (Olympe Bradna), he discovers his mother plans to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey, an heiress who can hoist the family bank account. Out of such a situation comes some excellent comedy. The supporting cast is in top form. (Feb.)

SHINING HOUR, THE—M-G-M

A somewhat tarnished story of a dancer who marries a rich Midwesterner. The psychology behind his snobbish family's reactions is slightly dated, but Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullivan both give magnificent performances. The rest of the cast—Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Fay Bainter—are too good also to miss. (Feb.)

SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

Mother England's highest paid movie star cavorting around as the leader of a vaudeville troupe touring the Thames countryside. Gracie Fields has to be seen to be appreciated; both her comedy and her singing are simply corking. She has fun and so will you. (March)

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

Success of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. Boris Karloff (the original Monster of 1931), Bela Lugosi (of "Dracula") and Basil Rathbone work together with an awesome effect of terror. Josephine Hutchinson has a small bit. Prepare for nightmares. (April)

★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

A well-knit fast-action story laid against the ructious background of slavery and the rivalry between the old stagecoaches and the new railroads in Maryland. Robert Taylor is handsomely cast as the proud young Southerner, Florence Rice is sweet, Wallace Beery is tough, Helen Broderick is humorous—the whole shebang is great stuff. (March)

★ STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists

Well-written, well-acted and well-directed, this delineates the adventures of nine people who meet and face treachery traveling through Indian infested territory in 1885. One of the best characterizations of the year is that of Thomas Mitchell as the drunken doctor, but Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Bancroft, Tim Holt and others are exceptional. Very fine. (April)

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount

This Mississippi showboat story is a series of anticlimaxes holding the plot together so the performers can sing. Lloyd Nolan is the dashing captain, Dorothy Lamour is a runaway actress who refuses to wear sarongs (but she does). Four songs are delightfully rendered by Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson choir. (April)

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

Bean porridge in the pot, quite, quite cold. Ken Murray and Johnny Downs are the small-town jitterbugs in the big city who find success, go back to home sweet home to start a garage. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching. (March)

SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

You swing it—we give it to you. We're kind of tired of football at this point, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown and Robert Wilcox having a misunderstanding over Constance Moore. Finally, there's the day of The Big Game, tra-la-la. (Feb.)

★ TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye, Connie Bennett, Nancy Kelly and Joan Davis show you the perils and sacrifices of competition in women's air derbies. There are assorted love stories, but see this for the novelty and speed thrills. (April)

★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

Americanism and democracy are the keynotes in this highly amusing comedy built around the nation's sample average man chosen by two advertising demons, Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie. Jack Haley's "average" reactions will make you roar and the romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan and Binnie Barnes. (Feb.)

★ THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

As "Thanks for the Memory" was such a song hit, Paramount decided (and right they were) to give us this film by way of an encore. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the young married couple who have trouble for a roommate. One of the best comedies of the month. (Feb.)

★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia

In this delightful film sequel to "There's Always a Woman," Joan Blondell has been miraculously changed into Virginia Bruce, but Melvyn Douglas continues on in his rôle of high-class detective whose giddy wife decides to crack the big jewel case in her own way. Sparkling and ingratiating. (Feb.)

★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners

You may feel that the "Dead End" kids need a bath and a spanking, but here they are again, slit-eyed as ever, co-starring with Warner's new find, John Garfield, in a suspenseful tale of a petty crooked prize fighter. Ann Sheridan adds plenty of uumph and Garfield lives up to his reputation magnificently. (March)

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

You might recall that this is the story of Tom and Huck Finn on Uncle Silas' farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. This was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but things aren't as they used to be. (March)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

This is a dishful of whip cream for them that likes it. Roland Young again plays his bewildered whimsical banker, Billie Burke again flutters through as his dissatisfied wife, Alan Mowbray is again the humorous butler and Connie Bennett is again the ghostly heckling friend in need. The process shots have novelty value. (March)

★ TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists

Fraught with suspense and action, this drama flits up and down the scale of human experience and half around the globe before the climax. Suicide, murder, flight and pursuit are all in a day's work to Joan Bennett, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern, Sidney Blackmer and Thomas Mitchell. A lively and entertaining evening. (Feb.)

★ WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners

Here's another American documentary film which the Warners do so well. This has the additional virtue of a good love triangle (John Payne, George Brent and Olivia de Havilland) merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. The crash and stunt sequences are fine and dandy. (March)

WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescourt and Claire Dodd worry through the tangles of love wherein Miss Inescourt can't make up her mind whether her duty lies with her husband and child (Sybil Jason) or with other mothers' crippled offspring. Will suit the customers. (April)

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

Transferred from the stage, this is meant to be a satire on the freedom and unconventional attitudes of young females of today. Priscilla Lane is the daughter who reacts too completely to her liberal mother's advice (Fay Bainter). Jeffrey Lynn is the bewildered young swain who thinks "woman's place is in the home." Very amusing. (April)

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

Once again Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer; Billy Halop, his little stooge. Like all literary slum kids, Billy has a pure sister, Gale Page, in love with Harvey Stephens, falsely accused of murder. What will Warners do when they run out of U. S. prisons? (April)

★ ZAZA—Paramount

Gloria Swanson originally emoted in this meller-drammer of the woes of a French musical star who falls in love with a man who she discovers is already a husband and a father. This has been heavily censored, but the charm of Claudette Colbert and the splendid cast, headed by Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and others, makes it important. (March)

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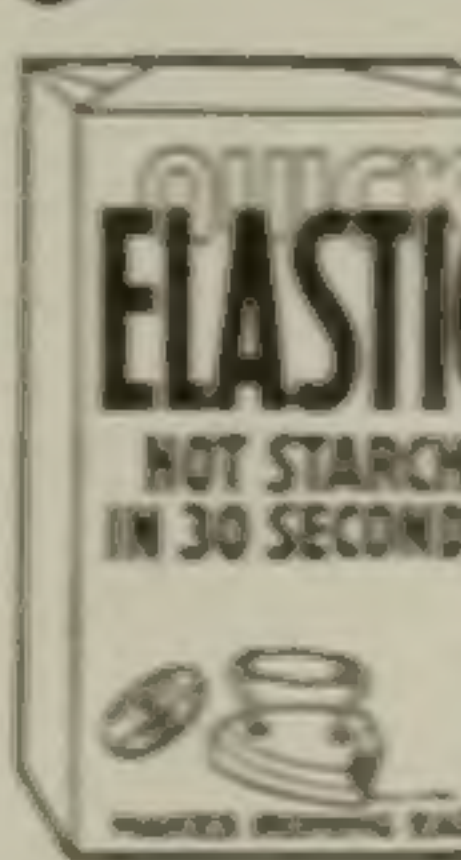
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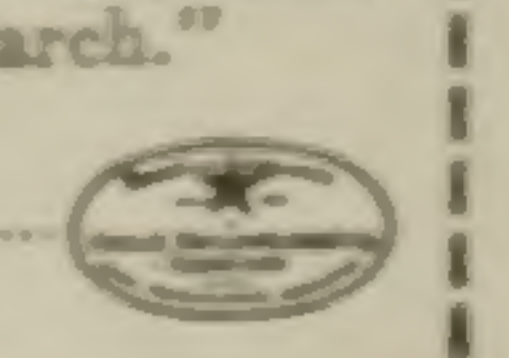


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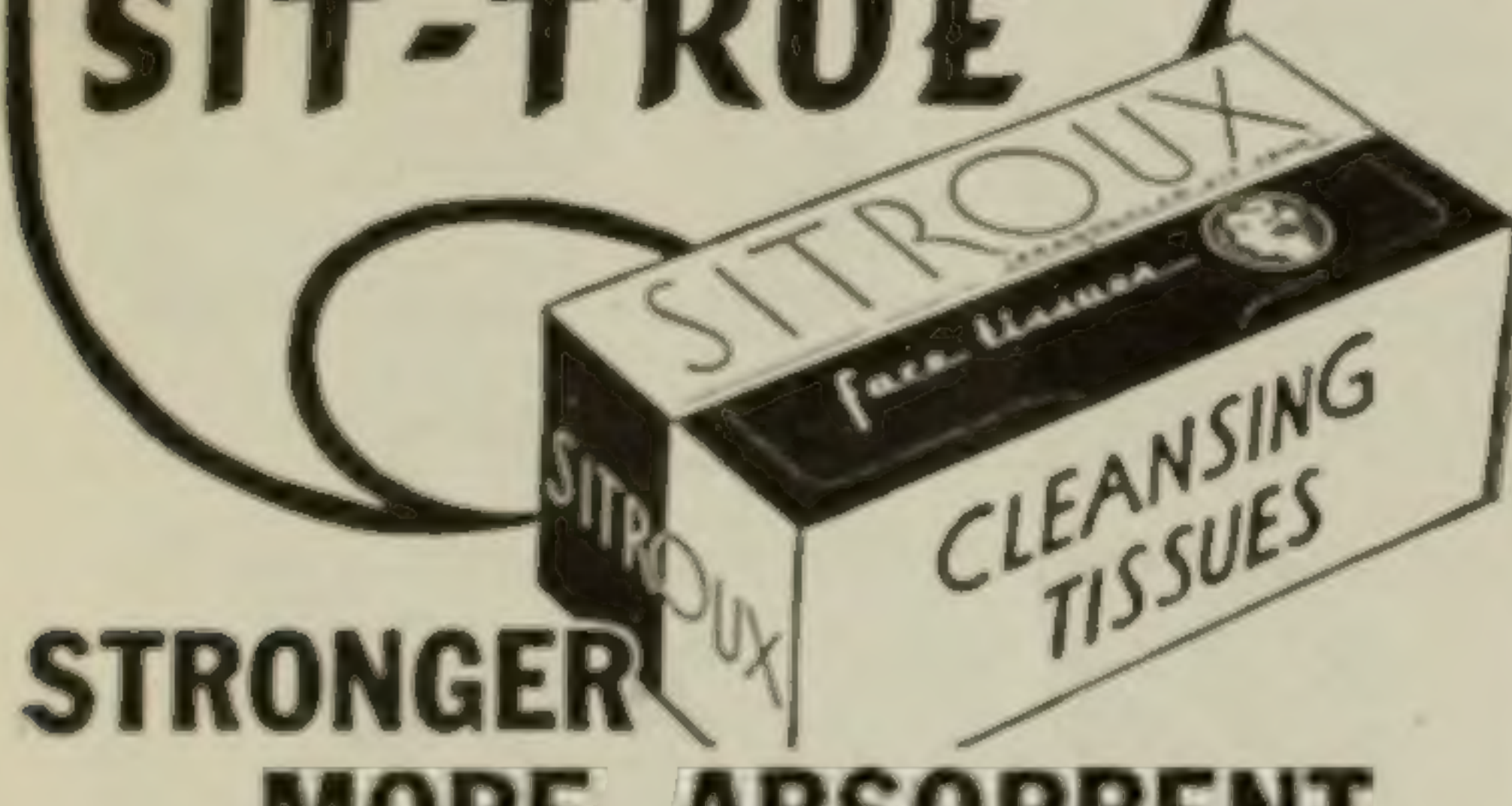
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Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Hugo Butler. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Huckleberry Finn*, Mickey Rooney; *The "King,"* Walter Connolly; *The "Duke,"* William Frawley; *Jim*, Rex Ingram; *Mary Jane*, Lynne Carver; *Susan*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Captain Brandy*, Minor Watson; *Widow Douglass*, Elizabeth Risdon; *"Pap" Finn*, Victor Kilian; *Miss Watson*, Clara Blandick.

"BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy. Based upon the comic strip created by Chic Young. Owned and copyrighted by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Dimples*, Larry Simms; *Dithers*, Jonathan Hale; *Alvin*, Danny Mummert; *Dot*, Dorothy Moore; *Freddie*, Joe Coffin; *Ollie*, Stanley Brown; *Marvin*, Don Beddoe; *Francine*, Linda Winters; *Kirk*, Dick Durrell; *Wilson*, Jay Eaton; *Sanders*, David Newell; *Mary*, Mary Jane Carey; *Daisy*, Himself; *Skinny Ennis* and his Band.

"DARK VICTORY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson, from the play by George Brewer, Jr., and Bertram Bloch. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The Cast: *Judith Traherne*, Bette Davis; *Dr. Frederick Steele*, George Brent; *Ann King*, Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Michael O'Leary*, Humphrey Bogart; *Alec Hamm*, Ronald Reagan; *Doctor Parsons*, Henry Travers; *Miss Wainwright*, Dorothy Peterson; *Carrie*, Cora Witherspoon; *Martha*, Virginia Brissac; *Colonel Mantle*, Chas. Richmond; *Lucy*, Lottie Williams; *Dr. Carter*, Herbert Rawlin; *Dr. Driscoll*, Leonard Mudie; *Miss Dodd*, Fay Helm; *Secretary*, Ila Rhodes; *Judith's Guests*, Maris Wrixon, Richard Bond, Wilda Bennett, Mary Currier, Leland Hodgson, David Newell, Frank Mayo, Marian Alden, Paulette Evans.

"FAST AND LOOSE"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Harry Kurnitz. Based on the characters created by him. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *Jed Sloane*, Robert Montgomery; *Garda Sloane*, Rosalind Russell; *Vincent Charlton*, Reginald Owen; *Nicholas Torrent*, Ralph Morgan; *Christopher Oates*, Etienne Girardot; *Dave Hilliard*, Alan Dinehart; *Christina Torrent*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Bobby Neville*, Joan Marsh; *Phil Sergeant*, Anthony Allan; *Gerald Torrent*, Tom Collins; *"Lucky" Nolan*, Sidney Blackmer; *Mrs. Torrent*, Mary Forbes; *Forbes*, Donald Douglas; *Craddock*, Leonard Carey.

"FLYING IRISHMAN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the true life story of Douglas Corrigan. Screen play by Ernest Pagano and Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Leigh Jason. The Cast: *Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan*, Himself; *Butch*, Paul Kelly; *Joe Allen*, Robert Armstrong; *Harry Corrigan*, Eddie Quillan; *Roy Thompson*, Donald MacBride; *Sally*, Joyce Compton; *Maybelle*, Dorothy Appleby; *Evelyn*, Peggy Ryan; *Mrs. Thompson*, Cora Witherspoon; *Messenger*, Derry Noisom; *Workman*, George Magrill; *Doctor*, Roy Gordon; *Clyde* (9 yrs.), Gene Reynolds; *Mr. Corrigan*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Harry* (8 yrs.), Scotty Beckett; *Smedley*, Spencer Charters; *Flower Woman*, Tiny Jones; *Salesman*, Grady Sutton; *Credit Manager*, Charles Lane; *Plane Owner*, Jack Rice; *Mechanics*, Lee Phelps and Phillip Morris; *Bill*, Ed Gargan; *Mrs. Corrigan*, Dorothy Peterson.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Leonard Praskins, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. From the story by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. The Cast: *Mary McKay*, Joan Crawford; *Larry Hall*, James Stewart; *Eddie Burgess*, Lew Ayres; *Douglas Tolliver, Jr.*, Lewis Stone; *Kitty Sherman*, Bess Ehrhardt; *Mort Hodges*, Lionel Stander; *Barney*, Charles D. Brown; and *"The International Ice Follies"* with Bess Ehrhardt, Roy Shipstad, Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson.

"I WAS A CONVICT"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Ben Markson and Robert D. Andrews. Original story by Robert D. Andrews. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The Cast: *Ace King*, Barton MacLane; *Judy*, Beverly Roberts; *J. B. Harrison*, Clarence Kolb; *Mrs. Harrison*, Janet Beecher; *Missouri Smith*, Horace MacMahon; *Rocks*, Ben Welden; *Jackson*, Leon Ames; *Aunt Sarah*, Clara Blandick; *District Attorney*, Russell Hicks; *Matty*, John Harmon; *Evans*, Chester Clute; *Dr. Carson*, Crauford Kent; *Dr. Craile*, Edwin Stanley; *Marlin Harrison*, Harry Holman.

"LADY AND THE MOB, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Original story by George Bradshaw and Price Day. Screen play by Richard Maibaum and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The cast: *Mrs. Leonard*, Fay Bainter; *Lila*, Ida Lupino; *Fred*, Lee Bowman; *O'Fallon*, Warren Hymer; *Zambrogio*, Henry Armetta; *Bert the Beetle*, Joe Catts; *Canary*, Tommy Mack; *Big Tim*, Jim Toney; *Blinky Mack*, Joe Sawyer; *Brains Logan*, Tommy Dugan; *District Attorney*, Forbes Murray; *Brewster*, Olaf Hytten; *Harry the Lug*, Harold Huber; *Mrs. Zambrogio*, Inez Palange; *Higgins*, Otto Hoffman.

"LET US LIVE"—COLUMBIA.—Original story by Joseph F. Dinneen. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Alan Rivkin. Directed by John Brahm. The Cast: *Brick*, Henry Fonda; *Mary*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *L. Everett*, Ralph Bellamy; *Joe Linden*, Alan Baxter; *Police Chief*, Henry Kolker; *District Attorney*, Stanley Ridges; *Burke*, Philip Trent; *Walsh*, George Douglas; *Taylor*, Peter Lynn; *Jimmy Dugan*, Martin Spellman.



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"LITTLE PRINCESS, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Walter Ferris. Directed by Walter Lang. The Cast: *Sara Crewe*, Shirley Temple; *Geoffrey Hamilton*, Richard Greene; *Rose*, Anita Louise; *Captain Crewe*, Ian Hunter; *Ram Dass*, Cesar Romero; *Bertie Minchin*, Arthur Treacher; *Amanda Minchin*, Mary Nash; *Becky*, Sybil Jason; *Lord Wickham*, Miles Mander; *Lavinia*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Queen*, Beryl Mercer; *Jessie*, Deidre Gale; *Ermengarde*, Ira Stevens; *Mr. Barrows*, E. E. Clive; *Cook*, Eily Malyon; *Attendant*, Clyde Cook; *Bobbie*, Keith Kenneth; *Grooms*, Will Stanton; *Harry Allen*; *Doctors*, Holmes Herbert, Evan Thomas, Guy Bellis; *General*, Kenneth Hunter; *Colonel*, Lionel Braham.

"MIDNIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. Based on a story by Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The Cast: *Eve Peabody*, Claudette Colbert; *Tibor Czerny*, Don Ameche; *Jacques Picot*, Francis Lederer; *Georges Flammarion*, John Barrymore; *Helene Flammarion*, Mary Astor; *Mme. Simone*, Elaine Barrie; *Stephanie*, Hedda Hopper.

"MY WIFE'S RELATIVES"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Dorrell and Stuart MacGowan. Screen play by Jack Townley. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast: *Joe Higgins*, James Gleason; *Lil Higgins*, Lucille Gleason; *Sid Higgins*, Russell Gleason; *Grandpa Higgins*, Harry Davenport; *Jean Higgins*, Mary Hart; *Mr. Ellis*, Purnell Pratt; *Widow Jones*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Ellis*, Marjorie Gateson; *Tommy Higgins*, Tommy Ryan; *Bill Ellis*, Henry Arthur; *Lizzie*, Sally Payne; *Jarvis*, Edward Keane.

"NEVER SAY DIE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Don Hartman, Frank Butler and Preston Sturges. Based on a play by Wm. H. Post. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: *Mickey Hawkins*, Martha Raye; *John Kidley*, Bob Hope; *Jess*, Ernest Cossart; *Jasper Hawkins*, Paul Harvey; *Poppa*, Siegfried Rumann; *Henry Munch*, Andy Devine; *Prince Smirnov*, Alan Mowbray; *Juno*, Gale Sondergaard.

"SERGEANT MADDEN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Wells Root. Based on the story, "A Gun In His Hand," by William A. Ullman, Jr. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The Cast: *Shaun Madden*, Wallace Beery; *Al Boylan, Jr.*, Tom Brown; *Dennis Madden*, Alan Curtis; *Eileen Daly*, Laraine Johnson; *Mary Madden*, Fay Holden; *"Piggy" Ceders*, Marc Lawrence; *Charlotte*, Marion Martin; *"Punchy"*, David Gorcey; *Milton*, Donald Haines; *Stemmy*, Ben Welden; *Dove*, Etta McDaniel.

"SPIRIT OF CULVER"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Whitney Bolton and Nathaniel West. Directed by Joseph Santley. The Cast: *Tom Allen*, Jackie Cooper; *Bob Randolph III*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Tubby*, Andy Devine; *Doc Allen*, Henry Hull; *Wilson*, Tim Holt; *Carruthers*, Gene Reynolds; *Perkins*, Jackie Moran; *June Macy*, Kathryn Kane; *Captain Wharton*, Pierre Watkin.

"TWELVE CROWDED HOURS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Nick Green*, Richard Dix; *Paula Sanders*, Lucille Ball; *Dave*, Allan Lane; *Joe Keller*, Donald MacBride; *Lew Costain*, Cyrus W. Kendall; *James McEwen*, Granville Bates; *"Red"*, John Arledge; *Tom Miller*, Bradley Page; *Thelma*, Dorothy Lee; *Berquist*, Addison Richards; *Allen*, Murray Alper; *Jimmy*, John Gallaudet; *Rovitch*, Joseph de Stefani.

"WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a novel by James M. Cain. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. The Cast: *Doris Borland*, Loretta Young; *Leonard Borland*, Warner Baxter; *Cecil Carter*, Binnie Barnes; *Hugo*, Cesar Romero; *Major Blair*, George Barbier; *Rossi*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Mike Craig*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Blair*, Helen Westley; *Secretary*, Ruth Terry; *Sally Bostwick*, Alice Armand; *Miss Carter's Secretary*, Iva Stewart; *Mrs. Price*, Dorothy Dearing; *Mrs. Spaulding*, Helen Ericson; *Nancy Sprague*, Kay Griffith; *Wilkins*, Harry Rosenthal; *Buller*, Edward Cooper; *Mrs. Craig*, Rene Riano; *Hertz*, Lawrence Grant; *Jaffe*, Charles Williams; *Concert Manager*, Howard Hickman; *Doctor*, George Irving; *Hotel Manager*, Harry Hayden.

"WINNER TAKE ALL"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hy and Albert Ray. From an original story by Jerry Cady. Directed by Otto Brower. The Cast: *Steve Bishop*, Tony Martin; *Julie Harrison*, Gloria Stuart; *Papa Gambini*, Henry Armetta; *Muldoon*, Slim Summerville; *Paulie Mitchell*, Kane Richmond; *Tom Walker*, Robert Allen; *Mama Gambini*, Inez Palange; *Tony Gambini*, Johnnie Pironne, Jr.; *Pantrelli*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Maria Gambini*, Betty Greco; *Rosa Gambini*, Eleanor Virzie.

"YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Charles Bogle. Directed by George Marshall. The Cast: *Larson E. Whipsnade*, W. C. Fields; *Edgar Bergen*, Himself; *"Charlie McCarthy"*, Himself; *Princess Baba*, Herself; *Vicky Whipsnade*, Constance Moore; *Mrs. Bel-Goodie*, Mary Forbes; *Buller*, Charles Coleman; *Mr. Bel-Goodie*, Thurston Hall; *Phineas Whipsnade*, John Arledge; *Roger Bel-Goodie*, James Bush; *Deputy Sheriff*, Ferris Taylor; *Society Girl*, Dorothy Arnold; *Porter*, Eddie Anderson; *"Mortimer Snerd"*, Himself.

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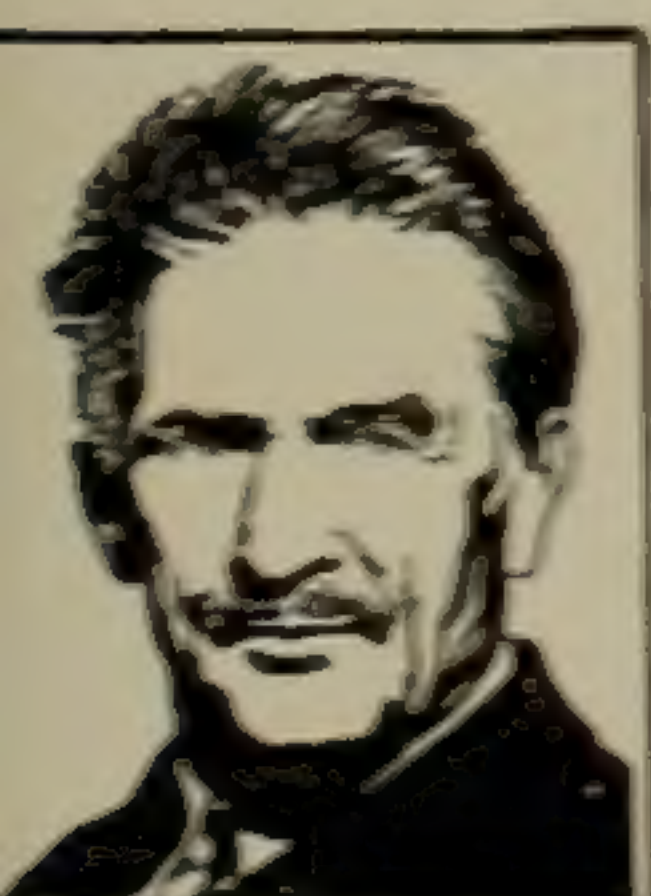
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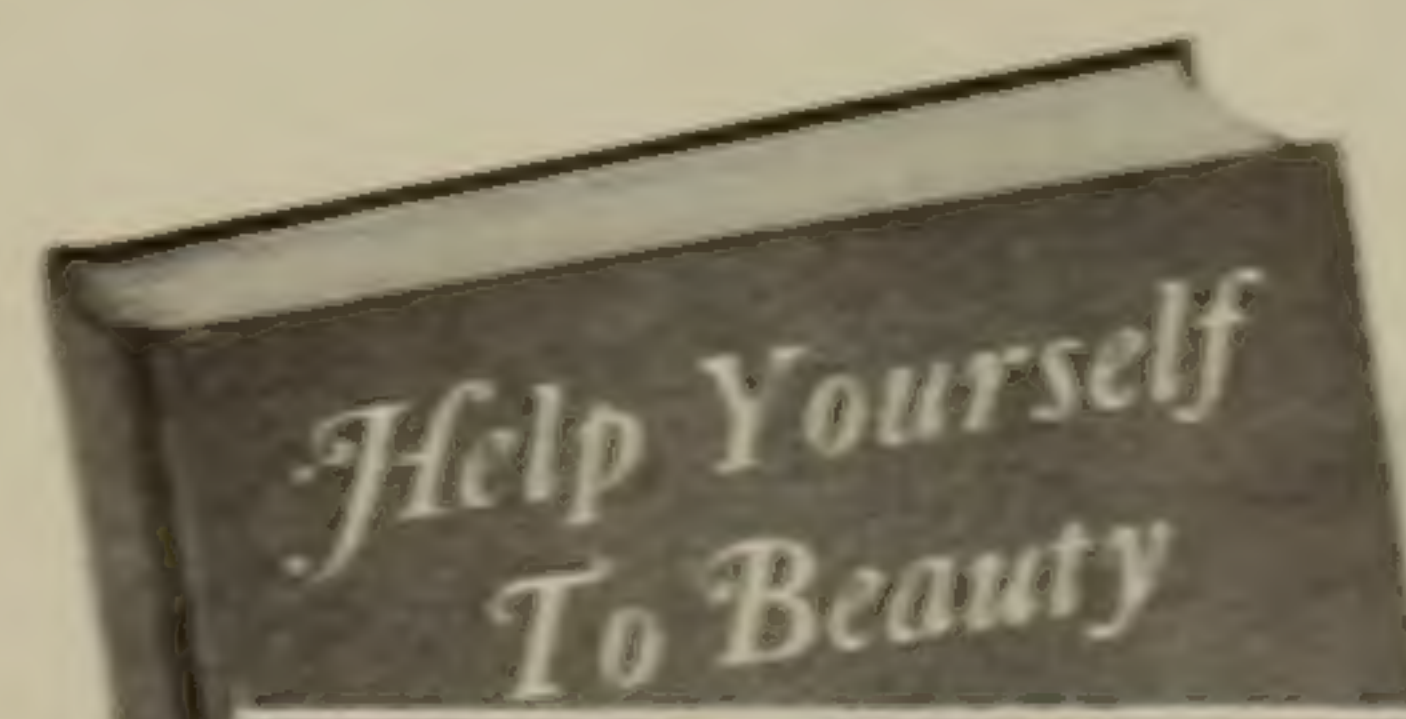
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